

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

COLLECTION
OF ANCIENT AND MODERN
BRITISH AUTHORS.

VOL. CCCXII.

THE BOOK
WITHOUT A NAME.

COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH
VOL.
THE BOOK
WITHOUT A NAME

THE BOOK WITHOUT A NAME.

BY

SIR T. CHARLES AND LADY MORGAN.

"Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call
Their generation's so equivocal."—POPE.



PARIS,
BAUDRY'S EUROPEAN LIBRARY,
3, QUAI MALAQUAIS, NEAR THE PONT DES ARTS,
AND STASSIN AND XAVIER, 9, RUE DU COQ.

SOLD ALSO BY AMYOT, RUE DE LA PAIX; TRUCHY, BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS;
BROCKHAUS AND AVENARIUS, RUE RICHELIEU; LEOPOLD MICHELSEN, LEIPZIG;
AND BY ALL THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS ON THE CONTINENT.

1841.



Sydney Morgan

6-19-05.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE reason for not giving a name to the following papers is, simply, that their authors had no name to give. The golden age of literature, when titles for books were "plenty as blackberries," when publications were few, readers many, and authors (in the Horatian phrase) were things to point the finger at—that golden age is passed and gone. Now every one writes, few have leisure to read; and an unpreoccupied title is more difficult to be met with than the industry which goes to write a volume, or the enterprise that undertakes to publish it.

This difficulty will be more readily acknowledged, when a further statement is made, that the present venture is, for the most part, a mere funding of literary exchequer bills, a gathering into the fold of certain stray sketches, some of which have already appeared in different leading periodicals of the last ten or fifteen years. Such re-publications are a prevailing fashion of the day (to which, by-the-by, we are indebted for much pleasant reading, that otherwise would have been "in the great bosom of oblivion buried"); and even while these pages were passing through the press, more than one appropriate title under consideration had been seized on by others, who, in thus "filching from us our good name," had so far "made us poor indeed," that they reduced us to the necessity of preferring no name at all to a bad one.

The original articles which have been added to the collection, (owing to the continued illness, for many months, of one of the authors), have been taken, rather than selected, from a portfolio, where many such "unfinished things" have from time to time been deposited, and all but forgotten.

Books like the present were allowed, in former days, to find

sanctuary in the parlour window-seat, then the great receptacle for whatever, in literature, might be idly taken up, and as carelessly dropped. At present, they may aspire to become "bench fellows" with that large class of miscellaneous compositions, the albums, annuals, books of beauty, and beautiful books; and if got up "to match," may make their way to the drawing-room table, along with other elegantly-bound volumes, "to be had of all the booksellers" and venders of knick-knacks in the kingdom.

CONTENTS.

BY LADY MORGAN.

	PAGE
Le Cordon Bleu	1
Milton's House	19
St. Alban's Abbey, No. I.	26
St. Alban's Abbey, No. II.	33
Memoirs of the Macaw of a Lady of Quality	42
The Hong Merchant's Widow	74
Pimlico	81
The Hôtel de Carnavalet	92
Irish Historians, No. I.	104
Irish Historians, No. II.	119
A Walk in the Snow	135
Malahide Castle	138
Puck of the Pale	158

BY SIR T. C. MORGAN.

The Public	165
A First Lesson in Reading	173
The Absurdities of Men of Merit	185
An Essay on Coals	193
Curiosity	202
Rural Pleasures	211
A Defence of Punning	220
The Pleasures of Hearing	230
The English Malady	241
Liberality	248
Luxuries and Necessaries	258
Memoir of Dr. Botherum	266
Twelve o'Clock	278
Not at Home	285
A Good Name	292
Present State of Parties	301
The Music of Oratory	309
Riches, No. I.	317
Riches, No. II.	325
Letter from a Younger Brother	333
Good Sort of People	340
Life in London	349
The Undisputed One	358
Physic for the Mind	367

William H

Albert Gate
18. March

My dear friend W^m H^g

Thou art, just as well gone,
Then I said, I chatted, with
Dinner, last Saturday,
as usual in the open air
as the Reverend could not
make him out, I got
out of the carriage &
after scrambling among
bushes of Hays, as
last said I saw a boy walking
about without his hat.
This soon turned the
heads of some other
friends, & both boys were

11-18-86.

Leon Lane.

LE CORDON BLEU.(1)

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK.

“La gastronomie n'est autre chose que la reflexion qui apprécie, appliquée à la science qui améliore.”

WE live in awful times! By *we*, I mean we women. Power has departed from us, passions are things over which we no longer have control, love has become a calculation, matrimony a spec., and friendship (that peculiar attribute of our sex) “but a name.” Bright eyes now shine in vain, when opposed to the sparkle of a cigar; the prettiest ancle may withdraw itself within the cumbrous comforts of a trailing petticoat, for it is powerless against breasts protected by egotism or a Petersham. Cinderella's slipper might be sent round from club to club, without increasing the throb of a single heart, even in “the guards and Crockford's.” Neither *la jeune France* nor the dandyism of England could now furnish a man to extatise over a *corsage* with St. Preux, or to envy with Waller the pressure of a zone: though

“Give me but what that girdle bound,
Take all the rest the world goes round,”

might still be applied, in the ardour of jockeyism, to the girth of the favourite of the field, it never would apostrophize the *cincture* that marks the symmetry, “fine by degrees, and elegantly less,” of the best-dressed *subject* of Victorine or Carson. The days when the rape of the lock agitated society to its centre are now like the days beyond the flood; and the times when women were all charming, and men all charmed, are as the nights of Arabian fiction.

Women of those times—where lay your secret? My own opinion is, that it lay in the kitchen!

“*Ma belle*,” said the gallant Henri IV. to one of Marie de Medici's maids of honour,—“*quel est le chemin à votre cœur? Par*

(1) “Cordon bleu,” an honorary distinction conferred on the first class of female cooks in Paris, either in allusion to their blue aprons, or to the order, whose blue ribbon was so long considered as the adequate recompense of all the highest merit in the highest classes. The fermier-général who built the palace of the Bourbon Elysée became not more celebrated for his exquisite dinners, than for the moral courage with which he attributed their excellence to his female cook, Marie, when such a *chef* was scarcely known in the French kitchen; for when Marie served up a “*petit diner délirant*,” she was “called for” like other prima donnas, and her health drunk by the style of “*le cordon bleu*.”

l'église, Sire!" was the prompt and piquant reply: but had those female *sommités* of the reign of his grandson, the Maintenons, the Contis, and the Soubises, been interrogated before a star-chamber of coquettes, as to what was the true road to royal hearts, they might, on their own experience, have answered, *par vos côtelettes, Mesdames*.

It is a fact that women never understood the kitchen better than in that epoch of their greatest power. They understood it in its physiology, in its morality, and in its politics. The immortal *côtelettes à la Maintenon* of the queen-mistress of Louis XIV. were as much an expedient of the times, as her revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and her *dragées* and her *dragonnades* were alike directed to the service of her own unmeasured ambition. The best-educated English women of the present day scarcely know the *matériel* of an *entrée*, or the elements which give its character to an *entremet*; or can tell when an *hors-d'œuvre* should come in, or a *pièce de résistance* should go out; (1) but this great stateswoman, this elegant writer, and best dresser of her age,—she who governed France, and influenced Europe,—was likewise capable of regulating the most modest *ménage*, with equal genius and equal attention to details.

There is on record a letter of Madame de Maintenon, which should be studied by all housekeepers, like their breviary. It is that in which she lays out the expenditure of her thriftless brother's house and table, and tries to regulate the economy of her careless slovenly sister-in-law's wardrobe, whom she reproaches with knowing as little of the science of the toilet as of that of the kitchen. (2) Such arts may be "the scoff of fools," but they will ever remain "the reverence of the wise;" for the woman who, under the pressure of necessity, can first dress a dinner, and then dress herself, to please the palate of the most fastidious, and the taste of the most precise, will be found adequate to every other exigency, in any combination, by which man (the creature of sense and appetite) may be saved, served, or gratified.

Women are nature's own cooks; and the power which man has usurped in the kitchen, as in the state, arose in a temporary necessity (a necessity now giving way to steam-kitchens and hot hearths), the demand for physical force. In all epochs of society,

(1) A fair friend of mine having inadvertently ordered her Irish footman to ring the bell in the middle of a first course, he replied, in the spirit of a superior *savoir faire*, "If I do, ma'am, sure the goose will come up!"

(2) "Si ce calcul," she concludes, "peut vous être utile, je n'aurais pas de regret à la peine que j'ai prise de le faire; et du moins, je vous aurai fait voir que je sais quelque chose du ménage."—*Lettres de Madame de Maintenon*, vol. i.

what man eats must mainly be determined by climates and races; but in all, the manner and fitness of his meal must depend on the intelligence and science which are brought to its preparation : and there it is, that the adroitness, the patience, and the keen senses (1) of the sex are super-eminently applicable.

The children of the spicy East and dew-dropping South are provided by nature with delicate appetites, and with all the stimulating condiments necessary to a fastidious gastronomy. The northern tribes, voracious and indiscriminate in the urgency of their brute appetites, fall foul of whatever first substantially presents itself to their cravings. To the stomach of an ostrich, the tender and too-easily-digestible fibre is no joke; and to the shivering little animals of the Pole, who feed the lamp of life as other lamps are fed, imbibing heat and nourishment from the same source, a dead seal is worth a covey of partridges; and the rank savour of raw fish dried in the wind is more gratifying than the most delicate *fumet* of the best-preserved venison. But, amidst these coarser outlines of nature's adaptations, there are still concealed shadings and softenings of tone; and when circumstance and civilization commenced their triumphs over the sterner necessities, woman, with her sensitive organization, must have been the first to discover culinary improvements, and reduce them to practice.

The women, indeed, must have early found that the animal susceptibility to civilization (that is to domestication and taming) lies in the stomach; and that those species alone are capable of the process, whose will is eminently obedient to their appetites. The inference from the animal to the human stomach could not have been lost on female penetration; and its application to the purposes of influence was probably among the first uses of the discovery of Prometheus. From that day to this, the most stubborn and rebellious characters have been remarkable for their indifference to the art of eating; and, from Esau's mess of pottage to Andrew Marvel's shoulder of mutton, the connection between spare diet and dogged obstinacy has remained unshaken.

The earliest cookery on record will be found in the history of the Hebrews; and it is there stated that the collation set before the angelic visitants of Abraham was prepared by Sarah—a proof of the superior science of the future mother of nations. That the patriarchal women presided over the confection of bread may be inferred from the form it received, which was long and tapering, such as is still called “lady's fingers.” The Jews, therefore,

(1) “The pleasant savoury smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I methought
Could not but taste it.”—*Paradise Lost*.

broke their bread, having no necessity for cutting it; and their bread was so eminently good, that it was adopted as a general expression for viands of all descriptions. The Hebrew *cordons bleus* also excelled in confectionary. So early as the mission of Moses, offerings of confectionary were ordained by the law; and cakes of honey, flour, and oil, evince the ingenuity and *savoir vivre* of the fair descendants of Sarah.

That gastronomy was not neglected among the Egyptian sciences, we have proofs in the picture histories of the country, so lately brought into evidence; and though the hardships incidental to a sojourn in the desert must have interfered with the lore derived by the Hebrew women from that quarter, there can be little doubt that such resources as circumstances left at their disposition, were rendered more fully available, through the culinary ability which was brought to their preparation.

The refreshments offered to David by that profound intriguante, but excellent housewife, Abigail, though of a pastoral character, contained the elements of the choicest cookery—barley, beans, lentils, peas, dried figs, and grapes, butter (or cream), honey, oil, and succulent veal; but how were these ingredients combined, and how served? Had Abigail retained a tradition, or had she, in her philosophy, reconquered a knowledge of the universality and immense capabilities of her veal? Did she subdue the conqueror of Goliath with an *oreille de veau à la tartare*? or mollify him with a *crème à la moelle*,—the head and front of modern *laitage*, but also within the reach of the most rustic dairy? The solution of this question would involve the profoundest calculation of conflicting elements. A nation which wanted metals for arming its warriors, could hardly have possessed a respectable *batterie de cuisine*; but then the traditions of the table are amongst those most faithfully preserved; and woman, under the pressure of adverse circumstances, manifests such wonderful resources!

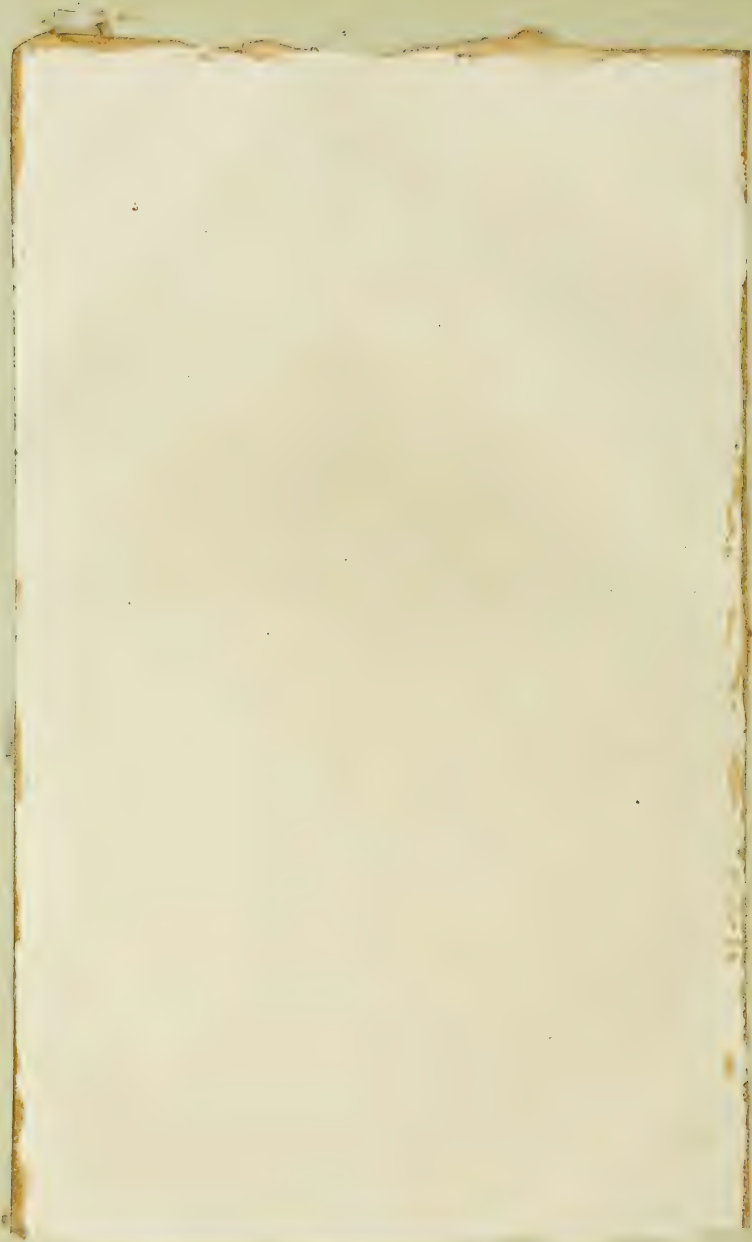
The Jews, however, were an obstinate race; and, where prejudice interfered, hardened their stomachs, no less than their hearts, against “the goods the gods provided them.” Thus, to the last, they remained insensible to the merits of the pig, that *animal encyclopédique*,—and were but little touched by the gastro-nomic capabilities of fish. In like manner, the Egyptians abjured mutton; (they had probably no south-downs; for Wales, and its delicious breed of sheep, were as yet undiscovered)—and they held beans in Pythagorean horror.

Not, however, that such self-denial is always to be placed to the account of prejudice. St. Clement of Alexandria tells us that natural reasons may, in many instances, be given for it. The



EDWARD GERRARD, ESQ., F.R.S.

Yours affectionately
Theobald Mathew



abstinences imposed by law or religion, he says, have generally originated in some wholesome or prudential consideration.

Thus Moses, Mahomet, and Father Mathew are in the same category; for the swine, the wine, and the whiskey inhibited by each, on religious grounds, were alike injurious to the health, or to the morality of the parties, to whom they were forbidden. It is always easier to fanatise than reason man into virtue.

Whatever progress was made in the culinary code of the Hebrews, women appear to have taken the initiative. The spices, gums, and essences introduced by Queen Sheba into the kitchens of Jerusalem were valuable innovations; and the syrup of guimauve of modern times is said to be made after one of the receipts furnished to "les offices" of Solomon, by that great woman. Cleopatra, that first-rate *petite maîtresse* and efficient stateswoman, was not ignorant of the resources which the kitchen offers to ambition and to coquetry, to politics or passion. The exquisite luxury of her banquets was among the instruments by which she reigned over the hearts of her lovers, and subdued the enemies of her country. The suppers she gave to Cæsar obtained for her the honours of a Roman Empress; and Anthony's love of fish and of fishing was made instrumental to her deep political purposes. In spite of the religious prejudices of her subjects, she accompanied him in his piscatory excursions; and, her frolicsome habits taken into consideration, she may have assisted in dressing the salmon she had helped to catch.

Among the means by which Agrippina subjugated the Emperor Claudius, her receipt for dressing mushrooms was not the least important. Claudius loved this dish, "not wisely, but too well;" and died,—not because the fungus was poisoned, but—because he was a glutton. The close alliance between the edible and the poisonous species of this genus is a sharp lesson given by nature to the gluttonous appetite; but its daily admonitions have been very uniformly set at nought; and we have abundant classic authority for supposing that Claudius's case was by no means a rare one among the Romans.

The masters of the world, however, were not master-cooks; and the now popular *entremet* of the *champignon à la crème* was a delicacy little dreamed of in their philosophy.(1) That delicious dish is now *de rigueur*, in the second course of the spring and autumn *menu* of all civilized tables; and the woman who is ignorant of the *poco meno* and *poco piu* of its constituent elements, (so essential to the digestion and health of her husband and his guests,) is unworthy, not only of an imperial throne, but to sit at

(1) As a general rule, house mushrooms are always the best and safest.

the head of any board, more dignified than the cod's head and shoulder table of a Bow-bell Amphitryon. Such a woman is fit for nothing but the perpetration of a "toad in the hole," or a participation in the mysteries of the apple-dumpling, which, if they "perplexed a monarch," (1) are intelligible to the meanest capacities of kitchen-maids and servants of all work.

With the Roman empire fell, in Europe, the great but unscientific kitchen of antiquity. The secrets of Vitellius were lost, the prize dishes of the Aventine fell from the memory of man, and the leaves of the imperial "Almanac des gourmands," like those of the sibyl, were scattered to the winds; one solitary volume only finding its way to posterity, and that one rescued from oblivion by a physician of the 18th century. (2) Long, however, before the final extinction of the Roman power, gastronomy shared the fate of the other sciences, and faded by degrees, with the fading genius and virtue of the people. The learning of the Romans was, indeed, all second-hand—borrowed from the more civilized countries, which their ferocious valour overthrew: and their start from savagery to refinement, in the table as in their other tastes, is more marked by caprice and expense than by a true sense of the beautiful or the sublime. The culinary precision of Geta, who placed his dishes alphabetically, was not learning, but pedantry; and though the secretary of Heliogabalus passed his life in writing out receipts and bills of fare, art owed little or nothing to that extravagant despot, with whom *il n'était de sauce que la cherté*. His *pâtés de crête de coq*, and his *têtes de papageux*, prove that to be an Emperor is not enough to constitute a good cook. The plain good woman's dish,—the *alouettes en salmi*, à la bonne bourgeoisie—would leave all the inventions of the imperial gastronome at an immeasurable distance.

The irruption of the barbarians extinguished the last lingering lights of the kitchen (such as they were) with all other lights; and their intellectual couvre-feu operated on the fires of the hot hearth, as on those of poetic and of scientific inspiration. The northern races, "hungry as the sea, could devour as much;" and quantity, with them, was a far more important consideration than quality. Antiquarian lore has dived laboriously into the culinary arrangements of those days; but, to appreciate the barbarian kitchens of the fifth century, it is enough to have tasted the national cookery of the same races in the nineteenth: sour

(1) See—not Milton, but—Peter Pindar.

(2) There were three persons who bore the name of Apicius, all celebrated for their culinary science. Cælius Apicius, who lived in the reign of Tiberius, wrote a work on Roman cookery, of which an edition was printed in the year 1705 by Doctor Martin Lister, physician to Queen Anne; undertaken probably in deference to the well-known tastes of his royal patient.

crout, pickled herrings, and lusciously sweet puddings, followed by the final leg of mutton, *obligato*, are still the staple of a German dinner; and "even unto this day," the national dinners of the Saxon heptarchy may be traced in a genuine English bill of fare of their descendants.

There may be some excuse for northern ignorance on this point, in "the divinity which hedged in" their women, and which deemed it sacrilege to devote them to any coarse employment. The northmen would have blushed to turn their noble wives into turnspits; so the men took the cookery to themselves, and a pretty mess they made of it. The crude fibre of an old ox satisfied the tastes of the rude worshippers of Odin; and the heroes of Thor, like those of Homer, disdained not to prepare it with their own hands. The women, indeed, were consulted as oracles; but it was on all subjects, save that which concerned the daily interests and comforts of the community.

Charlemagne, to whom no source of social civilization was wholly unknown, was the first of his race to turn cookery to political purposes, and to act upon that maxim, so extensively amplified by one of the last of his descendants, that *la majesté du trône est dans la cuisine*. He first taught his peers to eat like gentlemen; and raised the culinary profession to a state of dignity, by instituting a domestic order, still found in European courts,—*les officiers de la bouche*. He made sovereign princes his waiters "for the nonce;" he put Paladins into his pantries, and Bishops over his butteries, and set the democratic example of degrading the privileged classes, by reducing them to menial servitude, and turning their "mean ambition" to the "pride of kings"—the *valetaille* of Louis XIV. was the highest development of the schemes of Charlemagne. (1)

To the festivities of this monarch the women were recalled; and something of their taste and ingenuity became soon visible in the imperial table. Pheasants were served at *Aix-la-Chapelle* with gilt spurs; and peacocks were dished with their gorgeous tails in full fan. The service, says a chronicler, was attended *par de jeunes petits pages, chamarrés d'or, et par de gentes pucelles*.

Admitted to the table, the women were soon found necessary

(1) At the coronation dinners of the Emperors of Germany at Aix-la-Chapelle and Frankfort, the imperial table was directed by the Nine-Electors—the modern Kings of Europe—the Marquis of Brandebourg, "comme grand chambrellan, porte un bassin d'argent avec aiguères et des serviettes parfumées; il donna l'eau sur les mains de l'Empereur. Le Palatin du Rhin, portant quatre plats d'argent remplis de viandes, les posa devant l'Empereur; puis le Roi de Bohême, portant une tasse remplie de vin, présenta à boire à l'Empereur." After the feast was over, these illustrious valets were left to scramble for the plunder of the table.—"*Création de la dignité impériale, par Claude d'Albois.*"

to the government of the kitchen; and females of the highest rank (*les plus titrées*) occupied themselves with the interior of their households, in preparing aliment for their families, and for stranger guests. Amidst the barbaric pomp of their knightly husbands, some touches of refinement were thus introduced to vary the homeliness of their ancient fare. Under the deviceful imagination of the sex, eels appeared with the darts of serpents and the eyes of basilisks; and dwarfs jumped out of pasties, with *aultres joyeusetés pareilles*; which, absurd as they may now appear, were then well fitted to set the table in a roar.

Scarcely had the merchants of Venice re-introduced the spices into Europe, when the women introduced them into their domestic cookery; and when the perfumes of Araby the blest breathed their odours over the ill-scented chambers of royalty they were transported to the kitchen, till even the fish was *quelquefois cuit à l'eau rose*.

But the Church also took a considerable part in culinary reform, and joined the women in forwarding the social entertainments of their flocks. The great abbeys were schools of gastronomy; the learning of the Benedictines was applied to the refectory; and many lady abbesses, canonized for their fasts and vigils, better deserved a place in the album sanctorum for their confectionary and their compounds. Monasteries were indeed the asylums of culinary, as of all other learning; and to this day "*latin de cuisine*" is applied to express what in English is called dog latin—as intimating the imperfect latinity of those friars, who, in their devotion to gastronomic studies, had necessarily become les perfect proficientes in their humanities than their brethren, who knew no other proof of the pudding than the eating.

But, in spite of the priests and of the women, the progress of the art was slow and vacillating. Though the *potages* must have been of early date in monasteries and in hospitals, soup, in its modern acceptation, was perhaps first historically noticed in the commencement of the fifteenth century. The charming chronicler, Monstrelet, describing the festivities on the marriage of Catherine de Valois with our Henry the Fifth, mentions that the Archbishop of Sens, at the head of a procession of the clergy of his diocese, served up the soup and wine to the bridal chamber of the royal pair.

About the same epoch, accident favoured *les droits de la bouche* in France, by raising its ministers to a high position. During the insanity of Charles the Sixth, the Comte de St. Paul raised a militia in Paris of five hundred *garçons bouchers*, commanded by their own officers, the master proprietors of *la boucherie*. This corps, having fought well at the battle of Azincourt, retained



HENRY V.

their military grades and plunder; and from these knights of the marrowbones and cleaver, descended some of the noble houses of France—the illustrious families of Saint-Yon, Thibaut, “*et autres*,” says the chronicler, owe their origin to *la grande boucherie de Paris* of the fifteenth century.

If the servants of the abattoirs of Paris were thus mounting the baronial coronet, an English Queen (but a French woman) raised her cook to the rank of an English gentleman. Eleanor de Provence, the consort of Henry the Third of England, struck by the superior art of *Richard de Norreys*, her sergeant cook, induced the king to grant him the manor of Ockholt, or Ockwell, in Berkshire. From this eminent artist, so generously appreciated by his royal mistress, descended a family, which, in the days of Elizabeth, ranked high in the state, and represented that class—their country’s boast and pride—the gentry of England, under its most respected phasis.

About one mile from the ancient town of Bray, immortalized in story by its versatile yet ever-consistent vicar, still rises, for the delight of the antiquary and the triumph of the gastronome, one of the most perfect and interesting specimens extant of the old English manor-houses of the middle ages: it was erected by John de Norreys, the direct descendant of Richard, the queen’s cook. John de Norreys bequeathed, by will, a large sum for the completion of this mansion; or, as he expresses it, for the “full building and making uppe of the said chappel, with the chambers adjoining, within my manor of Ocholt, in the parish of Bray, not yet finished.” Of the portions of this manor-house still existing, its gables, porches, and beautiful windows of six bays, the most remarkable feature is the quartering of the arms of the historical cook with the armorial bearings of the proudest peers of England. Here, among the antelopes of Henry the Sixth, the eagles of Margaret d’Anjou, the crests of the Beauforts, and the lambriquins of the Beauchamps, are still to be seen the beaver of Richard de Norreys, with the appropriate motto of “faithfully serve,” borrowed from the calling of the founder of the family.

The wars of the Roses were unfavourable to the arts; and the English kitchen retrograded with the rest. The “household bokes,” so carefully kept by the Lancasters, were lost or destroyed; though that of the old Countess of Hereford (1) is still extant; and the sensual but thriftless Yorks, as careless of their domestic details as of those of the state, left few lights behind them to guide the researches of posterity. Still, Edward the Fourth, all voluptuary as he might be, was a cautious one; and sinning by rule, he escaped the penalty of excess. “The docteur

(1) The grandmother of the immortal Henry the Fifth.

of physique stondesth much in the king's presence at his meles, counselling or answering to the king's grace, which diet is best according; and to tell the nature and operation of all metes. And much he should talke with the steward, chamerlayn, asserver, and the maister cook, to devise, by counsayle, what metes and drinks is best according with the king." (1)

The elevation of the Tudors, accompanied, as it probably was, by the introduction of Welsh mutton, formed an epoch in the science; and, while it served the parsimonious habits of the seventh Henry, it may have afforded a not-neglected hint to his luxurious successor. But it was the feasts of the field of gold that gave a more decided impulse to culinary progress in England, by the many and vast improvements, then and there borrowed from the cooks of more civilized France, which, even before the time of Louis the Eleventh, had preceded all the northern states in gastronomy. It was one of the Preux of that nation, who introduced the shalot from the plains of Ascalon; and *La belle châtelaine*, *la dame de ses pensées*, first employed it in the ragouts of her table. Parsley was brought from Italy, with the first rudiments of that *Opera Buffa*, which still bears, in Paris, its original name; while the *saucisseuses* of the fifteenth century gave a promise of fame and fortune, from their manipulation of pork, which the *charcutiers* of the seventeenth are well known to have realised.

But the epoch of *la renaissance* (a term which has shed round Francis the First a glory denied him on the plains of Pavia) founded a professional chair for cookery, which has never since been vacated, in all the revolutions of French fortunes. Francis the First again, for the third time, brought back the women to the court, whence the ferocious Louis the Eleventh had banished them. His Italian daughter-in-law, Catherine de Medicis, being placed at the head of the royal household, brought to her lofty position all the lights and science of the Italian "office," then the first in the world. Confectionary, the poetry of the kitchen, was at its acme, and *les patisseurs de la Dauphine* shed a glory on the whole order, by the ingenuity they displayed in their architectural and allegorical structures. They were soon incorporated into a company; and, in the reign of Charles the Ninth, the son of this foundress of *l'art sucré*, they received a statue, "*où l'on remarque le privilège de fabriquer le pain à chanter messe.*"

The French cookery displayed in the field of gold made an obvious impression upon Wolsey, the greatest man and most liberal Amphitryon of his age, to whom his brute king was not worthy to be a scullion. He saw, at once, the advantage of a

(1) In the *Liber Niger*, or household-book of Edward IV.



ALFRED, KING OF ENGLAND

reform in the rude English kitchen; and the "Butcher's cur," the "honeste poore man's sonne," who, from the heights of his own great mind, must have looked down on the ferocious descendant of Owen Tudor, soon introduced the elegancies of the French table among the other civilizing influences of learning and art. In his Palace of Hampton, the Cardinal Minister may be said to have established a college of gastronomy, of which the halls and offices still standing give the best idea. They are the last subsisting monument in the country of priestly magnificence, and of the household arrangements of churchmen, at the time when they accumulated in the hands of the same individual the highest offices of the church and the state.

Among the thousand domestics who crowded the vastness of Hampton Court, many were noble peers, knightly gentlemen, and gallant squires,

"The liveried army and the menial lords."

One domestic official there was, who strutted in pre-eminent importance through its halls, in doublet and cloak of crimson velvet, rich gold chain, and feathered cap, to whom men took off their bonnets as he passed, reverently observing, "There goes my lord cardinal's master cook." This personage held under his rule two first and six under cooks, a yeoman and groom of the larder, a yeoman and two grooms of the scullery, two yeomen and two grooms of the buttery, three yeomen and three pages in the cellary, two yeomen in the chandry, two yeomen and two grooms of the ewery, and two yeomen in the wafery.(1)

To the sumptuous banquets prepared by this Vatel of the mighty and munificent churchman, the fairest ladies of England(2) were invited; and they studied under his lessons the dishes and devices which, passing from Italy to France, afforded them opportunities for improving their own culinary science—a science which no great lady then neglected. What model sweetmeats must have been carried away! what subjects of domestic discussion for the tapestry chambers and oriel windows

(1) See an agreeable little volume, by C. Jesse, Esq., Surveyor of her Majesty's Parks and Palaces, entitled, "A Summer's Day at Hampton Court."

The recent regulations, by which the public is freely admitted to view the curious and interesting interior of that royal palace, without "let or hindrance," or paying for their tickets at the door, does great honour to the present administration.

When will the reverend proprietors of Westminster Abbey take the hint?

(2) "This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies: there will be
The beauty of this kingdom."

of the country mansions, to which the delighted guests returned from these more than royal festivals!

The culinary traditions of Hampton Court were long preserved in the neighbouring palace of Sheen. The nutritive and delicious *crème à la frangipane* (borrowed from the receipts of Catherine de Medicis) suggested, to one of the courtly maids of honour of the dying Queen Elizabeth, that mysterious delicacy suited to her declining appetite and wasted health, which has reached posterity, under the name (marking the station of its ingenious inventor) of "the Maid of Honour."

For more than two centuries, successive generations have offered their annual homage at the shrine of this noble *cordons bleu*, of the wafery of Richmond. The patron saint of hungry children, and of child-cramming mothers, still shares the triumphs of that exquisite spot, "which nature's choicest gifts adorn."

While the haggis, cocky-leeky, and Scotch broth,(1) introduced from Holyrood House into Whitehall, by James the First, threw back English cookery to its brute elements, France steadily pursued the golden career which had opened to her kitchen at the *renaissance*, by the genius of her Italian Queen, and by the quick apprehensions of her *spirituel* women.

From that epoch, says a learned and elegant writer on the subject, "*étant bien certain que les dames Françaises se sont toujours plus ou moins mêlées de ce qui se faisait dans leurs cuisines, on doit en conclure que c'est à leur intervention qu'est due la prééminence indisputable qu'a toujours eue en Europe la cuisine Française, et qu'elle a principalement acquise, par une quantité immense de préparations recherchées, légères, et friandes, dont les femmes seules ont pu concevoir l'idée.*"

Under these happy auspices, the gorgeous *siècle de Louis XIV.* began, and the gastronomic science, obeying the impulse of progression common to the period, the kitchen took its place beside the altar and the throne. Sumptuous banquets and royal fêtes were not, however, the *pierres de touche* of the highest effort of art of the times. It was for the *petit couvert* of retired royalty, it was for the *soupers fins* of the elegant and the tasteful, that the artist brought forward his best skill, and was emulous of rival superiority. Madame de Sévigné's *poulard* and *plat de légumes* (enjoyed with the Rochefoucaulds, and the La Fayettees, in her

(1) "I have consulted," says Dr. Hunter, "Homer, Aristophanes, Aristotle, Athenæus, etc., etc., in order to obtain some knowledge of the Grecian cookery. but have not been able to collect anything worthy of notice, beyond the *black broth* of Lacedæmon, which probably was the same as *sheep's-head* broth, well known in our sister kingdom."—*Culina Famulatrix Medicinæ*.



M^{ME} DE MAINTENON.

Giffart pinx.

Landon del.

6/20/85.
N.Y.

Hôtel de Carnavalet) were as exquisitely dressed as the most complicated dishes of the *grand couvert* of Versailles.

The declining years of Louis the Fourteenth brought with them a decline of appetite and of taste; and he was so subject to weaknesses of the stomach, that a species of cordial was invented for his use by Madame de Maintenon, consisting of distilled spirits, sugar, orange flowers, and other perfumes. This was the origin of the various modern compounds known by the general name of liqueurs—the “*chasse*,”—without which there is no chance of digestion for the high-born and wealthy of our own times. The success of this invention originated a school of valetudinarian cooks, of which Madame de Maintenon was the foundress. Her famous *côtelettes en papillotes*, which protected the stomach against grease, and Louis-le-Grand from indigestion, spared him from many a fit of bile and penitence; and increased the influence of the favourite, to the despair of Louvois, and of the princesses, and to the triumph of Père la Chaise and the Jesuits.

The charming and very *espiègle* Princesse de Conti had almost exhausted her art in the attempt to save her husband and brother-in-law from the King's resentment, and from that punishment which their vices were drawing on them, when she suddenly thought of attacking the royal mercy through the royal stomach, and invented the famous dish, still so popular in France, under the style and title of *carré de mouton à la Conti*.⁽¹⁾ This was a dish in which the coarser fat and fibre disappear, under the flavour of the natural juices, and of *bouquets de fines herbes*, mushrooms, and anchovies. The whole was so digested in the casserole, that it left nothing for the royal organs to perform, save to enjoy.

The old king threw aside his insipid *potage à la Vierge* (a palling *purée* of chicken, veal, cream, and eggs), and fell upon his piquant carré with the appetite of former times, when his *en cas de nuit* (a cold fowl) was left at his bed-side, lest he should awake hungry. The court was amazed at his lenity to the crimes of the Conti and Bourbon, and Madame de Maintenon, becoming alarmed,

(1) The language of cookery is French, as that of medicine is Latin. I will not presume, therefore, to spoil the Princess's receipt by translating it. “*Appropriiez un carré de mouton, en levant les peaux qui se trouvent sur le filet; prenez un quarteron de petit lard bien entrelardé, anchois lavés; coupez-les en lardons, et les maniez avec un peu de gros poivre, deux échalottes, persil, ciboulez une feuille de laurier, quatre de basilic, feuilles d'astragon, tous hachées en poudre; lardez tout le filet avec le lard et les anchois; mettez le carré dans une casserole; mouillez avec un verre de vin blanc, autant de bouillon; dégraissez la sauce, et mettez gros comme une noix de beurre, maniée avec une pince de farine; faites lier la sauce sur le feu, et le servez sur le carré*”—“and was not that a dainty dish to lay before a king.”

called the Père la Chaise to her aid. The result of this consultation was the "*Canard au Père Douillet*," which then first took its place at the royal table, and the king's conscience was awakened by it to a new sense of—orthodox cookery. Thenceforth, every new dish came labelled with a saintly name; and the many excellent *morceaux à la Sainte-Ménéhould* date from the reign of the Sainte Françoise de Maintenon.

If the science remained stationary during the last unfortunate days of Louis the Fourteenth, it took a rapid stride under the Regency, when some of the greatest ladies of the day lent their names to dishes of their invention or adoption. *Piquées, d'une finesse extrême*, were ascribed to the Duchesse de Berri; and the *dinde truffée* was brought into vogue by the pretty wife of a Fermier-General, (1) to the consummation of high cookery and the injury of weak digestions.

The reign of Louis the Fifteenth, with its long peace, was favourable to female influence in the cabinet and in the kitchen; and the order and regularity in which a modern table is served in the palaces of royalty, and the mansions of the great, date from that epoch.

The petits soupers of Marly surpassed in elegance and refinement its "*grandes collations*" in the last days of Louis Quatorze. The great ladies of the court purchased the inventions of dishes from some obscure cook of genius, and edited Matelottes and Salmis, as great English ladies now edit or appropriate works of far less taste and science.

The Princesse de Soubise lent her historical name to that excellent dish, which first brought the *purée d'oignon* into fashion, and proved that the greatest vegetable condiment of the kitchen might be deprived by art of all that was offensive in its odour, without losing the piquant acidity of its flavour.

The success of the *côtelette à la Soubise*, and the rising favour of its inventress, alarmed the ambitious jealousy of the celebrated Duchesse de Mailly. She saw something behind the cutlet greater than the cutlet; and, recalling the old spirit of political intrigue of the Soubise women in the former reign, which had so long agitated all Europe, she resolved to meet the princess on her own ground; and she gave to the royal menus and to the world her immortal *gigot à la Mailly*!

In the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, the alimentary philosophy had reached the very acme of its perfectibility! Cookery assumed all the dignity of a science, and stood half-way between physic

(1) The first turkey was brought into France in 1570, and was served at the table of Catherine de Medicis, at the marriage supper of her son, Charles the Ninth.—See *Almanack des Comestibles*, 1776.

and chemistry. The most distinguished *savans* (1) did not think it beneath their consequence to occupy themselves with its processes; and they everywhere introduced improvements, from the simple *pot-au-feu* of the poor mechanic, up to the elaborate combinations which are served in dishes of crystal and vases of gold.(2)

The language of the kitchen then became as polished as that of *les belles lettres*; cookery-books and "almanachs" were composed with the wit of Voltaire and the graces of Sévigné. Receipts for purées were written with the purisms of the academy; *petits plats* were named "epigrams;" and the very genius of pastoral poesy reigned over the technicalities of the second course and the dessert. Women of all classes now aspired to mingle (in the most material sense of the words) the *utile dulci*; and, while great ladies exercised themselves in drawing out elaborate bills of fare, with a unity of design that would have well become an epic poem, those of humbler houses, where no chef was kept, rivalled the master-spirits of the times by their inventions, and gave their names to some of the best dishes of the age. "La cuisine bourgeoise" was published in the latter part of the reign of Louis the Sixteenth; and it required all the wit of La Reynière to make head against one of the best cookery-books ever published for the edification of posterity.

The pretensions of the sex to meddle with an art, for which, it was said, "nature had never intended them," produced, however, a violent opposition on the part of their masters; and Madame de Genlis, having boasted that she had taught a German Count at Vienna to dress seven delicious French dishes, in return for his hospitality, she drew down upon her presumption the sarcasms of the *côterie* de Holbach. It was accordingly predicted that the cuisinières of Paris would soon usurp the chairs of the chefs; the *précieuses* of the pantry were subjected to general ridicule, and

"Toute Française, à ce que j'imagine,
Sait, bien ou mal, faire une cuisine,

was an epigram borrowed from a fashionable comedy of the day, and in every body's mouth.

But the women persevered, and the order of the Cordon Bleu was founded, which passed through the storms of the revolution, of the restoration, and *les trois jours*, still flourishing

(1) No man can be a good physician who has not a competent knowledge of cookery; and in this I am supported by every eminent physician from Hippocrates to Sydenham.—*Dr. Hunter, Culina Famulatrix Medicinæ.*

(2) The wholesome pot-au-feu of the lower orders in France might be introduced with incalculable benefit among the same classes in England; "for, after all, the stomach is the chief organ of the human system, and upon its state the powers and feelings of each individual mainly depend."

in France, when all other orders have been trampled under foot.

England, meantime, made so little progress in the culinary art, that the household which could not afford to import a French cook remained where the wisdom of its ancestors had left it in 1688. Queen Anne, however, though a dull woman and a weak sovereign, was a divine-righted cook. The kitchen, not the cabinet, was her vocation. There, indeed, she admitted no rival near the throne; there no Duchess of Marlborough ruled her counsels, no Mrs. Masham undermined them. There she found her own level; and all who are acquainted with the culinary literature of the day, or who possess a cookery-book published by Tonson or by Curl, will find that by far the best receipts, in their prescriptions for indigestion, are those headed with, "after Queen Anne's fashion." "*La Reine Anne était très gourmande, et ne dédaignait pas à s'entretenir avec son cuisinier,*" says a French historian of the kitchen; and it is curious to add, that Lord Bolingbroke, with whom her majesty secretly worked for the overthrow of the Whigs, and the restoration of the Pretender, was married to the favourite niece of the great inventress of the *côtelettes à la Maintenon*.

The accession of the House of Hanover did little for cookery. The Fatimas of the seraglios of the two first George's, good fussy Frows, *bourrées* with their German kitchen, were little calculated to improve the taste of the nation in any respect; and the fine gentlemen, the travelled men of the day, the Chesterfields, the Walpoles, and the Montagues, preached the pre-eminence of France in all matters of social enjoyment—from the kitchen to the boudoir, from a toilet to a *tourte*. At their dictation, it soon became an admitted axiom that, to procure a good dinner in England, it was necessary to procure a good cook from France—that the most paltry second-rate *gargotier* of a Parisian restaurant was preferable to the best cook, male or female, bred in the English kitchen.

This universal preference of the foreigner preserved and increased the deficiencies in which it arose. English cookery, if in any respect it remained stationary, derived the advantage from the fact that it could scarcely retrograde; till, finally, the wars of the French Revolution, by cutting off all communication with the Continent, caused the memory to fade even of the material elements of *gusto*, in the land where, though there were twenty religions, there was but one sauce, (1) and that one—

(1) The saucy Neapolitan who made this remark of "our own, our native land," would have shown more philosophy, had he been shocked at the characteristic of his own country, which, though it could boast of twenty sauces, had but one religion.



ANNE.

melted butter!!! *Fines herbes* were no longer known in the English garden; gravies were made with water, *entrées* were cooked on blazing fires, and black pepper and allspice were the sovereign condiments. Salads were dressed with cream and hard eggs, and soups (reserved for great occasions) were flavoured with ketchup, and seasoned with Cayenne. Mrs. Glass's volume of hashes and hodgepodges became the church and state manual of orthodox cookery, and was not to be superseded, even by Kitchener's once popular kitchen-stuff; so that the actor, Quin's, sarcastic summary of a particular dinner might have been adopted as a universal definition of all ordinary feasting—"The soup was cold, the ice hot, and everything sour in the house but the vinegar."

Such was the state of things, when the fall of Napoleon gave peace to Europe. The royal Amphitryon of England had, indeed, possessed great views for the elevation of the national kitchen; but he wanted the supplies. He had imported the immortal Careme, and had implored his assistance in the revival of the art, as Louis the Sixteenth had called on Necker to restore the ruined finances of France. Careme came!—he came, he saw, but he could not conquer. The ponderous batterie of Brighton (that Woolwich of the kitchen) shone out, in its vast armament of polished coppers, in vain! Troops of chuckle-headed little English aides, plump and platter-faced, as the *Cupidons bouffis* of the days of Louis the Fourteenth, were no aids to him; and hecatombs of constitutional English beef, and oceans of passive obedient fish, which came to be caught within view of the kiosks of the Pavilion, invoked the genius of the enlightened foreigner to no purpose. To use his own expression, he was "*suffoqué*."

Careme could not but perceive at a glance that he had a school, not to reform, but to create. There were no abuses, because there were no uses. He looked out at the Smithfield fires of the royal laboratory, and he thought of the *petits feux* and *petits fours* of France! He listened, and discovered that there was no language capable of expressing the ideas which he would have communicated. He found that he had a vocabulary to invent, a grammar to compose; and he shrank from the herculean labour imposed upon him.

But, above all, he discovered that the women of England knew nothing of his art; that the presiding deities of the Pavilion scarcely rose above Cowslip's appreciation of a roasted duck, with its coarse and predominating accompaniment of sage and onion. He heard, no doubt, with horror and dismay, that the culminating point of political cookery and coquetry of the great *dame du palais* of the Regency, was a plain peppered cutlet (*anglice*

a mutton-chop) which the English Louis the Fourteenth went daily in his plain chariot to lunch upon—*tout son saoul!*

Careme, "*dont l'honneur fut dans ses fourneaux,*" sent in his resignation; and his answer to the inquiries of French friends why he had left so distinguished a service, is well known: *C'est que la cuisine de son Altesse Royale est trop bourgeoise.*

The opening of the continent brought the nobility and the gentry of the British empire in multitudes, unequalled since the Crusades, to the great metropolis of gustatory excellence; and when they returned from the altars of Very to their own domestic hearths, they were as unable to relish the legitimate kitchen, as they were to sit out the legitimate drama of their native country. To the noble and the wealthy, foreign cooks, as usual, were easily attainable, at a cost triple the income they gave to the learned members of the Universities who educated their sons, and at six times the reward they bestowed on the accomplished women who brought up their daughters. But the mass of travellers who had equally acquired all the elegant tastes of foreign refinement could not afford to entertain a chef and his legions of subaltern bonnets-blancs, and were thus thrown beyond the lines of continental cookery.

The social want of the times, however, brought its remedy along with it, and the reaction was astounding. Then it was that the clubs arose, houses of refuge to destitute celibacy, chapels of ease to discontented husbands. There, men could dine like gentlemen and christians, upon all the *friandises* of the French kitchen, much cheaper and far more wholesomely than at their own tables, upon the tough half-sodden fibres of the national roast and boiled, or on the hazardous resources of calf's head hash, gravy soup, and marrow puddings. Moral England gave in. The English "home," that temple of the heart, that centre of all the virtues, was left to the solitary enjoyment of the English wives; and the whole husbandry of England migrated to those splendid *Duomos*, served by priests bred in the cells of *les frères Robert*, or educated in the cloisters of the *Cancale*.

From that moment, Almack's lost its *prestige*; dowdies now "stept" in where angels feared to tread!—tickets, once sued for in vain by suppliant duchesses, were repelled by second-class dowagers for their daughters, in the motherly consideration, that

"Where none were beaux, 't were base to be a belle;"

for younger brothers and ci-devant exquisites do *not* fill the ball-room, "as well as better men."

To your casseroles, then, women of Britain. Would you, "with a falconer's voice," lure your faithless tassels back again, apply



11684

to the practical remedy of your wrongs, proceed to the reform of your domestic government, and turn your thoughts to that art which, coming into action every day in the year during the longest life, includes within its circles the whole philosophy of economy and order, the preservative of good health, and of the tone of good society, all peculiarly within your province! The greatest women of all ages—from a Sarah to a Sévigné—have not disdained its study and its practice. One quarter of the time which you now give to “nicknaming God’s creatures” upon canvas, if devoted to the philosophy of your larders and your pantries, to the doctrines of a pure culinary literature, would furnish your husbands’ tables with elegance and science, from which slovenly ignorance now drives them to other and better dinners. Open then forthwith seminaries, not merely for catechisms and spiritual metaphysics, so difficult to infant digestion, but for culinary instruction and physical amelioration, facile to the comprehension of all. Establish model schools, and found chairs for the dissemination of that eminently useful knowledge, the knowledge by which we may eat to live, with safety and satisfaction. Provide for the sufficient education of a convenient number of able-bodied young women, and for sending them forth as missionaries through the benighted provinces of the empire;—and when, through the philosophic researches of these female seminarists, maxims shall be attained to form a volume of reports, some female Bentham may yet arise to complete the good work, by an encyclopedic code, that will supersede for ever the false guides and erring prophets of the old English kitchen,(1) and prove that one exquisite little dinner, (the table round, the guests few,) if dressed with science and illumined by wit, is worth all the great feasts and fastidious banquets that ever were given, if considered as a means to the great end of bringing those together whom God has joined, and *family dinners* have put asunder.

MILTON'S HOUSE.

ENGLAND, which has produced the three greatest poets of the modern world, is singularly deficient in poetical nationality—a noble quality, distinct from egotism—a quality that awakens reverence for sites hallowed by the memory of compatriot genius, and consecrates every spot reminiscent of events influential on a people’s greatness.

(1) “Je ne regarderai point les sciences suffisamment représentées,” said the President H—— de P—— to the celebrated La Place, “tant que je ne verrai pas un cuisinier siéger à la première place de l’Institut.”

In England, genius has few shrines erected in the public imagination, through the medium of material landmarks commemorating its passing existence, and identifying the scenes of its splendid and beneficent exertions. Shakspeare, Milton, and Byron—each the bright star of his contemporary galaxy—are illustrations of the proposition. Neglected, or persecuted, or blighted while living, in death their dwelling on earth is marked by no tablet; no mausoleum (the receptacle of their ashes) rises beneath the fretted roof of the national Pantheon. Shakspeare was buried at Stratford; Milton in St. Giles's, Cripplegate (the very stone which marked the hallowed spot having been removed, and never replaced); (1) while the bier of Byron passed the towers of Westminster Abbey, on its way to the parish church of a remote village. In one age, a Dean and Chapter of Westminster deemed the name of the inspired author of the "Paradise Lost" a profanation to the repository of regal and prelatical greatness: it was declared by Dr. Spratt to be "too detestable to be read (even incidentally) on the walls of a building dedicated to devotion." (2) In another age, the same authorities refused to Byron an inscription in that "corner," where the poets of England are huddled together in a petty space, and overshadowed by the monuments of women who lived without character, and of men who died without distinction. (3) Shakspeare owed the resuscitation of his fame to an actor like himself; he owed, also, to that actor the highest honours paid to his memory.

But what have the university-bred men of England, or its "most thinking" people, done to preserve from ruin the dwelling-place of him who has raised the literary character of England to unrivalled eminence? What has been done for the house at Stratford, which, like that of Loretto, should be enshrined in marble,

(1) This injury was compensated through the liberality of the late Mr. Whitbread, at whose expense a bust, by Bacon, of the great poet, was erected in the church.

(2) The Dean and Chapter of Westminster were more liberal to the memory of Caxton. On being applied to by the Roxburghe Club for leave to erect a tablet in the Abbey to *him whose works issued from the Sanctuary of Westminster* in the reign of Edward IV., they replied, by the pen of the former Dean's son, that a tablet to *the late Mr. Caxton* would not be objected to, for which they would consider the price. (See "Athenæum," No. 324.)—Oh! this price to the pit, box, and gallery of Westminster Abbey!

(3) More than one heroine of the drama, not quite as exemplary for virtue and unblemished character as the Farrens, Siddons, Bruntons, and other estimable actresses of the present age, have found "snug lying in the Abbey." Mrs. Oldfield, the public mistress of Mr. Mainwaring and of General Churchill, was laid in state in the Jerusalem Chamber. Her funeral, splendidly "got up" in Westminster Abbey, with permission of the Dean and Chapter, was attended by the principal nobility of the land, "some of whom were her pall-bearers."—See "Leigh Hunt's London Journal," a delightful periodical.

and gemmed with the votive offerings of the intellectual world? If that house still exists, if the identical chimney-corner is preserved, by whose hearth the fresh-smelling forest scenery of "As you like it"—the joyous wit of Falstaff—the philosophy of Hamlet—the poetry and passion of Macbeth and Romeo, were probably first conceived and embodied—by whom has the fane been rescued from destruction? By a poor woman, to whose sordid cares it is abandoned, and who derives a pittance from the contributions of foreigners, who crowd, as pilgrims, to the Mecca of English genius, to offer that homage so scantily bestowed at home.

And where stand the dwellings of Milton? Is the house in which he wrote his glorious "Defence for the people of England," and his treatise on "The likeliest means to remove Hirelings out of the Church," unknown to the English people—unknown to the church reformers of England? Does no inscription of national respect emblazon its walls, does no column rise in its gardens? Has no literary institution purchased and preserved it, as a monument of the great and stirring times it recalls; and does it stand unrevered and unvisited by the "curled darlings of the nation," who flock to Weimar to worship at the shrine of Goëthe, or search every corner of Germany for literary localities, to record in the overladen Magazines and Annuals, the whereabouts of sickly sentimentalists and dreaming metaphysicians?

It was not always thus. Even in the darkest hour of Milton's adversity, when the untiring vengeance of the Stuarts thirsted for his blood,(1) and his timid, ungrateful, and prostrate countrymen abandoned him to his fate, his house was a shrine to illustrious foreigners, to whom he was still the object of regard and veneration in England. If, in the reign of Cromwell, the Latin secretary of state had shared with the Protector the homage of continental visitors, in the hour of his danger and

(1) The Duke of York, in the hey-day of his honours and greatness, went to satisfy a malignant curiosity, by visiting Milton in his own house. He asked him if he did not regard the loss of his sight as a judgment for his writings against the king. Milton replied, calmly, "If your highness thinks calamity an indication of Heaven's wrath, how do you account for the fate of the king, your father? I have lost but my eyes—he lost his head."

On the Duke's return to court he said to the King, "Brother, you are greatly to blame that you don't have that old rogue Milton hanged."

"What!" said the King, "have you seen Milton?"

"Yes," answered the Duke, "I have seen him."

"In what condition did you find him?"

"Condition! why he is old, and very poor."

"Old and poor," said the King, "and blind, too—you are a fool, James, to have him hanged—it would be doing him a service. No: if he is poor, old, and blind, he is miserable enough in all conscience; let him live."

desolation, the eminent of all countries flocked to his deserted house in Bread Street, with a feeling of almost religious veneration, as the birth-place of the defender of the British republic.

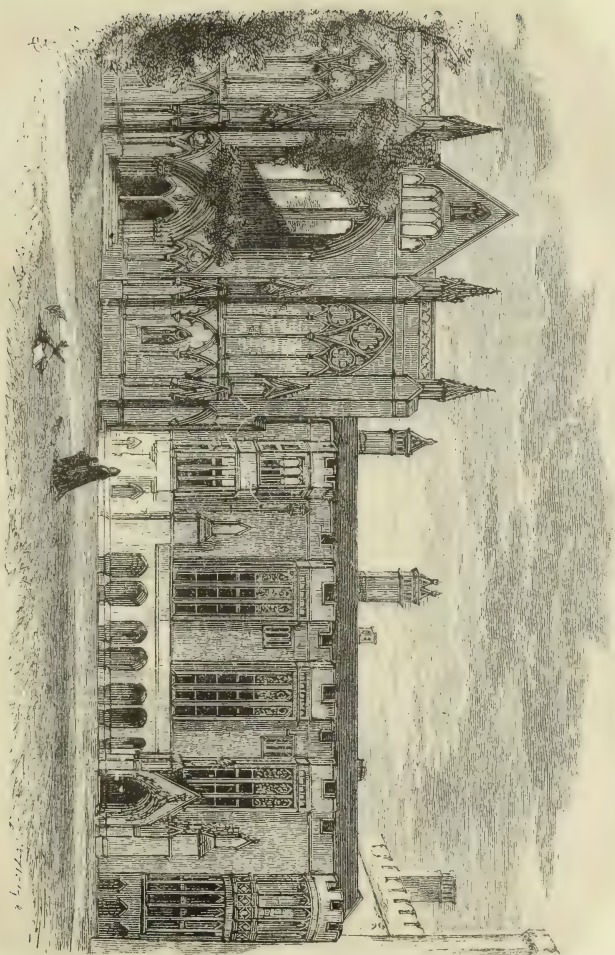
In 1652, when Milton was at the summit of his genius, his fame, and his prosperity, he removed to his residence in Petty France, which he occupied till the Restoration. "It was a handsome house," (says the best of his biographers,) "opening into St. James's Park, adjoining the mansion of Lord Seudamore." It was also a garden-house, such as the imaginative love to occupy, and all within its view was poetical and picturesque, for it stood in the time-honoured dominions of the Abbots of Westminster, and commanded the towers of the halls of the Tudors. In this house Milton wrote that splendid answer to the hireling Salmasius, the paid defender of prelacy, royalty, and Charles, in which he first propounded the axiom, that political power by right emanated from the people, for whose good it should be exercised, and for whose benefit it may rightfully be resumed. Here, too, amidst many other products of his full and teeming mind, he struck out, and nearly completed the most glorious of all known poems, his "Paradise Lost." This house still remains, but remains unhonoured, save by a few of the working class, who live and labour in its neighbourhood—the class who are educating themselves—the class who gathered round the poet's grave, when, in 1792, it was opened, "when the people came from all quarters for a sight of his bones; and happy was the man who became possessor of any portion of the sacred relics."(1)

This house, whence Milton dates so many of his letters and works, (2) in whose gardens he received so many illustrious foreigners, is now no longer "a garden-house," as when he fled from it at the Restoration, to avoid an ignominious death. It is now inclosed in the coarse purlieus of mechanical industry and vulgar bustle. (3) Its once spacious stairs are contracted to a steep narrow flight, and little of the interior remains as it was in the seventeenth century, but an attic, beside whose cavernous

(1) Symmons's "Life of Milton."

(2) Andrew Marvell addresses Milton as "My honoured friend, Jno. Milton, secretary for the foreign affairs, at his house in Petty France, Westminster."

(3) It is No. 9, in York Street, Westminster. The writer of this article visited it. On inquiring at a greengrocer's shop for Milton's house, the mistress knew at once the object of our search, and pointed it out as "next door to the undertaker's." The undertaker too, an intelligent young man, did the honours of the locality with a pleased alacrity, which bespoke his knowledge and regard of the gifted being who had given the edifice its celebrity. Having charge of the key, he abandoned his work to conduct us through every room; and, after having patiently pointed out what was remarkable in the interior, he returned



ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

“Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle,
Thou, the halls of my fathers, art gone to decay.”

6-30-85

Boston. —

chimney Milton is said to have written during the winter, "when his vein was happiest," and from whose elevated casement, hanging over his garden, he must have watched the return of his own favourite spring :—

"Fair season budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers,
And quite forgot earth's turmoils, spite, and wrong."

DRUMMOND.

But if the house of the blind republican be thus neglected, where stands the dwelling of the poet of many quarterings? Which of the aristocratic muses of the St. James's Parnassus would venture to point out to the princes and ambassadors of Russia and Austria the mansion of the Italian liberal—of the champion of Greece? There was, indeed, a time, when the house of Byron was not unknown to fame—when Fashion, like a poor petitioner, stood waiting at its threshold, in supplication for admittance—when Love, laughing at surly porters, forced the pass, and fools rushed in, and angels did not fear to tread the luxurious saloons of the modern Alcibiades. But, when the open scorner of cant ceased to keep terms with hypocrisy, the Tattlers, who could pardon vices in princes, and do homage to royal mistresses, as the givers of all good things, placed the frail young poet under the anathema of fashionable morality, and then he was left "alone on his desolate hearth;" his house, like one marked by the yellow flag of pestilence, was avoided and forgotten; and when its immortal master retired, in disappointment and disgust, from the country he had illustrated, the paternal abbey of Childe Harold would have been demolished and swept away by the greedy hand of speculation, but for the intervention of private sympathy, and school-formed affection.(1)

If, then, the most thinking people of Europe think the memory of their great poets best embalmed in their own works, and leave to the meridian blood of southern climes the honouring of literary genius in the consecration of its dwellings, they show an equal indifference with regard to their more substantial benefactors.

with us to his own house, to obtain a view of the garden-front—for Milton's garden had been added to that of Jeremy Bentham. In the gable of the house is an almost obliterated inscription, intimating, that "Here lived John Milton, the prince of poets." The philosopher of utility, though proud of the neighbourhood, is said to have been very cautious of pointing it out to his guests, till he had first ascertained that they had no poetical pretensions of their own, having been fairly worn out with the affected raptures and calculated enthusiasm of the disciples of the modern forcing-pump school. A drawing of this house was taken by Mr. Franklin, an ingenious artist, who published, at the period of this visit, a lithography of it. The last occupant was Mr. Hazlitt.

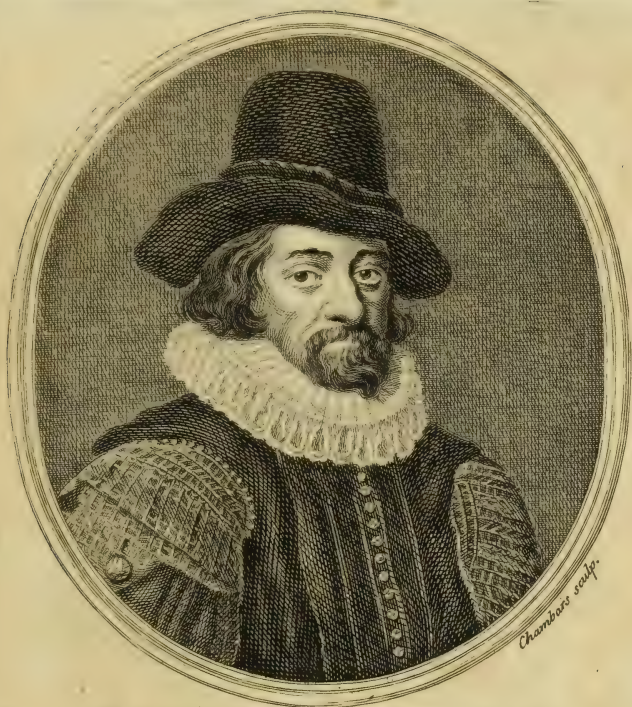
(1) Colonel Wildman, the favourite school-fellow of Lord Byron, has made Newstead Abbey a monument of his own taste and liberal spirit, no less than of his devotion to its former illustrious owner.

In which of the places of popular resort rise the statues of the philosophers and the statesmen, to whom England is indebted for the earlier lights of science, and the amelioration of its social condition? The statues of Bacon, Hampden, and Sydney—the St. Johns of the dark desert of despotism and ignorance—the illustrious precursors of the reform of all knowledge—present not their intellectual images to animate the popular gaze, and to elevate the popular feelings. Among the many statues of “stout gentlemen” in wigs and armour, with truncheoned hands and best leg foremost, which occupy the aristocratic squares and high places of the metropolis, there beam forth few specimens of the sculptured beauty of mind, which, while it forms a study for art, holds forth a bright example to patriotism, and turns the thought of the lowliest spectator to subjects of high and glorious import.

London, indeed, like Florence, has her Piazza del Gran Duca; the “statue which delights the world” (of Conservatism) rises proudly on its elevated column to challenge popular veneration. There is another statue, too, colossal as the “David” of Michael Angelo of the Loggia Orcagno, but on whose ponderous shoulders (formed from the cannon of a conquered enemy) the people will never mount, and, like those of Florence, shout into the ear of despotism, “*Popolo e libertà!*” for the statue in Hyde Park leads to no such associations. But if, among the idols of party—if, among the images of power and ascendancy with which adulation has pre-occupied the public places of the metropolis, a monument to patriotism and to popular virtue has here and there intruded on the public gaze, it has rarely been set up by public acclamation, or by the government of the land, but has been placed by family affection, or dedicated by private feeling. The statue of Fox was raised by the Duke of Bedford.

The same want of imaginative nationality which is marked, in England, by the absence of enthusiasm for literary and intellectual localities, is likewise observable in the oblivion that has fallen over her ancient buildings and historic sites. From Crosby Hall and the Star Chamber,⁽¹⁾ to the dull, dingy “pouting-place of Princes” in Leicester Square, all are forgotten or neglected, preyed on by the decay of time, or overthrown by the recklessness of speculation. Even the recent hot fit of literary zeal and antiquarian activity has barely sufficed to extort as much money as was necessary to restore the edifice where Richard the Third gave

(1) The Star Chamber, the scene of iniquities under the Stuarts, unsurpassed by the Inquisition, occupied that old gothic house which, till a very recent day, existed to the right of Westminster Hall. It was the last residence of Godwin.



Chambers sculp.

BACON Lord VERULAM.



his rendezvous to the young widow of his murdered cousin ; though that edifice is consecrated alike by architectural beauty and by historic recollections, and endeared by its associations with some of Shakspeare's most splendid pages.

The shores of the Thames, up to the close of the seventeenth century, resembled those of a Venetian lagoon. There, in gothic or in Palladian beauty, rose the patrician mansions of the Howards, the Arundels, the Surreys, the Cecils, and the Villierses, whence princes and ministers issued from beneath the marble porticos, into their gorgeous barges, amidst trains of badged and liveried watermen, for the courts of Westminster and Whitehall. One only of these splendid dwellings now remains, an historical monument of manners long obsolete, and of a supremacy that has passed away, never again to be asserted at the people's expense ; though, in its time, a necessary agency to check the despotism which it overthrew—a despotism on whose ruins it has in vain endeavoured to rear its own oligarchical rule.

When these picturesque and baronial edifices were abandoned by their proprietors, and were swept away, to give place to humbler dwellings, the change was not made in search of air, or space, nor to raise happier models of architectural beauty and accommodation for public imitation. The close and narrow streets, and the mean and cribbed houses, which then succeeded, marked the degradation of all the arts. The genius of the Dutch and German dynasties hung like a fog over the tastes of the nation. The cumbrous but splendid style of the preceding ages was abandoned, and the metropolis expanded itself over its western environs, on the models of Holland and of Hanover. A tide of phlegm deluged and diluted the blood of the descendants of the bold Norman barons, and dimmed the brilliancy of the profligate but witty courtiers of the Stuarts. A Bœotian influence fell upon the arts in England, from which they are even now but slowly recovering. Its poetry was illustrated in Dodsley's collection, its painting in the cocked hats and arms akimbo of the Jervises, and its architecture was a *replico* of formless windows and Dutch gables, modelled strictly after the grandeurs of the *Grossen Heeren Strass* of Amsterdam, and the cold formalities of the Hague.

Schnaps and the pipe accord not with the gorgeous and golden rococoed saloon, the taste of Louis the Fourteenth, and required not the gothic gallery of more ancient times for their enjoyment. The royal patrons of the arts, who (as one of them declared of himself) "hated boetry and bainting," and preferred nothing in Shakspeare to the Lord Mayor in "Richard the Third," did little by their influence and example to promote the ideality of the

English temperament; and the English schools, during the first Georges, neither revived the noble fabrics of baronial greatness, nor thought of originating the commodious elegance of a style, which, in the present day, so suits the growing civilization of the people. "I suppose," says Horace Walpole, (writing in the middle of the eighteenth century—1743,) "we shall revert to York Houses, Clarendon Houses, etc. etc. But from that grandeur all the nobility have contracted themselves, to live in coops of a dining-room, a dark back-room, with one eye in a corner, and a closet,"—an accurate and humorous description of the paltry structures in the vicinity of Cavendish and Hanover Squares, and of that conservative square, where gas-light was so lately deemed innovation, and train-oil was thought to smell of sound constitutional principle.

It was while standing in devout homage before the monument of Bacon, in the ancient and obscure church of St. Michael, Herts—it was in gazing on the ruin of his own beloved Verulam House, near the palace of Gorhambury, and in wandering among the crumbling remnants of the Abbey of St. Albans, that the subject of the present article developed itself, under the influence of the passing impressions. It was there that a conviction was engendered, that among the agencies of intellectual and political reform, the awakening of a poetic nationality, not only among the people, but among the higher classes, might successfully be employed to revive an ennobling and healthy taste, which, while it reflected on the arts, would raise the moral character of the nation, and supersede that love for the frivolous, the trifling, and the hypocritical, which is the reproach of the literature of the day.

ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.

No. I.

"Think what London would be, if the chief houses were in it as in the cities of other countries; and not dispersed, like great rarity plums in a vast pudding of a country."—H. WALPOLE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

THE dispersion of the historic sites of England over its wide surface has been a cause of their preservation, and has rendered the country interesting and poetical, beyond any other in Europe. The rural districts, and not the great towns and cities, (with the sole exception of London,) are the especial seats of those monumental residences, which are landmarks of the social story of the people, stuck fast, and, as it were, rooted in the very soil. It is there, principally, that language, (the master-key to the secrets of the past,) still labels every glen, stamps every rock, and desig-



Miller sculp.

EGBERT.

nates every stream and river, with terms which chronicle by-gone events and persons, beyond the influence of time and accident to efface.

When the Saxons, in the fifth century, driven by want from their German forest, swarmed over the pleasant and fertile vales of England, (1) they seem to have utterly destroyed, or to have displaced, both the aboriginal Britons, and the remnant of the scattered and straggling descendants of the Roman conquerors. The face of the country, desolated by fire and by rapine, retained few traces of the nascent civilization which had scarcely taken root at their advent. With the people perished their language, as a living tongue, in the land ; and England became a mere Saxon camp. The sites which the conquerors then occupied, and the edifices and towns they subsequently erected on them, assumed Saxon appellations ; yet, notwithstanding this universal subversion of the British race, the natural monuments of the country (its rivers and greater landmarks) preserved, in many instances, their primitive names ; and the British " Avon," and the Roman " Castrum," still figure in the Saxon geography.

When that intelligent savage, Egbert, the first English monarch, had reduced the independent provinces of the Heptarchy into one kingdom, and the soil was divided into districts, " for the greater ease of his government," one of these shares, or " shires," the nearest to the infant metropolis, was singularly distinguished by natural beauty, by comparative civilization, and by sites which, even then, were historical. The natural advantages of Hertfordshire, " than which," says old Camden, " there is scarce one county in England can show more footsteps of antiquity," were well adapted to the state of society in semi-barbarous times. Its ledge of hills gave shelter, — its magnificent woods afforded fuel and building-materials, — its grassy bottoms with their rich pastures, — its queen river, (2) and tributary streams, abounding in variety of fish, and supplying mills, — its fair valley of Ringdale (" yielding the choicest wheat and barley, such as makes the best malt that serves the King's Court, which caused Queen Elizabeth to boast of her Hitchin grape,") — and its medicinal waters (3)

(1) " In this century all the nations of the north, as if by common consent, broke loose from their cold inhospitable regions, and came down in vast armies to the warm and plentiful regions of the south."

(2) " The Thame (the most famous river of England) issues from three heads in the parish of Tring, which, uniting at New Mill, cross Buckinghamshire to Thame, in Oxfordshire. There the river congratulates the Isis ; but, both emulating each other for the name, and neither yielding, they are complicated by that of Thamisis." — *Abr. from Chauncy.*

(3) One on the common near Barnet, another at Northall, and one at Offley, are mentioned by Chauncy.

were peculiarities, which supplied the deficiencies, and met, half-way, the wants of undeveloped humanity.

At the very earliest periods, power had discovered the capabilities of this beautiful region; and the Romans, on their arrival in Britain, found, within its boundary, the first attempt at a city, constructed by the rude hands of the half-naked natives, who had congregated there for defence: an artless hold, defended by "woods, bogs, and ditches," deserted in peace, manned in war, and principally used in times of civil dissension of savage against savage, "to put their cattle in for safety." (1)

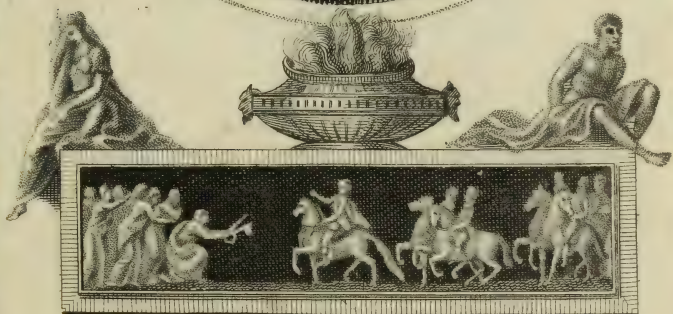
Whether this city of "the golden-locked leader" of the Cassi was the nucleus of the Roman city of Verulam, of which the remains exist to this day, and which is consecrated to eternal fame by its association with immortal genius, it were useless to inquire. The supposition, however, comports with the assumed antiquity and early attractiveness of the spot. The clear, sweet, and very wholesome air of the province certainly invited the earliest Saxon Kings to make it the scene of their residence; and there they kept their rude courts, and held their parliamentary councils. (2) The royal palace of Kingsbury, where Bertolf, King of the Mercians, kept his state, stood "at the west end of the city of St. Alban's," within the walls of the ancient Verulam—the Windsor of the ninth century—as, afterwards, Langley Regis was the Brighton of royal repose, in the time of Henry III.

The fair sites, improved by the Saxon Princes, were not neglected by the Norman invaders: William the Conqueror fell in love with the county of Hertford, seized it into his own hands, and, reserving to himself a large part "as the provision of his court," he gave the remainder to his needy but powerful followers. The successors of the Conqueror, influenced by the same motives, made Hertfordshire the seat of their rural residences, "where they were accustomed to breed and educate their children." Many of the nobility, consequently, "built stately fabricks, pleasant dwellings, and delicious seats, for their own habitations, which were anciently called buries (the Saxon term for dwelling-houses), and which were mostly lordships." "But since," adds Chauncy, "several of these have lost their lords, and have become now farm-houses. (3)

(1) Pennant's Journey from Chester.

(2) Chauncy.

(3) "The English lands William gave in fee to his soldiers, to hold them under such services as he appointed, by right of succession or inheritance, which right was not very common in those days among military tenants; for if they failed in the performance of their duty and service to their lord, they forfeited their estates." The philosophy of despotism was well understood by the Normans, who modelled the law and government of England on their



Crystall del

C Chapman Sculp

WILLIAM the Conqueror.

Published as the Act directs, April 1817

7-36-86.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Domesday Book has preserved the names of those who profited by the Conquest, and they afford a striking contrast with the simple and homely but picturesque Saxon appellations of the lands which were granted to them. "Bushey" had its Lord De la Ware; the "Lea" its Simon de Flambord and Waldrand de Rochefort; and "Hatfield" (*i. e.* Heathfield) its De Fortescue; "Honesdone" its De Montgommeri; while some nameless "*soldat heureux*" was entered simply as Robert De la Hoo, (a Saxon equivalent for "Hight," in allusion to its elevated position.) The royal "Offley" fell to the St. Legiers; and "the Barleys," "Thornbury," "Coldridges," and "Brockets," gave possessions and honours to many who had none in their native land.

The combinations of one age are, inevitably, destined to give place to those of another; and the "to have and to hold for ever" of the lawyers, like so many other of their fictions, has no warranty from the law of nature. The power of the Norman Barons decreased under the destructive influence of the crusading fanaticism, and of the civil wars of the rival Roses. The descendants of the foresters, huntsmen, falconers, butlers, and other *serventes regis*, diminished in number and in influence; while the posterity of the Saxons, soemen, bordars, cotars, (1) and villains, the victims and slaves of the feudal system, the performers of "base services," (as all works of utility were then termed,) gradually resumed their forfeited places in society, by the force of those energies which even slavery could not obliterate. The Saxon physiognomy again appeared in the high places of social and political distinction; while the high arched eyebrow and curled lip (the features of haughty conscious superiority) were oftener found in monumental effigies and ancient portraits, than in living originals. Society, in thus becoming less picturesque, became more equalized; and it is scarcely hyperbole to add, that never has England, since the Conquest, been so much England as in the present day. (2)

Under the gradual and progressive influence of such causes, the ancient manors and stately mansions of Hertfordshire have slipped from the grasp of the posterity of the Norman nobles, until scarcely a Norman family remained. It is curious to watch the fading away of the De's, Fitz's, and Ville's, from William the own, "for all the Judges were Normans, and monks and priests were the counsellors and pleaders that managed causes upon all tryals for the people."—*Chauncy*, vol i.

(1) Bordar, from the Norman-French word *Borde*, a collage; the term cotar, or cottier, explains itself.

(2) All the rudiments of English liberty will be found emanating from the Saxon spirit and institutions; the Norman legislator was of a different race and temper.

Conqueror to Henry IV., at which period the De Valengies, De Magnavilles, the De Veeres, the De Lucis, the Montfichets, the Belcampos, and other lords of the soil, and of the liberties of the people, had given way to the Braybrookes, Swinebournes, Engelfields, and Pendragons, etc. etc. Under Edward IV., many of the broad lands of the country were dominated by the Clays, Burlies, Cornburghs, Sturgeons, and Woods. Under Henry VIII., church reform and confiscation added to the change. The ancient manors of Goreham, Sandridge, and the Priory of the Prey, (all parcels of the ancient "honour of the monks of St Alban's,) then fell to the lot of Ralph Rowlet, of Saxon descent. The Brockets, Bacons, Plummers, Sadlers, and Millers, came in under Elizabeth: and the Brands, Bakers, Lambs, and the owners of other old Saxon names, were found in possession of the fair manors of Hertfordshire, under the Georges. Beauchamp, the fief of the De Montgommeris, was granted to the Taylors and Turners; and "the stately pallace of Kingsburry, where the Saxon Kings delighted much, and where their nobles and officers so often resorted, as to become a burden and a charge to the abbot and monks of St. Albans," was sold to one John Cox. Merchant-tailors, and mercers, and linen-drappers, from the City of London, became lords of those manors which once gave despotic privileges to "the gentlemen" of Rollo's creation;

And thus the whirligig of time brings round its revenges.

Of all these progressing stages of society, the monumental fragments are scattered over the soil, to which they have given such an historical and poetic interest. Of these, the grandest, the most beautiful, and powerful, stands the Abbey of St. Alban's—like the fragment of an illuminated manuscript, telling of the moral and pictorial development of man, of his ignorance, his knowledge, his power, and his weakness.

In the early history of England, when all might be summed up in blood and massacre, the Monastery of St. Alban's was founded and endowed by Offa, a murderer of immortal memory, who, by this penitential propitiation, delivered to posterity the record of his crimes, while he unconsciously forwarded that great reform, which began through the resistance of the church to feudal violence.

Monastic life had been founded under the influence of fear. Adopted as a protection by the persecuted Christians of Egypt, who retired into the desert for safety and repose, the life grew into repute for its own sake, spread through the Greek Church, passed into the Latin, was early embraced in France, and from France was imported into Britain, where its adaptation to the circumstances of the times ensured it a rapid and wide prevalence.

When St. Augustin arrived in England with his forty monks, at the close of the sixth century, Glastonbury and Bangor were already flourishing establishments. The latter had grown up under persecution, having, at its foundation, been taxed with a spirit of innovation by the Druids, whom it attacked in their own powerful seat. The Druidical hierarchy raised the cry that their church was in danger; they accused the new brotherhood of being Christian philosophers—overturers of the social order of human sacrifices, and of the orthodox worship of the misletoe—the corrupters of the youth of the nation (the old church-and-state cry against Socrates). Notwithstanding this denunciation, or rather in consequence of it, the monastery thrived, and the monks became exceedingly numerous; but, in after years, persecution was more effectual in its mischievous activity: for the monks, siding with the British people against their Saxon invaders, and maintaining their own usages against the authority of the Roman bishops, Ethelfred, instigated, as it is said, by St. Augustin,(1) massacred no less than 1200 of them; an event which was soon followed by the ruin of the establishment.

Its great rival and contemporary (Glastonbury), more prudent or less ardent in the cause of reform, survived for nearly seven hundred years, and fell only with the universal wreck, at the Reformation.

The endowment of an abbey that was to surpass both—the Abbey of St. Alban's—is said to have arisen from the miraculous discovery, by King Offa, of the body of St. Alban (the first British martyr); when a shining light over Verulam directed the monarch to the tomb. The royal penitent having dedicated his manor and palace of Winslow, in Hertfordshire, to the foundation, says Newcome, “thought proper to call together his nobles, prelates, and chief personages, to take council on the further execution of his pious design, and it was then determined that the King should in person go to Rome,(2) to solicit leave of the Pope, and procure the desired privileges for his foundation. The King proceeded, in the full intention to make his endowment as far transcend all other monasteries, as St. Alban had surpassed all other martyrs. The Pope, with great commendations of the King's zeal and piety, grants all his requests; and Offa, in return, granted for the use

(1) “It is probable that the Monastery of Banchor was found by Austin and his monks to be adverse to their plan and institution, since it is plain that Austin made pretensions to an authority unknown to the British clergy, and that the latter had never acknowledged a dependence on any foreign pontiff, as head... And this enmity against the British clergy instigated the King of the East Angles, by the persuasion of Austin, to extirpate Banchor.”—*Newcome's Hist. of St. Alban's*, p. 21.

(2) An enterprise of vast danger and difficulty in those rude and troubled times.

of the English school at Rome, that Peterpence, or one penny per family, should be collected throughout his dominions ;(1) and having made confession to the Pope of all his crimes, and received a conditional absolution, he departed with a devout benediction.” —(Hist. of St. Alban's, p. 26.)

The first Abbot of St. Alban's was “one Willigod,” who ascended the abbatial chair in 794 : the last was Cardinal Wolsey, who descended from it in 1523. What duration for a system, and what a fall ! By how many fluctuations of power and of opinion was that system (for centuries deemed infallible) reduced to its ultimate powerless decay ! How many uses had sunk into abuses, not merely by becoming corrupt, but by their growing inaptitude to the wants and opinions of after-times. The life and fall of the last immortal abbot is but a type of the great abuses on which he rose, and by which he fell. Bishop, legate, abbot, cardinal, statesman, philosopher, and irresponsible minister (responsible at least to his master alone), his story is a brief abstract of the times in which he lived, when power, wound up to its highest possible pitch, broke by the excess of its own tension, and civil rights began to supersede the despotism of church and state. The crowned and bloated monster, the prostrator of all ties and sympathies, the English Nero, the guardian defender of the Catholic faith, who took to himself the merit of reform, was but the passive agent of events, over which the fluctuation of his impulses exercised no permanent control. He could cut off heads, but he could not obliterate ideas. The Reformation emanated not from his decree, nor is it justly reproachable with his vices. It existed in the minds of the people long before it served the purposes of his brutal passions. It is the nature of reform, as of flame, to ascend : the wisest of sovereigns can but direct, the worst cannot extinguish it.

As a monument, the still beautiful, still splendid, ruin of the Abbey of St. Alban's calls upon the feelings, the philosophy, and the poetical nationality of England to rescue it from approaching destruction.(2) The church has few other such perfect relics of its grandeur and influence; art has not many such models of

(1) The Popish model of our evangelical penny subscriptions against Popery.

(2) In November Mr. Cottingham, the architect, after a minute survey of the general state of the building, reported that the foundations, walls, and main arches of this magnificent church were in such a substantial state as to last for centuries with a very trifling repair; but that the roofs of the north and south transepts, and the east end of the nave, were extremely insecure; the ends of many of the main timbers being so perfectly rotten as to lose their geometrical bond and dependence on the walls, thereby endangering the whole fabric. The great window of the south transept, and several of the minor windows, are also reported to be in a very ruinous state.

those forms, which seem connected with the imagination, and consecrated to all its most romantic associations.

Will the conservatives of all old things in politics and institutions suffer this beautiful record of the wisdom of their ancestors, this material evidence of their influence, to melt and dissolve away, "like the baseless fabric of a vision?"—Will the extravagant contributors of the public money to erect new churches afford no mite of their own to secure from utter dilapidation this very old one?—Will not the gentry of the shire, the Saxon gentry, who have recovered the lands of their early forefathers, by the industry and talents of their immediate antecedents, rescue from decay the shrine of St. Cuthbert and "the lady's chapel," where their mothers worshipped; or prevent the tombs of their distant progenitors from being confounded with the dust of unhallowed ground? Even the descendants of the favoured courtiers of Henry the Eighth, who shared so largely in the plunder of the Abbey, are interested in preserving the monument of their own rank and power; and the newest resident on a purchased estate, whose mansion commands a view of the picturesque and beautiful edifice, cannot be indifferent to the permanence of an object from which he derives so much physical enjoyment.

No. II.

In the vast and splendid sweep which Philosophy takes over recorded time, from the wondrous memoranda registered in fossil forms under the earth, the last social results of progressing reform, how many phenomena, influential on the destiny of man, arrest her attention, as marked and prominent in their agency, though mistaken and misrepresented by shallow learning, or by interested prejudice! Among these, the monastic institution—the most picturesque and most singular of the several elements of civilization, stands conspicuously forth. Commencing in the fourth century, and terminating (to all effective purpose) in the sixteenth, it has, during twelve hundred years, been an object of exaggerated praise, and of unmerited censure, without having been duly appreciated, either in its causes or its effects, save by a gifted few, whose judgments have left scarcely any permanent traces on public opinion.

Arising out of the wants of society—the result of a necessity over which individual volitions hold no control—the monastic institution, like many others, terminated, by its protracted conservation, in abuse. It began with a few only—men, whose timid nature and intellectual temperament led them to leave the scene of universal carnage, during that epoch of transition, when a worn-out and corrupted civilization was relapsing into anarchy

and barbarism, and when new races were founding empires upon the ruins of all that had once been morally grand and physically powerful.

Professing the new philosophy, founded by that Divine Reformer, whose agency was so human, they stole from a sanguinary contest with the feeble conservatives of Jupiter, or the northern propagandists of a coarser, but honester, paganism; and, flying alike from the worst despotism of the worst of the Cæsars, and from the devastating persecution of the savage invaders, they escaped to deserts, where safety invited to enjoyment, and nature solicited meditation. Through the experience and example of a few cautious anchorets, the practice became general; and men, called devout, but who represented philosophy as well as religion, continued in greater numbers to separate themselves from the world, and to live by the culture of the earth, and the labour of their hands.

From the anchoretism of the desert to the seclusion of the monastery, the step was short; and monkish communities, a solecism in language, though consequent in the logic of fact, afforded a new era in the history of the church. The usage seems to have rapidly spread through the East; for though, through the ravages of the Saracens, and the conquests of Mahomet, the history of the Eastern and African churches is comparatively but little known, the multitude of monasteries, which flourished among the paradises of oriental solitude, is a fact incontestably established.

It was, however, in the west of Europe that monachism took the firmest root, and amalgamated the most perfectly with the habits and institutions of the people, with whom it was in great esteem. In this, as in most other instances, the popular instinct was right; for, while among the Asiatics the institution continued to be almost exclusively ascetic and religious in its objects, circumstances had prepared for its devotees in the west functions of a more worldly, and, at the same time, a more useful character. The masses, accordingly, who most immediately participated in the good thus effected, were not slow to perceive the advantage, and to revere the knowledge of a class which (placed between themselves and their military oppressors) exercised a mysterious power over the feudal chief, directed by the closest sympathies with the miserable vassal.

Monachism also opened a gate to the ambition of the low-born, and a refuge from unremunerated toil, to those of gentle disposition, or of a frail constitution; it met the wishes, and soothed the sufferings of the people, who continued steadily to adhere to it, as long as its agency remained an item in the inventory of

popular wants. By the seventh century, monasteries of both sexes abounded in England; at first, as appendices to the episcopal see, and in immediate vicinity to the cathedral. Subsequently, monachism acquired a separate though a dependent existence; and, at length, a divergence of interests, and a rivalry for power and for influence, placed the regular and the secular clergy in a position of nearly open hostility.

While the "busy meddling priest," the feudal bishop, the warrior hierarchy, the exactor of tithes, were regarded by the lower classes with fear and with aversion, the monks (themselves supported by endowments or by voluntary contributions) fed, clothed, and cured the necessitous and the oppressed, and taught the industrious those arts by which society exists and is held together. While the dignitaries of the church shared the councils of kings, associated with nobles, and joined with both in the plunder of the many, the monks were of the people and with the people, sharing their sentiments, sympathizing with their sufferings, and associating with their pleasures. The secular clergy urged on their hearers the necessity of a holy life; the monks preached a penitent death; while the greater "joy of heaven over the one repentant sinner" furnished a text which filled the coffers of the monastic houses, and proved that their inmates were deeply imbued with that knowing acquaintance with human nature which men only acquire who live with men.

Thus possessed of the secret of governing through their passions those with whom so little can be effected through their reason, they acquired that immense accumulated wealth, which ultimately enabled them to withdraw from all subjection to their diocesan, and to surpass him in external splendour, as in moral and political influence. In 1514, the mitred abbots, who took their seats in the House of Lords, amounted to twenty-eight, while the bishops were but nineteen; and their houses furnished not only the law courts with officers, but sent forth ambassadors abroad, and supplied men for the highest employments at home. Teachers, mediators, chroniclers of the past, and historians of their own times, they held the mastery over the minds, fame, and salvation of the people.

Notwithstanding all that has been advanced concerning the ignorance and the idleness of some particular orders, it is clear that the institution could not have gained its influence with the masses, nor could its members have obtained such weight with the governing classes, without the possession of some lever with which to move the world: that lever was the monopoly of knowledge. Without pausing to estimate the precise nature of the learning possessed by the monks, it is clear that it gave them

a decided advantage over the illiterate military corps, who disdained it. Whether they exerted their sharpened intellects in deluding mankind, and cheating them of their wealth, or in obtaining the administration of secular affairs, political and administrative, they were equally indebted to the monopoly of learning; but when, either in their benevolence, or their shortsightedness, they gave the key of knowledge to the laity, they destroyed the foundation of their order, long before the spellful word of Reformation had sealed the ruin of the church's power, and given supremacy to civil influence and to the authority of parliament.

On the dissolution of the abbeys in England, their landed property was found to amount to one-third of the soil; the most improved, best drained, cleared, and cultivated portion of the kingdom. At this period, the Abbey of St. Alban's stood unsurpassed and unrivalled. Its sumptuous abbot had houses in London "for the safe and honourable abode of himself and his successors, and of his monks, who might have business there." He had also his marine villa at Yarmouth, not only to enjoy the invigorating sea-breeze, but for the more practical purpose of "laying up salted fish at proper seasons, to the unspeakable benefit and comfort of the abbey." They had estates, priories, cells, and other lucrative dependencies, in various counties: of these, Belvoir, Beaulieu, Hatfield-Peverel, and others, still retain traces of their ancient grandeur. But in Hertfordshire were situated their favourite villas and "stations," where they withdrew to luxurious retirement, from the state and magnificence of the abbey, from the solitary dignities of "the Dais," and the necessity of receiving those most troublesome of all visitors, kings and queens, and their idle train of parasites and courtiers. (1) There, accompanied by a few "familiar and counsellors," (called, in the humility of monkish pedantry, their *Bajuli*,) the epicurean abbots loved to retreat, for the purposes of literary leisure, of ease, or of enjoyment—to lose the superior in the man, or to replace the fawning dependent by the confidential friend. These are the villas which now form the summer (or rather the winter) retreats of some of the leading aristocracy of our own days—the stoutest sticklers for the inviola-

(1) Edward IV. "frequented this part of his kingdom, by repeated visits to his relations and friends; for at this time his mother, Cicely, the old Duchess of York, had her residence at Berkhamstead, and lived there till the middle of Henry VII.'s reign. The Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence abode often at the royal Palace of King's Langley. George Nevil, the splendid Archbishop of York, resided at More Park, and the King frequently honoured this place with his residence. The Lord Hastings, Chamberlain to the Court under Edward, dwelt near this abbey, as appears by his transaction with Wheathampstead."—*Newcome's Hist.*



H. G. G. G.

C. H. H.

Magna Charta

11-7-85.

bility of church property; who (if their new-fangled principle had prevailed at the Reformation) would probably have been, as their ancestors were, ere they drew their wealth from the church's plunder—the waiters upon times and seasons, “the pickers-up of unconsidered trifles” in the antechambers of the great, too proud to work, but not “ashamed to beg.”

The Reformation of the Anglican Church was made by the people of England; the mal-appropriation of its revenues was the act of the king and of his courtiers. The work began under Henry VII., who found his great state lawyers, Empson and Dudley, ready to justify his exactions; and his two favourite prelates, Morton and Fox, equally prompt to advise and to sanction them. It was consummated by Henry VIII., who turned the wealth, which thus came into his administration, not to the amelioration of his people's condition, nor to the advantage of their education, but to the increase of the royal authority, by the formation of a new and devoted aristocracy, of a totally different race from that of the ancient Saxon gentry, or of the bold Barons of the glorious field of Runnymede.

Among the persons who profited the most largely by the occasion, were the immediate favourites of the royal Blue Beard, and the dependents of his unfortunate friends and wives. “He who lived about the time when happened the Reformation,” (says one of its historians,) “which was the harvest of estates—however lowly his origin, or humble his office, was in the road to fortune, if he had the promptitude to avail himself of it.” “For,” (says old Naunton, in his amusing life of Sir William Paulet, 1572,) “it argued idleness, if any courtier had his barns empty: and he, Sir Robert Paulet, was a younger brother, and came to court upon trust; where, upon the stock of his wit, he trafficked so wisely, and fared so well, that he got, spent, and left, more than any subject since the Conquest; and he left, at his death, (in 1572,) one hundred and three descendants.”

The Church Commissioners of the great reform of the sixteenth century scarcely waited for the cooling of their seals upon their patents, when they commenced the work of devastation; and taking possession of the religious houses, began to pull down and sell the materials, and to alienate their funds and estates; for, adds Newcome, “the new source of riches was so acceptable to the king and his court, that he made no application for subsidy or supply to the Parliament.”

While the great sweep of lands and manors was making, the “visitors” and “Church Commissioners,” who were sent on their inquisitorial mission to St. Alban's and Godstowe, “to discover the many enormities, not only in the morals, but in the

economy and rule of the houses," discovered also other things, that better repaid the trouble of their inquiries. They committed great violence and injustice, robbed and carried off all the plate and precious stones found in some of the houses, and committed great outrages in others; and "as for the goods and moveables, the rich vestments, and splendid ornaments, they were so much the property of the present monks, when their continuity was to cease, and their trust to expire, that, on all principles of justice, they should not have been robbed and spoiled of them; and if the voice of humanity could have been heard, in this general clamour of avarice and rapine, these moveables should have been sold, and the money reserved for the use of the owners, who were soon to be turned into the wide world, with a very slender pension. But, by the act, all these goods and moveables, together with an amazing quantity of the same from the cathedrals; were carried away by the visitors, and swallowed up by the royal vortex, never to appear or be heard of more." (1)

Who that has a taste for the toys of antiquity, but must envy the first plunder of the shrines and cabinets of St. Alban's! What rummaging of wardrobes, what forcing of caskets, what copes and robes of rich silk, what ewers of pure silver, and goblets of virgin gold, to be converted into laydresses, and to decorate convivial bouffets! What gems, plucked from the marble neck of the Madonna—what rings, wrung from the finger of the votive statue of St. Alban! How curious to trace the history, and follow the fate of the holy offerings of one epoch, and the unholy spoliation of another! How many of the fair Conservatives, who now uphold the inviolability of church property, may parade on their persons the remnants of its plunder! The "Lady Anne Tyrell's cup adorned with precious stones," given in the thirteenth century, may have furnished the agraffe that fastens the stomacher of some other Lady Anne in the nineteenth. Lord Thomas of Woodstock's "necklace of gold, adorned with sapphire stones, and swan expanding its wings," may now compose the star of some "stand-making" Peer; and the necklace "given by Richard II. for the image of the Holy Mother," and the "rich trinkets and holy relics" presented by his father, the Black Prince, may, in the chances and changes of time and events, have come back to the royal toilet, and decorated the person of the most orthodox of Queens.

Of the magnificent, mitred, parliamentary Abbey of St. Alban's, which once dominated the southern part of ancient Verulam and modern St. Alban's, nothing now remains but its portal or gateway, with its beautiful pointed arch above, and paved court

beneath--so often trod by the pilgrim feet of votarists of all nations—so often filled with the gorgeous trains of royal guests, and of princely confraternities.

The Conventual Church, however, though but a fragment of the once magnificent pile, attests the grandeur of the whole, and the perfection of ecclesiastical architecture in England, during the middle ages. There are still extant, in the interior, specimens of genuine Saxon architecture, a part of the original building, the rounded arch, the massy tower, and enormous pillar, whose rude but noble simplicity is forcibly contrasted to the elaborated elegance of the gothic style. Screens of the most minute tabernacle-work, pointed arches, feathery shafts, and a profusion of richly-sculptured tracery, display all the characteristic beauty of that most picturesque and fanciful epoch of the art. The high altar, the after-part of the choir, the chapel of Abbot Rambridge, and that of St. Alban, are the most remarkable. In the latter once stood a superb shrine of beaten gold, studded with gems, and ornamented with sculpture. To guard the relics of the saint, thus preciousy enshrined, a trusty and sturdy monk (the *custos feretri*) was appointed to keep watch and ward in the small wooden gallery still standing near the spot. There are also existing, beneath the fretted roof of this beautiful abbey church, monuments and tombs well suited to revive remote associations with great events, and to awaken a poetic nationality in the most phlegmatic temperament. Of these, the tomb of the Protector Duke of Gloucester, familiarly called the good Duke Humphry, (the upright minister of a feeble king and an intriguing queen, one who evinced how hard and how dangerous it is to serve mankind,) stands on the southern side. (1)

It has been the privilege of this Abbey, and of its historical neighbourhood, to have fascinated the imaginative, and to have lured to its scenes and time-honoured site the high-minded and the intelligent of all ages. There was a spell hovering over the ruined fragments of ancient Verulam, which led the poetical and the philosophical alike to wander over its site, and to repose within its view. Spenser assumed the character of its presiding genius, to sing its grandeur and melancholy glory :

(1) The seat of Duke Humphry was the "Weald House." All that remains of this historical edifice is the curious antique farm, at a little distance from Porters, a noble mansion, so called from its occupying the site of the porter's lodge, in the time of the Lord Protector. The chestnut trees, still standing there, are said to have shaded the favourite walk of Duke Humphry. Porters commands a view of the Abbey, and was, when this page was written, the property of Colonel Henry White. Here, it is said, Marshal Wade brought Lord Lovat, on his way to the Tower and the scaffold.

“I was that city, which the garland wore
 Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
 By Roman victory, which it wore of yore,
 Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
 And lie in my own ashes, as ye see.
 Verlame I was: what boots it that I was,
 Sith now I am but weeds and wasteful grass.”—*Ruins of Time.*

The wish of Sir Thomas More was to live and die in its neighbourhood; (1) and Bacon chose its little church of St. Michael for his grave, because the ancient pile arose within the precincts of the walls of Verulam. It is but a short time since the author of these articles stood beside that grave, and before the monument of “the greatest, wisest [and it may yet be doubted], meanest of mankind.” The cicerone of one of the most ancient of British churches was a little chubby peasant boy, who ran with the keys from a neighbouring cottage, to do the honours by Time and Immortality.

The church of St. Michael, raised in the tenth century, by the sixth abbot, the Saxon Ulfinus, was built of the Roman brick and tile taken from the ruins of Verulam, and founded “for the utility of the little village of St. Alban's, which began to gather about the abbey and church.” Low, mean, and simple, it survives, in perfect integrity, the splendid and gorgeous fabric to which it was an appendage. Its tithes afforded only the salary of “the cellarer and coquinar,” to whom they were assigned by the arbitrary will of the abbot. Its square embattled tower, low spire, and roof, present the simplest, oldest style of Saxon architecture.

During the repair of the church, in 1808, on removing the wainscot from the screen which separated the nave from the chancel, an ancient painting, in distemper, was discovered in the wood-loft, representing the Day of Judgment; a fearful representation of the simple but terror-striking means by which the mind of man was subdued in dark ages. It is miserably executed, and strongly opposed to another specimen of the arts, preserved in the front of the gallery, which is erected against the nave—a fragment of carved oak preserved from the old palace of Gorhambury. It is impossible to conceive a more solemn, simple, time-touched, or sombre temple of religious worship, than this ancient little church, scarcely known beyond its own immediate neighbourhood. Its fine monumental remains record

(1) Gobions was the patrimonial seat of Sir Thomas More, where he retired with his accomplished family, “when, foreseeing the uncertainty of the King's favour, he prevailed on his Majesty to discharge him from the high office of Chancellor. It was,” says Chauncy, “a convenient house, not subject to envy, yet magnificent enough, where he pleased himself with his wife and children.”

the remote times when Norman French was the language of the land; and the inscription of

“John Seacok et Maude sa femme gisent ici,
Dieu de leurs âmes ait merci,”

was the model of many a memorial of those who, great in their own day, made their offerings to St. Michael, with a fear of the pictured terrors placed before their eyes in the wood-loft.

Such is the obscure receptacle of the remains of one of the greatest men whom England has produced — the prophet of science, the founder of philosophy. The monument of Bacon is finely, but quaintly, executed in white marble. It is, what all monuments should be, a portrait of the person commemorated; and it is endowed with all the peculiarities of dress and manner of the original. There is no wearisome enigma of allegorical allusion, no emblem of temporal grandeur. The figure of Lord Verulam is seated in an easy chair, and reclining in an attitude of perfect bodily indulgence, and intellectual abstraction. There is an air of living, breathing meditation over the countenance, which communicates its gracious calm to the spectator. The dress is minute in all the details which characterize the costume of Elizabeth's and James's day,—the furred robe, the high-crowned hat, the very rosettes in the shoes. The illusion is so perfect, that the immortal original seems to have been removed from his own *cryptoporticus*, in his favourite summer-house in the orchard of Gorhambury, the retreat of his happiest hours, and the object of his most lavish and elaborate cares. This beautiful monument, so little known to the English public, is not a national tribute, but the grateful memorial of a faithful servant, Thomas Meautys, his secretary.

The church of St. Michael, standing perfect at the end of eight hundred years, may triumph over the assault of ages yet to come; and, in times more sober and intellectual than the present, when personal distinction and the great endowments of nature shall not be obscured by the adventitious circumstances of an artificial society, the monument of Bacon may bring many a pilgrim to its foot, and receive that tribute from the nationality of Englishmen, which is incompatible with the narrow views, the sordid pursuits, and the habit of regarding whatever is merely intellectual with fear or with contempt — as dangerous to the stability of social order,* or, at best, as “stale and unprofitable,” — the prevailing characteristics of the influential classes in England, in the nineteenth century. (1)

(1) Since these papers were put together, for the purpose of forwarding the subscription, it has been filled, and the reparations of the cathedral completed. A fund is, however, still wanting, it is believed, to provide for the continued maintenance of the venerable monument.

MEMOIRS OF THE MACAW OF A LADY OF QUALITY.

DICTATED BY HIMSELF,

AND EDITED BY LADY MORGAN.

ONE of the most striking ridicules of that “biped without feathers”—man—is the self-sufficiency with which he appropriates to himself the highest qualities of creation. He alone, in his own estimation, has intellectual powers; he alone is a thinking, talking, laughing, crying animal, and reasons, abstracts, and is possessed of a soul for the sublime and beautiful! After thirty years’ intercourse with this conceited jackdaw of humanity, in both his extremes of civilization, I have not been able to discover the slightest evidence of this boasted superiority, I will not say over the parrot, but over the lowest animal in the ranks of ornithology. The other day, at one of my lady’s blue parties, I heard a profound physiologist confess that the whole is a mere question of structure, and that the only difference between man and macaw lies in the bumps and depressions, and the *poco meno* and *poco piu* of the nervous system. “They have both,” he said, “passions, perceptions, appetites, impulses; and the vices and crimes of both are pretty much on a par.” This was all very well; but, notwithstanding such resemblances, we natives of the tropics are still the master-works of nature; and it would take some trouble to convince me that there is not more than a formal difference between a parrot, and the most giddy, inconsistent, and (by fits and starts) the most lunatic animal, in the whole organised creation.

The parrot tribe, of which we macaws are the natural aristocracy, have, it must be acknowledged, some qualities, not of the most amiable kind, in which we approach towards human nature. Like man, social and gregarious, we are noisy, pert, and clamorous in society, and every individual of the community wishes to be heard above all his fellows. We love and hate from selfishness or caprice; and we are as jealous of the favours of our mistress, as an intriguing mamma is of the ball-room preferences of a titled dandy. Rapid in our perceptions, we are (like man) almost always false in our conclusions. We go on, mimicking in gesture, and reiterating in sound, all that we see and hear; and we repeat the nonsense that has passed for truth on the foolish world for ages, with such an oracular air, that we might be mistaken for Solons and Bossuets, in half the private circles and public assemblies which occupy the attention of human society.

I remember, one evening, being in an excellent humour in my lady’s conservatory, (behind the pink boudoir, so well known in

the world of fashion,) and talking away in the most fluent and emphatic manner to an auditory of birds and butterflies, real and artificial, when some person in the adjoining room exclaimed, "Is that Sir C. W. practising for the house?" "No, no," said another; "it is the popular preacher rehearsing his next Sunday's discourse on the beauties of church establishments." The fact is, that I had picked up in my lady's salon so much of the jargon of *bon ton* sentiment, moral, religious, and political, that the mistake was not unnatural; for my ordinary discourse is very much made up of the most select and admired passages (which are repeated from mouth to mouth) from the maiden speeches, splendid replies, and able statements of both Houses of Legislature, intermingled with scraps of pulpit oratory, table-talk, and "leading articles" of the day, which form the current circulation of all fashionable assemblies.

But our resemblance to man does not stop here. Mischievous from vengeance, or from idleness, we commit every species of devastation; yet, like the favourites of human society, we redeem all our vices by the amusement we afford, and the ennui we dissipate. Hating our own species for their success, and ambitious to climb or creep into favour with those who assume a mastery over us, we have all the pride and baseness of humanity, in its highest social perfection. In one particular, however, our superiority to man is decided. We are no hypocrites, and we never stoop to lie.

In our locomotive faculties, also, our pre-eminence is incontestable; and to what purpose should a greater facility of motion be conferred on us, if our perceptions were not keener, our desires more varied, and our volitions more sublime and intense, than those of the living clod of the valley, who presumes to dispute with us in intelligence and thought? But though we talk as well as the human species, we are held to talk only at random! All our best hits must needs be nothing better than lucky accidents! Who told *them* this? Who could give *them* the slightest information of our moral organisation? Was it Doctor Kennedy, or Mr. Brook, who dissected my old friend, the far-famed parrot of Colonel O'Kelly?

Those learned anatomists tell us that they found the muscles of his larynx (like those of Signor Strillaforte, who was cut up about the same time by Sir A. Carlisle,) to be enormously developed by practice. But where are their phrenological observations? It does not follow that there was a whit the less meaning in the *gorgheggiamenti* of the Signor, or in the chatter of poor Poll, than in any given oration of a minister of finance; or that if certain human heads that I know were cultivated to the artificial exu-

berance of a cauliflower or a cabbage, they would attain to a tithe of the meaning of the Colonel's intelligent *protégé*. Look into either House of Parliament, and turn into Cross's Menagerie; listen to the noise and chatter about nothing of men and birds, and then decide whether language was given exclusively to man to conceal his thoughts, or whether parrots are the only animals who especially employ the gift of speech to show up their incapacity.

The other morning, as I was pottering about, pecking the housemaid's heels, and preventing the porter from reading his Morning Post in peace and quiet, that grave and reverend personage very unceremoniously drove me into the back hall, and shut the door upon me; so I hopped up stairs to my lady's dressing-room, and hammered with my bill, till I gained admittance. Since my dear mistress has found her eyes less useful and less dangerous than when they softened the iron visage of a certain great lexicographer, she generally employs her page to read to her in the early part of the day; and when I had, on this occasion, taken my place on the back of the chair, and commenced one of my noisy accompaniments to the boy's prelections, she bid me be quiet; for "Poll," said she, "we are reading about you." The page continued to read aloud from the works of a naturalist, who has described us tropicals in a style as brilliant as our own plumage. His notions, however, of our moral qualities and native customs are perfectly absurd. He denied us all talent, and attributed our pertinent answers, as usual, to chance. I could not help uttering one of my sharp loud laughs, which was at once placed to the account of coincidence, though it was as sincere and sardonic, as ever a follower of M'Culloch bestowed upon the economical declamations of Mr. Sadler. "So, Poll," said her ladyship, "that laugh is as much as to say you don't believe a word of it." "Don't believe a word of it," I repeated; and the tittering page was sent to the housekeeper's room for a plate of *meringues* to reward the apropos. At that moment the door opened, and the groom of the chambers announced Lady —, one who enjoyed the privilege of an early admittance to my lady's dressing-room.

This lady and myself had made our *début* in high life together many years back at the same assembly, and nearly with the same success, which placed us at first in the ranks of rivalry. But time, which softens all antipathies, and the similitude of our fates (for we had both somewhat survived our fashion) had finally reconciled us, and we were now on terms of great familiarity and friendship. In my classifications of human varieties, I had long assigned her a place with the *Parus Cœruleus*, or blue titmouse. She resembled, in many points, that diminutive but lively bird.

The titmouse is remarkable for a superabundance of vitality, and a reckless courage disproportionate to its size and powers, which impels it to assault birds of far superior bulk and strength. It has also the faculty of picking holes in dense sculls, and of sucking out the brains, where there are any. It wages a sportive, but mischievous war with owls and buzzards, and has a decided antipathy to caterpillars, which it hunts out of buds, blossoms, and the ears of corn; gaining only for its useful services the persecution of that human vulture—man, who cannot distinguish between the destruction of the reptile, and a real injury to the fruit. I am always glad to see my little Lady Titmouse drop in, in B——Street, for her vivacity excites me; and we chat and flutter about so like each other, that it is quite wonderful.

“*Bon jour, grande princesse,*” she said on entering; “I am glad to see your ladyship in such spirits,” for my mistress was still laughing at my last impromptu, which she forthwith repeated to explain her hilarity. “So then, Poll, you are in favour once more,” was the reply. “Oh! she is most amusing,” continued my mistress, “and says and does things so like humanity, it is quite shocking.” “What a libel on the poor bird!” said Lady Titmouse.

“You would have thought by her attention to Buffon, and the meaning of her laugh, that the animal understood everything it heard.”

“To be sure it did,” said Lady Titmouse, hastily; “why should it not? It has ears, eyes, memory, association, everything that goes to make up mind—” “Hush,” said the Countess, putting her hand on the speaker’s mouth; “don’t be profane, child; it is quite *mauvais ton.*” “My Lady—hear me out. I am sure, if the macaw were to write her own story, she would—” “Do you write it for her, then,” interrupted the Peeress. “With all my heart,” replied Titmouse; “and if the bird will relate all it has seen and heard for the last twenty years, the memoir would be worth all the autobiographies that have been puffed into public notice by the egotism of authors, or the speculation of intriguing booksellers.”

At this observation my every feather stood on end; I shuddered and screamed. I had heard many foolish and many conceited persons say on my lady’s blue and grey parties, (for she had parties of every colour,) that they hoped Lady Titmouse would not “put them in her book;” and though I did not exactly know what this meant, yet as it seemed (on their own evidence) to be a punishment reserved for the silly and the vain, I expressed my aversion to the process so clearly, that the little blue cap exclaimed, “But you see the macaw declares off; yet we understand each other so well, and we have lived so much in the same set, that I

should like to write her life under her own dictation." My lady seemed much amused by the fancy ; and they both said so many odd and amusing things on the subject, and ran over so many names and anecdotes with which I was acquainted, that the idea of writing my own life grew upon me amazingly.

Authorship is the most fashionable *passe-partout* to notoriety ; and, to say the truth, I had long been jealous of certain honourable and right honourable personages, whose conversational powers were far below my own, but who, by putting the shreds and patches, which their parrotty memory supplies, into black and white, had rather cut me out with the dispensers of ton. So watching my opportunity to ensure co-operation and secrecy from my co-biographer, I opened my proposition. We were soon agreed ; and perched together one summer's morning, when the weather was wet and the town empty, we proceeded to business. I narrated in my own way, and she translated and prepared for press in hers. For the style, therefore, I beg not to be answerable ; but for the events and their circumstances I stand or fall by their truth, and, by the honour of a macaw, I have neither suppressed nor altered a tittle of it.

I am a native of one of the most splendid regions of the earth, where Nature dispenses all her bounties with a liberal hand ; and where man and bird are released from half the penalties to which, in other climes, their flesh is heir. I was born in one of those superb forests of fruit and flowers, so peculiar to the Brazils, which stood at no great distance from an Indian village, and was not far removed from an European settlement. This forest was impervious to human footsteps. A nation of apes occupied the interior, and the dynasty of the *Psittacus Severus*, or Brazilian queen macaw, inhabited the upper regions. Several subject states of green and yellow parrots constituted our colonial neighbours. My family held the highest rank in the privileged classes of our oligarchy ; for our pride would not admit of a king, and our selfishness (so I must call it) would allow of no rights. We talked nevertheless in our legislative assemblies of our happy constitution, which by tacit agreement we understood to mean "happy for ourselves ;" but the green and yellow parrots too plainly showed a strong disposition to put another interpretation on the phraseology. My paternal nest was situated in the hollow of one of the most ancient and lofty trees in the forest. It had once been rich in fruit and flowers, gums and odours, and all in the same season ; and though it was now scathed at the top, hollow in the trunk, and was threatened with total ruin from the first hurricane, we still preferred it, because it *was* the oldest. I owed all my early impressions, and much of my acquired superiority,

to my great-grandfather, who lived to an extreme old age, and attained a celebrity of which we were ourselves at that time unaware. He was the identical bird which was brought from Marignan to Prince Maurice, Governor of the Brazils, and whose pertinent answers to many silly questions are recorded in the pages of the greatest of English philosophers.

My great-grandfather was soon disgusted with the folly and cruelty of what is called civilized life; and having seen an Indian roasted alive for a false religion's sake, he thought that some day they might take it into their heads to do as much by a macaw, for the same reason: so he availed himself of an early opportunity of retiring without leave from the service, and returned to his native forest, where his genius and learning at once raised him to the highest honours of the Psittacan aristocracy. Influenced by his example, I early felt the desire of visiting foreign countries. My mother too (who though fond and indulgent, like all the mothers of our race, was as vain and foolish as any that I have since met with in human society) worked powerfully on my ambition, by her constant endeavours to "push me up the tree," as she called it, in her way. I was already a first-rate orator, and a member of the great congress of macaws, while in our social re-unions I left all the young birds of fashion far behind me; and as I not only articulated some human sounds, picked up from the Indians, but could speak a few words of Portuguese and Dutch, learned by rote from my great-grandfather, I was considered a genius of high order.

With the conceit, therefore, of all my noble family, I was prompted to go forth and visit other and better worlds, and to seek a sphere better adapted to the display of my presumed abilities, than that afforded by our domestic senate and homespun society. On one of those celestial nights, known only in the tropical regions, I set forth on my travels, directing my course to the Portuguese settlement, which the youthful vigour of my wing enabled me to reach by the break of morning.

Having refreshed myself with a breakfast of fruit, after the exhaustion of my nocturnal flight, I ascended a spacious palm-tree, which afforded an admirable view of the adjacent country, and a desirable shelter from the ardours of the rising sun. My first impulse was to take a bird's-eye view of the novel scene which lay before me, and I gazed around for some minutes with intense delight; but fatigue gradually obtained the mastery over curiosity, and, putting my head unconsciously beneath my wing, I fell into a profound sleep.

How long this continued I know not; but I was suddenly awakened by a strange muttering of unknown voices. I looked,

and beheld two creatures, whose appearance greatly surprised me. They had nothing of the noble form and aspect of our Indian neighbours. One of them considerably resembled the preacher-monkey in countenance and deportment: his head was denuded of hair, and his person was covered by a black substance, which left no limb visible except his ancles and feet, which were very much like those of an ape. The other had all the air of a gigantic parrot—he had a hooked bill, a sharp look, a yellow head: and all the rest of his strange figure was party-coloured—blue, green, red, and black. I classed him at once as a specimen of the *Psittacus Ochropterus*.

The ape and the parrot seemed, like myself, to have taken shelter beneath the palm-tree, for the purposes of shade and repose. They had beside them a basket filled with dead game, fruit, and honey; and the parrot had a long instrument near him on the ground, which I afterwards learned was a fowling-piece. They talked a strange jargon of different intonation, like that of the respective chatter of the green and the grey parrots. Both seemed to complain, and, by the expression of their ugly and roguish faces, to interrogate each other.

As soon as they went away, I endeavoured to mutter to myself the sounds they had uttered, but could retain only two phrases. The one had been spoken by the ape, and ran thus: “Shure it was for my sweet sowl’s sake, jewel;” the other was, “Eh, sirs, it was aw’ for the love of the siller.” I was extremely amused by my acquisition; and, being convinced that I was now qualified to present myself at the settlement, was about to descend from my altitude, when the two strangers returned. They had come back for the gun, which they had left behind them. As they picked it up it went off, and I was startled into one of my loudest screams.

The strangers looked at me with great delight, he whom I likened to the parrot exclaiming, “Weel, mon, what brought you here?” I answered in his own words, for want of better, “Eh, sirs, it was aw’ for the love of the siller.” He dropped his piece, and fled in consternation, calling lustily, “It’s auld clooty himsel, mon—it’s auld Horny, I tell ye; come awa, come awa.”

His friend, who seemed more acquainted with our species, encouraged him to return, and offering me some fruit from his basket, said, “Why, Poll, you cratur, what brought you so far from home?” I endeavoured to imitate his peculiar tone, and replied, “Why thin it was for my sweet sowl’s sake, jewel.” “Why then,” said my interlocutor coolly (for I never forgot his words), “that bird bates cockfighting.” They now both

endeavoured to catch me: it was all I wanted, and I perched on the preaching-monkey's wrist, whilst he took up the basket in his left hand, and in this easy and commodious style of travelling we proceeded.

On approaching the settlement, a fierce dispute arose between the friends, of which, by each tearing me from the other, I was evidently the object; and I am quite sure that I should have been torn to pieces between them, but for the timely approach of a person, who issued from a lofty and handsome edifice on the road side, attended by a train of preacher-monkeys, of which he was the chief. He was quite a superior-looking being to either of my first acquaintance, who cowered and shrunk beneath his eagle look. They seemed humbly to lay their case before him; when, after looking contemptuously on both, he took me to himself, caressed me, and giving me to an attendant, said, "This bird belongs to neither—it is the property of mother church:" and the property of mother church I remained for some years.

Of my two friends of the palm tree, one, the preacher-monkey, turned out to be a poor Irish lay-brother of the convent of which my new master (an Irishman too) was the superior; my yellow parrot was a Scotch adventurer, who came out to give lectures on *poleetical economy* to the Brazilians; and who, finding that they had no taste for moral science, had become a servant of all-work to the brotherhood. My dwelling was a missionary house of the Propaganda, established for the purpose of converting (*i. e.* burning) the poor Indians. The Superior, Father Flynn, had recently arrived from Lisbon with unlimited powers. He was clever, eloquent, witty, and humorous; but, panting for a bishopric in his native country, he was principally employed in theological writings, which might bring him into notice, and hasten his recall to Europe.

Next to the servants' hall of a great English family, the first place in the world for completing the education of a macaw of genius is a convent. Its idleness and ennui render a monkey or a parrot a valuable resource: and between what I picked up, and what I was taught by the monks of the Propaganda, my acquirements soon became stupendous. Always following my kind master from the refectory to the church, assisting at mess or at mass, being near him in the seclusion of the oratory, and in the festivities he frequently held with his more confidential friends, I had loaded my astonishing memory with scraps of theology and fun. I could sing a French drinking-song, taught me by the sub-prior, Frère Jacques, and intonate a "Gloria in excelsis," with a true nasal twang. I had actually learned the Creed in

English;(1) and could call all the brothers by their names. I had even learned the Savoyard's dance from my friend Frère Jacques, and sung "Gai Çoco" at the same time, like Scaliger's parrot, from whose history Frère Jacques took the idea of teaching me. I did this, it must be acknowledged, with great awkwardness, turning in my toes, and often tumbling backwards, in a clumsy and ludicrous way. But this amused my religious friends more than all the rest; for, like the great, they loved a ridicule quite as well as a talent; and, provided they were amused, were not nice as to the means. My fame soon began to spread on all sides; and the anecdotes told of the macaw of the Propaganda soon reached the circles of the Governor of the Brazils, who wrote to request the pleasure of my company for a few weeks at the palace. This was a compliment which he had never paid to the learned superior of the order, and my master was evidently hurt. He declined, therefore, the invitation for me, on the plea that he would soon visit Rio Janeiro himself, when I should accompany him into the Vice-regal presence.

This visit shortly took place, not for the object supposed by the community (who parted with me, even for a short time, with great regret,) but for another purpose. The British Ambassador, Lord —, who had recently arrived at Rio, was a countryman of Father Flynn's. He enjoyed eminent literary celebrity, was a delightful poet, and well acquainted with the Portuguese language. The superior had no doubt that his own literary and theological merits were equally known to his Excellency, whom he visited with a view to negotiating a passage in the British man-of-war; for he had been called on a secret mission to Ireland, and wished to depart without notifying his intention to the subalterns of the Propaganda. I was not included in the muster-roll of this expedition; but, anxious to lose no opportunity of seeing the world, and desirous of beholding the Governor, who had shown his taste and politeness by inviting me to his court, I contrived to nestle myself in the carriage, without the superior's knowledge, and followed his steps to the very ante-room of the embassy.

It was too late to send me back; for I was instantly seized by a company of pretty young animals, the very reverse in appearance of the preacher-monkeys of the Propaganda; they all seemed to find in me a kindred soul: my master was ushered into the cabinet, and I was left with my new acquaintance, who were called "*attachés*," whom I at once classed with the *secretary-birds*;(2)

(1) "Rhodoginus mentions a parrot which could recite correctly the whole of the Apostles' Creed."—*Animal Biography*, by the Rev. W. Bingley.

(2) "The Dutch," says Le Vaillant, "give this bird the name of Secretary, on account of the bunch of quills behind its head."—*Bingley, Animal Biography*.

while here and there, I thought, was mingled among them a specimen of the booby or Pelicanus Sula. Two of these mischievous creatures seemed to delight in tormenting me, from mere idleness and ennui, which I bore for some time with great patience, as I saw the boobies pay them much respect. One was called Lord Charles, and the other the Hon. Mr. Henry. I learned these names with facility, and contrived to repeat them, as they had been taught me, by the frequent iteration of one of the boobies.

Meantime, Father Flynn, with a Jesuit's adroitness, was endeavouring to gain his object, as I afterwards learned; but, on alluding to his works and celebrity, he discovered that the ambassador had never so much as heard of him; though he had heard wonders of his parrot, which he requested might be sent for. I was immediately ushered into the cabinet as the superior went out, and I never saw my dear master more. Perhaps he could "bear no rival near the throne;" perhaps, in his pre-occupation, he forgot to reclaim me. Be that as it may, he sailed that night, in a Portuguese merchantman, for Lisbon; and I became the property of the representative of his British Majesty.

After the first few days of favouritism, I sensibly lost ground with his Excellency; for he was too deeply occupied, and had too many resources of his own, to find his amusement in my society. During the few days I sat at his table, I entertained his diplomatic guests with cracking nuts, extracting the kernels, peeling oranges, talking broad Scotch and Parisian French, chanting the "Gloria," dancing "Gai Coco," and, in fact, exhibiting all my accomplishments. I was, however, soon sent to the secretary's office to be taught a new jargon, and to be subjected to new tricks, from the underlings of the embassy.

Here I picked up but little; for there was but little to pick up. I learned, however, to call for "Red tape and sealing-wax"—to cry "What a bore!" "Did you ever see such a quiz!"—to call "Lord Charles," "Mr. Henry," and pronounce "good for nothing;" a remark applied by the young men to the pens, which they flung away by hundreds, and which the servants picked up and sold, with the other perquisites of office, incidental to their calling. Whenever I applied these acquisitions with effect, it was always attributed to chance; but I was so tormented and persecuted by Lord Charles and Mr. Henry, who, being unpaid *attachés*, had nothing to do, and helped each other to do it, that I took every opportunity to annoy them. One day, when the ante-room was filled with young officers of the British frigate, one of the boobies, pointing to Lord Charles, called to me, "Poll, who is that?" I answered, "Red tape and sealing-wax," and raised a general shout at the expense of the little diplomatic

pedant. An Irish midshipman present, a Mr. O'Gallagher, pointing to Mr. Henry, asked me, "Who is that, Poll?" "Good for nothing," I replied; and Mr. Henry flew at me in a rage, swore I had been taught to insult him, and that he would wring my neck off. This he would have done, but for the protection of the chaplain, to whose breast I flew, and who carried me away to his own room.

In a few days I was consigned to Mr. O'Gallagher, the midshipman, as a present to the chaplain's patroness, a lady of high rank and celebrated sanctity in Ireland, near to whose Propaganda the family of O'Gallagher resided. I was the bearer of a letter of introduction, in which my pious education and saintly acquirements were set forth, my knowledge of the Creed exposed, and myself recommended as a means of aiding her ladyship's proselyting vocation, as animals of less intelligence had done before. I embarked, therefore, on board the British frigate—an honour which had been refused my old master, and was treated with great care and attention during the voyage. On arriving in a British port, my young protector got leave of absence, and took a passage in a vessel bound for Dublin.

On the morning of our coming to anchor, my cage was put on shore on the quay, while O'Gallagher returned to look after his luggage. Thus left to myself, I soon attracted the attention of a wretched squalid-looking animal, something between a scarecrow and a long-armed gibbon. His melancholy visage dilated into a broad grin the moment he saw me; and, coming up and making me a bow, he said, "Ah! thin, Poll, aghra, you're welcome to ould Ireland. Would you take a taste of potato, just to cure your say-sickness?" and he put a cold potato into my cage, which he had been gnawing with avidity himself. The potato was among the first articles of my food in my native paradise, and the recollection of it awakened associations which softened me towards the poor hospitable creature who presented it. Still I hesitated, till he said, "Take it, miss, and a thousand welcomes; take it, aghra, from poor Pat." I took it with infinite delight, and, holding it in my claws, and peeling it with my beak, began to mutter, "Poor Pat! poor Pat!" "Oh musha, musha! oh, by the powers!" he cried, "but that's a great bird, any how—just like a Christian—look here, boys." A crowd now gathered round my cage, and several exclamations, which recalled my old friends of the Propaganda, caught my attention. "Oh! queen of glory!" cried one; "Holy Moses!" exclaimed another; "Blessed rosary!" said a third. I turned my head from side to side, listening; and excited by the excitement I caused, I recited several scraps of litanies in good Latinity. There was first an universal silence, then an

universal shout, and a general cry of "A miracle! a miracle!" "Go to Father Murphy," said one; "Off with ye, ye sowl, to the Counsellor," said a second; "Bring the baccah to him," cried an old woman; "Mrs. Carey, where is your blind son?" said a young one. Could faith have sufficed, I should indeed have worked miracles.

In the midst of my triumphs, Mr. O'Gallagher returned, and carried me off, put me in a carriage, and drove away, followed by the shouting multitude. That night we put up at an hotel in Sackville Street, and the next morning the street re-echoed with cries of "Here is a full account of the miraculous parrot just arrived in the city of Dublin, with a list of his wonderful cures, for the small charge of one halfpenny."

Shortly after we set off by the Ballydangan heavy fly, for Sourcraut Hall. I was placed on the top of the coach, to the delight of the outside passengers, where I soon made an acquaintance with the customary oratory of guards and coachmen, which produced much laughter. I rapidly added to my vocabulary many curious phrases, among which the most distinct were, "Aisy now, aisy;" "Get along out of that;" "All's right," etc. etc. etc.; with nearly a verse of "The night before Larry was stretched," tune and all; and the air of "Polly, put the kettle on," which the guard was practising on his bugle, to relieve the tedium of the journey.

Like all nervous animals, I am extremely susceptible to external impressions; and the fresh air, movement, and company, had all their usual exhilarating effects on my spirits. Our lady of Sourcraut Hall, Lady C——, received myself and my protector with a ceremonious and freezing politeness; asked a few questions concerning my treatment, gentleness, and docility; and, desiring my kind companion to put me on the back of a chair, she bowed him out of the room. When he was gone, the lady turned to a gloomy-looking man, who sat reading at a table, and who looked so like one of the Portuguese brothers of the Propaganda, that I took him for a *fratè* — "What a poor benighted creature that young man seems to be!" she said. The grave gentleman, who I afterwards found was known in the neighbourhood by the title of her ladyship's "moral agent," replied, "What, madam, would you have of an O'Gallagher — a family of the blackest Papists in the county?" My lady shook her head, and threw up her devout eyes.—Dinner was now announced, and the moral agent giving his hand to the lady, I was left to sleep away the fatigue of my journey.

I awoke very hungry, and consequently disposed to be very talkative, but was silenced by finding myself surrounded by a

crowd of persons of both sexes who were eagerly gazing on me. A certain prostrate look of sly shy humility lengthened their pale faces, to the exclusion of all intellectual expression. They formed a sort of religious meeting, called a tea-and-tract party; but the open door discovered preparations for a more substantial conclusion to the *obligato* prayers and lecture of the evening. My new mistress was evidently descanting on my merits, and read that paragraph from the chaplain's letter which described my early associations, my knowledge of the Creed, and announced me as a source of edification to her servants.

Two or three words of this harangue operating on my memory, I put forth my profession of faith with a clearness of articulation and fidelity really wonderful for a bird. What exclamations! what turning-up of eyes! I was stifled with caresses, intoxicated with praises, and crammed with sweetmeats. The moral agent grew pale with jealousy, when Doctor Direful was announced. He rushed into the room like a whirlwind, but stood aghast at beholding the devout crowd that encircled me. Instead of the usual apophthegms and serious discourse, he heard nothing but "Pretty Poll," "Scratch a poll," "What a dear bird," etc. The malicious moral agent chuckled, and explained that the bird had, for the moment, usurped the attention which should exclusively belong to his reverence, who had taken the pains to come so far to enlighten the dark inmates of Soureraut Hall. Dr. Direful stood rolling his fierce eye (he had but one) on the abashed assembly; and, pushing me off my perch, drove me with his handkerchief into the dense crowd which filled the bottom of the room, and consisted of all the servants of the house, with some recently converted Papists from among the Soureraut tenantry. All drew back in horror, to let one so anathematised pass without contact. I coiled myself up near a droll-looking little postillion, who, while turning up the whites of his eyes, was coaxing me to him with a fragment of plumcake, which he had stolen from the banquet-table.

Dr. Direful returned to the centre of the room, and mounted a desk to commence his lecture. The auditory crowded and cowered timidly round him, while he, looking down on them with a wrathful and contemptuous glance, was about to pour forth the pious venom which hung upon his lips, when a sharp cry of "*Get along out of that,*" struck him dumb. Inquiry was useless, for all were ready to swear they had not uttered a word. Dr. Direful called them "blasphemous liars," and proceeded one and all to empty the vials of his wrath through the words of a text of awful denunciation, which I dare not here repeat; but his words were again arrested by the exclamation of "Aisy now, aisy —

what a devil of a hurry you are in!" uttered in quick succession. He jumped down from his altitude; and, in reply to his renewed inquiries, a serious coachman offered up to the vengeance of this Moloch of methodism the mischievous postillion, who had that morning detected the not always sober son of the whip in other devotions than those to which he professed exclusive addiction. When I saw the rage of all parties, I thought of the roasted Indians of the Brazils, and shuddered for the poor lad.

After a short but inquisitorial examination, in which he in vain endeavoured to throw the blame on me, he was stripped of his gaudy dress, and, in spite of his well-founded protestations of innocence, turned almost naked from the house. When peace was restored, a hymn was sung as an exorcism of the evil spirit that had gotten among the assembly; when, being determined to exculpate the poor postillion, I joined with all my force in the chorus, with my Catholic "*Gloria in excelsis*," which I abruptly changed into "Polly, put the kettle on."

Thus taken in the fact, I was, without ceremony, denounced as an emissary from Clongowes, brought to Sourcraut Hall by the Papist O'Gallagher with a forged letter, to disturb the community. I was immediately cross-examined by a religious attorney, as if I had been a white-boy, or a ribbon-man. "Come forward," he said, "you bird of Satan!—speak out, and answer for yourself, for it's yourself can do it, you egg of the devil? What brought you here?" I answered, "It was all for my sweet sowl's sake, jewel;"—and the answer decided my fate, without more to do. And now, loaded with all the reproaches that the *odium theologicum* could suggest, I was cuffed, hunted, and finally driven out of the gates by the serious coachman, and left to perish on the highway.

On recovering from my fright, I found myself at the edge of a dry ditch, where the poor shivering postillion sat lamenting his martyrdom. I went up to him, cowering and chattering; and, at the sight of me, the tears dried on his dirty cheeks, his sobs changed to a laugh of delight; and when I hopped on his wrist, and cried "Poor Pat," all his sufferings were forgotten.

While thus occupied, a little carriage drawn by a superb horse, with the reins thrown loose on his beautiful neck, ascended the hill; at the sight I screamed out, "Get along out of that!" which so frightened the high-blooded creature that he started, and flung the two persons in the carriage fairly into the middle of the road. One of them, in a military dress, sprung at once on his feet, and laying the whip across the naked shoulders of the postillion, exclaimed, "I'll teach you, you little villain, to break people's necks." Oh! murthur! murthur!" cried the poor boy,

"shure, it was not me, plase your honour; only the parrot, Captain." "What parrot, you lying rascal?" "There, Captain, sir, look forenenst you." The Captain did look up, and saw me perched on the branch of a scrubby hawthorn tree. Surprised and amused, he exclaimed, "By Jove! how odd!—What a magnificent bird!—Why, Poll, what the deuce brought you here?" "Eh, sirs," I replied at random, "it was aw' for the love of the sillier." The Captain, and his little groom Midge, who had picked himself up on the other side of the cabriolet, shrieked with laughing. "I say, my boy," said the Captain, "is that macaw yours?" "It is," said the little liar. "Would you take a guinea for it?" asked the Captain. "Troth, would I two," said the postillion. "Done," said the Captain; and pulling out his purse, and giving the two guineas, I suffered myself to be caught and placed in the cabriolet: the young officer sprang in after me, and, taking the reins, pursued his journey.

We slept that night at a miserable inn in a miserable town: the next morning we arrived at my old hotel in Sackville Street, and shortly after sailed for England.

The Honourable George Fitz-Forward, my new master, was a younger brother of small means and large pretensions. He had been quartered at Kilmac-squabble with a detachment, where he had passed the winter in still-hunting, quelling *ructions*, shooting grouse and rebels, spitting over the bridge, and smoking cigars; and having obtained leave of absence, *pour se décrasser*, was on his way to London for the ensuing season. We travelled in the cab by easy stages, and halted only at great houses on the road, beginning with Plas Newyd, and ending at Sion House.

My master's rank, and my talents, were as good as board-wages to us; and as the summer was not yet sufficiently advanced for the London winter, we found every body at home, and had an amazingly pleasant time. My master was enchanted with his acquisition. I made the *frais* of every society, and my repartees and bon-mots furnished the Lord Johns and Lady Louisas with subjects for whole reams of pink and blue note-paper. My master frequently said, "That bird is wonderful! he is a great catch!" and my fame had spread over the whole west end of the town a full week before our arrival in London.

The Honourable George Fitz-Forward and myself arrived, on a fine May evening, in a gloomy little street in the heart of London, and took possession of a very humble lodging. The want of comfort, cleanliness, and fresh air, was the more remarkable, from its contrast with the sumptuous rural palaces which we had lately visited. This was my master's habitual abode when in town; here he slept, but he might be said to *live*

in his cab; and he left his address at the club. My delicate organs took offence at all that surrounded me, and, above all, at a fat, dirty Irish maid, whose odour and aspect were alike my antipathy. The first night, as she lighted us up to our room, I cried out contemptuously, "Get along out of that!" She turned on me with a look of astonishment and vindictiveness, which I shall never forget, exclaiming, "Get along out of that yourself, you dirty spalpeen! it is you, and the likes of you, that takes the bread out of honest people's mouths, you furreign baste, you!" To all this tirade I slowly rolled out from my closed beak a reiteration of the offensive "Get along out of that!" She turned in concentrated rage to Midge, who stood laughing till his sides shook, and said, "Troth, I'll lave my mark on your poll-parrot before he quits the place. Now, mind my words, Mr. Midge." Mr. Midge did mind them, and he was so persuaded of the sincerity of the threat, that he always locked me up on going out; and as this was every day, and for the whole day, I became a state prisoner for the indiscretion of a single phrase, as many a too-demonstrative genius has done before me.

Silent, desolate, and neglected, left for days without food, except what I picked up at Midge's breakfast, for my master always breakfasted at his club, my natural cheerfulness faded into sullen gloom, and all the miserable consequences of my foolish and ill-directed ambition came upon me, with vain regret and deep remorse. When I recalled the brilliant region I had abandoned, the magnificent forest-home I had left, the proud position I held among my own species, the joyous sensations that then thrilled through my whole being, resulting from the happy and natural state of things in which I was placed—and when I compared all this with the gloom, solitude, close atmosphere, and privation of light and liberty of my present condition, I was overwhelmed with misery and despair. This was, perhaps, the most painful period of my chequered existence; and it was forcibly recalled to my recollection the other day, while hearing my lady's page read aloud the discovery of my native hemisphere, and the kidnapping of the noble and happy savages by that great man, who brought them in chains to Spain, because (says the author) he saw in them that which would make them "worthy members of the church, and loyal subjects of the king."

I was struck with the parallel between their fate and my own. The mild and benevolent chiefs of the Bahamas must have felt, on their arrival at Madrid, something as I felt on my arrival at London; but their misfortunes arose from their virtues. Never would they have been chained, and tortured, and occasionally roasted, had they not possessed those talents and qualities which ren-

dered them worthy of the notice of church and state. I indeed had no such utilities—I was neither loyal nor devout by nature. My little gleam of reason had only served to lead me astray; and every acquirement I had made, every word I uttered, to my last attack upon Irish Molly, had been the source of my ill-luck, and the cause of my suffering. Had I not been more intelligent than my species, more prone to fun, and inclined to laugh at the follies of others, than to correct my own, I might have been the happiest of macaws. Owls, boobies, and buzzards—how I envied you your organic deficiencies! To add to the misery of the epoch to which I now allude, the moulting season came on: I pined and sickened, my crest fell, my feathers dropped, my sufferings were acute, beyond what the egotism of man, who thinks that none suffer but himself, could imagine. I was soon reduced to a skeleton, and looked like a scarecrow. All my intelligence fell into abeyance, my mind was gone, my speech was inarticulate, and my memory failed me. The only phrase I could remember was one taught me by my great-grandfather in my infancy, “Po-vero papagay;” and this I repeated in every tone of complaint and self-commiseration.

My master came home so late at night, that he scarcely observed me; and Midge, when he at last perceived the change in my appearance, accused Irish Molly of poisoning me; but I proved the falseness of the charge by my convalescence. Youth and strength triumphed, and I was beginning to recover my spirits and speech, when, one evening, my master returned home earlier than usual, and so changed in appearance, as to strike even me; I thought that he too was moulting. Midge had not yet come in, and Irish Molly had lighted the Honourable George to his room with a dirty tallow candle, which she placed on the table before him. He sat pale and shivering, and endeavouring to stir up the dead embers on the hearth, but they were extinct. Here was another aristocratic scion no better off than myself.

It is allowed even by the enemies of our race, the heaven-born haters of macaws and parrots, that we are extremely susceptible of kindness and unkindness, that we love and hate intensely, and that we are capable of the most devoted attachment to our masters, as long as they show us any signs of friendship; but that, when deprived of their attention and caresses, we become sensible of their neglect, irritable, ill-humoured, and vindictive, if provoked by their capricious notice, or idle tricks. This was my present position with my master. As he could not bring me to his club, and was always afraid of having his shabby home discovered, he had no longer the same occasion for my amusing qualities; and, having once bitten his finger in jea-

lous irritability, when he began to teaze me, after a week's neglect, I fell into utter disgrace; or rather, no longer wanted, I was no longer remembered.

His suffering appearance, and desolate situation, however, as he sat sighing and moaning, and putting his hand to his forehead, awoke all my former sympathies. I descended from my perch, gradually approached him, and cowering and creeping round him, endeavoured to offer consolation through every pathetic tone and phrase I knew, uttering alternately, "Povero Papagay," "Poor Poll," "Poor Pat." My master smiled, patted my head, and said with bitterness, "Add, poor younger brother, Poll." "Poor younger brother," I replied, fluttering my wings, and perching on his arm. My master laid me gently on the table, and, covering his face with his hands, wept bitterly.

The entrance of Midge roused him—he hurried into the slovenly little bed-chamber at the back of his drawing-room, shut the door, and appeared no more that night. The next day all was bustle in the little drawing-room. My master kept his bed; I heard his moans; Midge, the landlady, and Irish Molly, held a conference; and shortly afterwards arrived an animal, which, to my fancy, had a close affinity with the jackdaw. He was all black and white, with an erect head, and a jerking gait, a pert solemnity of look, and a crafty dulness of aspect, which perfectly impersonated that ill-omened bird, which had always been my favourite aversion. I was shocked at the appearance of this creature. I remembered that the occurrence of a jackdaw was considered at the Propaganda as the sign of approaching death, and that three of them portended a funeral.

I trembled for my poor master, and took my station near the head of his bed, from which neither threats nor caresses could detach me. I soon gathered that he was not moulting, but sick of some disorder caught in the bogs of Ireland. I endeavoured to make myself as amusing and consolatory as possible. I repeated all his complainings; I chattered at the jackdaw, and frequently anticipated his wonted questions, to his great annoyance. (1) I was particularly pleased with a phrase which my master, in his impatience, had more than once applied to him, when ordered to swallow some horrible black stuff; "I'll not touch a drop of it—he is an old quack, and a regular humbug." I repeated after him, "He is an old quack, and a regular humbug." "So he is, Poll," said my master, laughing for the first time since his illness, from

(1) Willoughby tells us of a parrot which had grown old with its master, and shared with him the infirmities of age. Being accustomed to hear nothing but the words "I am sick," when a person asked it "How do you do, Poll?" it replied in a doleful tone, and stretching itself along, "I am sick."—*Animal Biography*.

which he was now recovering, in spite of the jackdaw and the black draughts.

When able to leave his bed, he carried me on his arm into the little drawing-room, placed me on the back of his chair, and I had the distinction of sharing his first chicken, and pecking at his grapes. My attention during his illness had quite replaced me in his affections, or at least among his resources. A few days afterwards, Midge was sent with a note to the Horse-Guards, and immediately after his return, he was followed by one of the prettiest young human animals I had ever seen. He was announced by the name of Mr. Alfred Mount Martre. His appearance quite dazzled me! At first I took him for a noble specimen of the scarlet flamingo—the same erect bearing, the same brilliant colours, the same gentle look in the eyes, yet warlike aspect. Of all the ornithological world, I was best acquainted, after my own tribe, with the flamingo, with which we macaws thought we had something in common. The flamingo is in its nature gentle and brave, and full of confidence and trust in the whole living creation, till civilised man teaches it better, and forces it to become ferocious and wary in its own defence. From the moment these birds become acquainted with that great enemy of creation, whose vocation is to enslave or to destroy, the flamingoes keep together in troops, place a sentinel to watch the approach of the foe, and send forth a note of danger, which is their natural war-trumpet. Social and gay when at peace, they are only pugnacious when aroused by danger or insult. When young they are easily caught, and carried away, upon slight temptation; but they catch in their turn when more experienced, and many of the prettiest little birds of the tropics become their victims.

My heart warmed to this human flamingo, who stood armed *cap-à-pied* before my master. He said he was on guard at the palace, and had but a quarter of an hour to stay. In that quarter of an hour my master poured forth his confidence to him, and gave a brief history of his adventures, from his joining the regiment at Kil-mac-squabble, till his arrival in town. They had been schoolfellows at Harrow, whence both of them had proceeded to finish their education in that “house of refuge for the destitute”—the army; the one in a regiment of the line, the other in the Life-Guards. Each had a hundred and fifty pounds a-year for his *menus plaisirs*, and an occasional ten guineas from grand-mammas for clean gloves—a luxury not always within the reach of younger brothers. These were their own words, in the course of their mutual autobiographic confessions; and having once dropped in that great preserve—my memory—they were never forgotten. “Your grade as a Life-guardsman places you

beyond the reach of social degradation," continued my master; "and your sister, Lady Augusta, takes care of you with the exclusives. But, since my late arrival in London, I have never got further than a Dowager dinner in Portman Square, or a second-rate rout, made up of the sweepings of the porter's book. For it is one thing to be let in to the dull circles of country houses, on the strength of family connections, and another to have the *entrée* in that very refined society, from which ambitious fashion will even exclude a father that is a bore, or a mother that dresses ill. In short," he said, almost choking with emotion, "my position in London is too painful; and, unless I can do something to extricate myself from obscurity, I shall not stay out my leave of absence, but return at once to still-hunting and the typhus in Ireland, as a matter of preference."

"But cawnt you do something to announce yourself?" drawled out the flamingo—"cawnt you write a book, or something?"

"Write a book!—I can scarcely read one—besides, what could I write about?"

"Oh! I rather fancy that don't much signify. Lord Frederick says his publisher will bring out any thing by an Honourable:—he does not in the least care what trash it is; it puffs and sells all the same."

"Still one must have that trash; and, since I left Harrow, I have seen nothing in Ireland but bogs and beggars."

"Well, but arn't that vastly funny? The Irish, you know, are so droll and merry?"

"Droll and merry?—poor wretches—about as merry as the nightmare. Where I am quartered they are wandering about like spectres, and living upon roots and nettles, which they find in the ditches."

"Indeed! How very tiresome!"

"Poor Pat! I am quite sorry—"

"Poor Pat!" I re-echoed in my deepest tone of pathos, delighted to have an opportunity of making myself known to the flamingo.

"Poor Pat! Why, what the devil's that?" said the flamingo, turning about in surprise.

"Oh! that's only the macaw."

"Only the macaw!" said the flamingo, rising and patting my head, which I bent forward to his delicate hand. "What a treasure! What can he do?"

"Do! not a great deal; but he can say every thing; and is much more amusing and intelligent than half the subalterns of ours, I can tell you. My poor macaw," he added, with a deep sigh, "was my only friend and comforter in my recent illness."

“By Jove!—and, with such a bird as this, you want to be ticketed! Why, Colonel O’Kelly, you know, went upon the reputation of his parrot for twenty years; and Mrs. Doldrum, I heard my mother say, would never have got on, but for her wonderful bullfinch, which went through the sword exercise with a straw. Even last week all the world were making interest to get into —— house, where the learned pig was exhibited, and threw the Opera into neglect: and Lady ——’s delightful soirées owed every thing to Le Compté’s canaries.”

My master laughed. “Oh! then, you think I may get into fashion, under the patronage of my macaw? That did very well in the country; but in London, Poll is of as little consequence as myself.”

“Why, you know, there are so many Fitzforwards of three generations, that you must have something to distinguish you, if you mean to get on, and the parrot, properly brought out will do as well as any thing. For instance, if I was to mention you, and was asked which of all the Fitzforwards you are, it would be something to be enabled to say, ‘the macaw Fitzforward,’ just as one says, ‘Poodle Beryl,’ ‘Parrot O’Kelly,’ or ‘Jerusalem Whaley.’”

My master was silent for a moment, and then said, smilingly, “But who is to present Polly to this discerning world! How is she to get into fashion herself, in order to introduce her master?”

“Leave that to me: I’ll go this moment to my old friend, the Dowager Countess of ——, and puff Poll to the skies, as a lion of the first quality. You will get an invite to her first pink parties; and once booked there, your business is done.”

My master laughed, and turned the thing into a joke; but it was evident that the proposition had made a due impression; for, after the young guardsman’s departure, he actually put me through all my manœuvres, aired my vocabulary, rehearsed my Savoyard dance, exercised my slang, and added to my fashionable acquirements, by teaching me to go through the manual of smoking a cigar, which I held in my claw with the air of a Pacha. All this amused my poor master amazingly, and procured me caresses and luxuries, to which I had long been a stranger.

The next day he even took me with him in his cab to the Park. As I sat smoking my cigar beside him, every eye followed us; and we soon became the sole objects of attraction. A hundred bright eyes shone on us through their lorgnettes, and the flamingo riding up to us said, “All the world are inquiring who you are: Lady J—— has just observed to De R—— that, since Lord Byron and his bear, there has been nothing seen so odd and original as

that man and his macaw. I have promised to present you to her. The cigar was a great hit. Oh! here comes my Dowager—I have done the needful for you there; and I see she has found you and Poll out already.”

A coronetted carriage drove up beside the cab, and a fair and fashionable-looking old lady, putting out her head with a nod and an air of familiar acquaintance, said, “How do you do, Mr.——. How stupid! I can’t recollect your name; but I knew one of your grandmothers well—the great beauty, not the stupid one. Dear, how like her you are—I mean the beauty. Young Mr. What’s-your-name, come here—do now, and let your wretched horse alone. Can’t you tell me your friend’s name?”

“Fitzforward, ma’am,” said the flamingo, laughing.

“Ay, to be sure, I know all the Fitzforwards. My dear Mr. Fitzforward, you must come to my parties, and bring your macaw. Don’t come to-morrow night; that’s my blue party: don’t bring the parrot on a blue night. The blues hate parrots; and they will think it an epigram, for a reason they have. Don’t come till I send you a card. Never come without your macaw—do you mind. You have your grandmother’s pretty eyes—Good by—Home.”

The next morning my master received the promised card. “The Dowager Countess—at home Wednesday evening.—To the Hon. G. Fitzforward and his macaw.” My master read the invitation with a bitter smile, and then, flinging it into the fire, rose, walked about the room in great emotion, and pausing before my perch, said, “So, Donna Papagay, I am to be indebted to you for my place in fashionable life. Four hundred years of nobility, and an alliance with half the British aristocracy, will not alone suffice to bring a man into notice, and efface the insignificance of younger brotherhood, without wealth, or without celebrity.” I fluttered, and cowered, and muttered, “Poor younger brother!” “Poor younger brother, indeed!” said my master, shrugging his shoulders; “you certainly were a great catch, Poll.” “A great catch, a great catch,” I reiterated. “And I really do believe,” he added, “have every requisite to succeed. You can cant, and slang, sing, dance, chatter, and smoke a cigar.—Well, we shall see.” He then gave me in charge to Midge, with a precaution unusual to him. He desired him to supply me with a warm bath, and went forth to breakfast with his friend at Knightsbridge Barracks.

When the evening of our *début* arrived, my master could not bring himself to accompany me to Lady ——’s rout. He was well aware that he would not be welcome without me, and he had too much pride, if not too much feeling, to place himself on

a level with a bird-fancier from Exeter Change, or to exhibit as a tiger in the train of a fashionable macaw. He resolved, therefore, at once to satisfy his own *amour-propre*, and not offend the Countess by disappointing her of her lion, and accordingly to send me alone.

The idea amused him beyond measure, and my toilet was the occupation of the evening. I was painted under the eyes, and up to the eyes — a relief which gave them the brightness and the ferocity of a hawk's. A cigar-case was hung over my neck with a rose-coloured ribbon; and I was perfumed with *eau de mille-fleurs*, and fed with quintessential coffee-lozenges (of which I was extremely fond) as an additional exhilaration of my natural spirits and loquacity.

Thus armed for conquest, I was given into the custody of the delighted Midge, with due orders as to my style and title. We stepped into the cab, and in a few minutes found ourselves in the line of carriages leading to the Countess's assembly.

It happened that the carriage immediately preceding us was that of the Portuguese ambassador; our announce, therefore, was made in the same breath. "The Duc d'Albuquerque and Donna Papagay" was echoed from the porter to the footmen in the hall, to the groom of the chambers on the stairs, and to the page and maitre d'hôtel at the drawing-room door. I was handed up immediately after his excellency, from the arm of one servant to another, amidst the stifled titter of all. "Who is Donna Papagay?" asked the group nearest the door. "The Portuguese ambassadress," was the general answer; when my appearance immediately behind the representative of majesty caused an unusual ebullition of mirth; and his excellency remaining a *ridicule ineffaçable*, shrunk into a corner, while I was received with raptures by my noble hostess, and borne through the suite of rooms on the page's arm to the conservatory.

I was followed by the whole assembly; and I have often heard my lady since say that, with the exception of the first night of the young Roscius's appearance, such a sensation had never been created by any *début* in the capital of the most thinking people of the world. It seemed that every thing had been prepared for my reception, with the most appropriate scenic effect. The conservatory, the destined scene of my triumphs, was fitted up to the best of her ladyship's conception as a Brazilian forest. Palm-trees cut in green tin, paper parrots perched on Indian roses, and a rock in the centre, with "an alligator stuffed" basking at its foot, and a tall cacique (stuffed too) leaning sentimentally on the summit — gave, or were intended to give, an imitation of those mighty regions whence it was announced I had recently arrived. In

short, it was a gallantry for the macaw. I was placed on a branch of an upas-tree, fresh from Forster's, the artificial florist, who had made it to order; and the tree soon became a tree of knowledge to the whole assembly. The crowd, the crush, the squeeze, and pressure were beyond description. I began to think myself the greatest creature in the world, and that man was made only to adore me; while the noise, the lights, the brilliant variety of objects, operated powerfully on my nerves and senses.

As in moments of excitement I always have recourse to the last trick that has been taught me, I drew forth a cigar and put it in my bill. The uproar and shouts of laughter were now quite deafening. The whole scene put me in mind of one of those great congresses of parrots, in which I had cut so brilliant a figure at home. There was the same noise, the same chatter, the same glittering plumage and flutter of movement, that distinguished our own assemblies. Many even of the heads recalled in their facial line the conformation of our tribe; and, to complete the illusion, there was the same eternal reiteration of the same sounds.

As soon as one pretty Poll had said, "Charming!" "Wonderful!" "Most curious!" all the others repeated the phrase a hundred times. From this I concluded that their vocabulary was much more limited than my own; and, in my excited vanity, I dropped my cigar, fluttered my wings, and burst forth into a long tirade of incoherent sentences, which sounded well, though it meant nothing; but it evidently passed for superhuman wit and intelligence. When, however, I got through my rhetoric, and fell into mere slang, the applause of the assembly was stupendous. "That's my hearty," "Bang up," "All's right," "Aisy, aisy," "Get along out of that," with a certain jerk with my tongue, and the imitation of the crack of a whip, produced more effect than the most brilliant witticism ever uttered by the first diner-out of his day. "Where is the Duke of Boxborough?" said the Countess; "he must hear this. He will be delighted; this is quite in his way." He is not here; he drives the heavy Birmingham to-night," said somebody. "No, he does n't," replied a voice from the crowd.

The crowd instantly gave way; a look of deference was visible in every eye; and a tall young person, with a crane neck and a shambling gait, approached me. I saw at once that he was a bird of note. Several old cackling hens, each with a lively young bird of paradise under its wing, crowded round the phoenix of the evening. His unexpected appearance drew upon him all those bright glances which had hitherto been so exclusively directed to myself. In a word, the crane carried it hollow, and it was evidently in his power to keep me in or put me out of fashion by a word.

Like all shallow animals, I am extremely cunning in my own way. I at once, therefore, felt the necessity of toadying this ducal bird; and, accordingly, descending from my upas, and crawling towards him, I placed myself familiarly on his arm. "Bravo, Poll!" re-echoed on every side. "He certainly knows you, Duke," said a pretty creature, sideling up to him; "he has found you out as the most *distingué* of his auditors, and has taken possession of you with true *savoir faire*." "The deuce he has!" said the Duke, laughing and flattered; "well, let us see: who am I, Poll?" "A great catch, a great catch," was my immediate reply; and before the sensation had subsided at the pertinence of an answer which covered the fair young flatterer with blushes, the good-humoured Duke had seized my friend the flamingo by the shoulder, and pushing him into the middle of the circle, asked me, "Well, Donna Papagay, and who is this—is *he* a great catch?" Influenced by the association of idea awakened by the flamingo's presence, I repeated, in a plaintive tone, "Poor younger brother."

It would be in vain to attempt giving any idea of my success. Among the number of my admiring audience, there was one, however, who witnessed my triumph with a look of suppressed rage that did not escape me. He had attracted my notice by a painful personal feeling not likely soon to be forgotten; for in my passage from the upas to the Duke's arm, he had put out his foot to crush me, and I was only saved from a horrible death by the usual subtlety of my movements: still, he had trod on one of the long feathers of my tail, and had hurt me severely. This creature struck me as closely resembling the carrion-vulture in his appearance. I afterwards found that he had an instinctive antipathy to successful merit of all kinds, and lived by hiring out his great foot to all who stood in need of its crushing assistance. Like the whole tribe of vultures, he was exceedingly ill-looking, and I was quite surprised to find him in such good company; but I soon learned that he made himself useful every where, and that, like his congener the vulture, which feeds on reptiles, he was a toad-eater. He was called by some a reviewer, by others a newspaper editor; but the carrion-vulture seemed to me to be his most appropriate appellation.

In the brilliant group by which I was surrounded, I thought I recognised many others of the bird family. There were cock-sparrows and water-wagtails in abundance, several Solan geese, and not a few gulls. With the exception of the vulture, who evidently waited for another pounce, I was praised, caressed, and admired by all; and when, at the Duke's request, I was, as he worded it, "trotted out" by my friend the flamingo—when I had

danced my "Gai Coco," sung, chanted, and preached, my fashion was miraculous, and I believe I may fairly say that no lion, human or animal, ever obtained in so short a time the same vogue.

At last the heat, excitement, and fatigue, became too powerful for my delicate frame; my head dropped, my wings flagged, and I fell lifeless. A great actress had fainted with less effect in the adjoining room, an hour before, (some said of jealousy at my drawing off the crowd from her altars). The vulture made another attempt, but my noble hostess was too nimble for him; she saved me in her arms, exclaiming, "I would not for the world have any thing happen to this bird. *Je perdrai en lui mon meilleur causeur.*"

My poor master was now, for the first time, remembered and called for, but in vain. "He had not," said the groom of the chambers, "come at all; but my carriage stopped the way, and my servant was in waiting." I was accordingly conveyed down on the Duke's arm, who took me from the Countess, and gave me to Midge.

The air at once revived me, and I was alive and merry on my perch the next morning, devouring the words of the young Mount Martre, who came to recount to my master the particulars of my *grand succès* the night before—"when," he said, "Sheridan was witty, Siddons was sublime, and Moore delightful, in vain!" I pitied these poor birds, whom, it appeared, I had thus prematurely put out of fashion; but I was quite unconscious that my own anti-apotheosis (as my little Lady Titmouse called it) was yet to come.

The next day, my master received a very polite note of thanks from the Countess, with an invitation to dinner to meet a few rational people. "We will keep the macaw for the world," she said, "for whom it is quite good enough." My poor master was pleased at my not being included in this invitation, and I have frequently heard him say that this was the most agreeable dinner he had ever been present at; for no one gave better dinners than the Countess, when she chose to assemble the agreeable and the interesting.

My master now became universally known as "Macaw Fitz-forward," and was at once included among the exclusives; not that he brought me with him always, for he did so very rarely, and only when there were a very select few indeed. It was a mark of supreme *bon ton* to be able to say in a note of invitation, "We shall be few and good; you will meet Macaw Fitz-forward and Donna Papagay." My master's principal label of notoriety was his manner of telling his first meeting with me in Ireland. He took off the Irish brogue with great effect, and imi-

tated the little postillion so much to the life, that Lady J—— used to say, “If you have not heard George Fitzforward tell his Irish story, you have heard nothing.”

But a higher honour awaited my master and myself than any yet conferred on us. The highest person in the state expressed a desire to make our acquaintance; and we received a command to attend an aquatic party on Virginia Water. What passed on the occasion of this most distinguished visit my master and myself were bound never to reveal. The silence of the seraglio, the mystery of the harem, hung over the sublime retreat of the greatest of European potentates, whose existence alone was occasionally notified to his adoring and uninquiring subjects.

My master returned to town in high spirits, with a splendid snuff-box, enriched by a royal portrait, and I, with a medallion hung round my neck by a blue ribbon. The great personage, who thus decorated me, wore just such another ribbon, and seemed very proud of it. He was a grave and very gentle-looking animal, and more resembled the horned owl than any other bird with which I was acquainted. Notwithstanding the secrecy of our movements, this flattering visit got into the papers, the greater number of which turned us into ridicule, while some of them asked, why were not Mr.—, Mr. * * *, and Messrs. X Y Z, the most brilliant writers and the best company in his Majesty's dominions, admitted into the royal circle? This, however, was pure envy, and disloyal invective; as another paper observed, “Is a king not to have the privilege of a private person, and to live with those who suit him best? If he prefer macaws and parrots to wits and philosophers, who are neither loyal nor religious, has he not a public duty to perform, and the public morals to protect?”

It was thus that our visit was defended by a journal, which my master read aloud to his young friend; and to my surprise, I found that the vulture, who had endeavoured to crush me at the Countess's assembly, on my first *entrée* into high life, was the identical defender of royal favourites, macaws, parrots, and horned owls.

From this time forth I became a rage; presents of great value were made me; my perch was a throne, and my cage a museum; but, in the midst of these triumphs, and shortly after my master had obtained a renewed leave of absence, his regiment was ordered to Canada. A winter in Canada was a sentence of death to this young scion of a noble stock, in which a pulmonary complaint was hereditary. I heard his young friend argue with him on the necessity of leaving his regiment. “What!” he replied, reddening, “the first time it is ordered upon distant service?” His honour took the alarm, and nothing could induce him to try for an exchange.

The day before his departure, his friend came to take leave of him; my master was much depressed, and he vainly endeavoured to struggle with his feelings. "Should I never see you again, my dear Mount Martre," he said, "keep this in memory of the pleasant evenings we have smoked together," and he presented him with his meerschaum; "but I have a parting favour to ask of you"—(and he strove to check his tears as he added), "my poor, faithful, affectionate macaw!" He paused; I came fluttering towards him, caressed his forehead, and muttered, "Poor younger brother." "No, Poll," he continued, "I will not risk *your* life, by transporting you to the icy regions of Canada—it would be a bad return for devotion like yours." "A great catch, a great catch!" I repeated, endeavouring to recommend myself. "Yes, but not on board a transport-ship, Poll, nor amongst the snows of Canada. Take her away, Mount Martre, in your cab; I will not give her to you; you are too giddy, and Poll would be a bore; but take her to your friend, Lady—; Poll and I owe our fashion and our success to her: she is kind to animals, and steady in her attachment to friends. If I live to return, I will reclaim my macaw; if I do not, she cannot fall into better hands." My master kissed my head, placed me on my perch, threw himself for a moment into the flamingo's arms, and then, seizing his hat, rushed out of the house, leaving his schoolfellow, meerschaum, and myself in the room, from which every other trace of his existence had been removed by Midge in the previous morning.

It was about a year after the occurrence of this little scene, that, seated on the back of my lady's chair, I heard her ladyship read from a morning paper the following paragraph:—"Died in Upper Canada, the Hon. George Fitzforward, of the —— regiment, more known in the fashionable world by the name of Macaw Fitzforward. Captain F. was the tenth son of the late Earl of Rottentown, and brother of the present Earl, who has for some years resided for his health at Naples. This distinguished young soldier fell a victim to the severity of the climate to which his military duties had exposed him." I listened attentively to this recital, and faintly uttering, "Poor younger brother," fell on my lady's shoulder. When I recovered, she was more than usually kind and caressing, and she said in a tone of satisfaction, "Never mind, Poll, you shall not suffer by this change of masters; you are mine now for life, and we shall reach posterity together." No doubt her ladyship's prophecy will be verified in my "forthcoming Memoirs," of which I have this day heard the preliminary puff, sent me by my kind friend the publisher.

I had been more than two years an inmate in the family of the Countess, and, in the interval, had seen more of the world, political and fashionable, than any or all the macaws that ever existed. The flower of my fashion, it is true, had budded, blown, and faded, in the course of a single season; but though I no longer monopolised the whole notoriety of the day, I still retained a considerable share of vogue and influence. It was possible to give a party, without making interest with my mistress to allow me to grace it with my presence; it was possible to obtain a hearing for Jekyl, Luttereli, and other wits, even though I was by; but though my position was less brilliant, it was more respectable. I was no longer a lion; I was one of the set, and waddled in and out of my lady's library, or drawing-room, with dowager duchesses and dowager wits, as if I belonged by birthright to "the order."

Envy was, as usual, at work, and I was disparagingly compared with the parrots, so largely quoted by Locke and Goldsmith, both of whom were said to be my superiors in the pertinence of their replies; but I really believe that their sole superiority was, that *they* were dead, and *I* was living. It is true, that when Henry VII.'s parrot (who had been educated in his palace of Westminster, beside the Thames) fell into the water, he called "A boat! twenty pounds for a boat!" but was not I, every day, making applications of equal felicity? I had, besides, one faculty, which placed me at an immeasurable distance above my tribe—my love of fun. Whenever I made a hit, I felt and enjoyed it, and I testified that I did so by my loud laugh, and clapping my wings—a demonstration of self-approbation common to most human wits and humorists, who generally laugh both before and after the utterance of their good things.

The public papers, too, made use of me as a sort of Pasquin; and, like him of Rome, I was made to answer for all the wicked slanderous things, which the writers were paid for inditing. This kept up my consequence, and if it made me enemies, it made me also admirers; for the fabrications ascribed to me, all wicked as they were, appeared in papers under the especial patronage of the church.

It was thus that my name and *bon-mots* became so familiar to a dignitary, who always read the Sunday papers before the morning service, that, conceiving a high opinion of my loyalty and right thinking, he expressed a wish to make my acquaintance. My lady was delighted, and cards went out for a grey dinner-party, consisting, as she said, of some of the noblest pillars of socia order. When these grave and illustrious personages were assembled before dinner, I was brought in as an

amusement, to pass away that *mauvais quart d'heure*. The library, on the ground-floor, where the guests were seated, looked so like a rookery, and there was something in the party so ravenish and jackdaw-like, that I fancied myself in the Propaganda, or among the Protestant Brotherhood of Sourcraut Hall; and I forthwith struck up my *Gloria in excelsis*, which I followed by an audible enunciation of my confession of faith.

A general exclamation of surprise and edification burst from every lip. He, who seemed the chief of the company, and whom my lady called my lord, descanted for a considerable time on the wonderful power of Providence in producing such a bird; saying many things which struck me as being not very curious or original, but which seemed to affect the listeners with great awe and reverence. Perched on my lady's arm, I turned my head from side to side with a look of inquiry, being greatly amused by the double likeness of the speaker to Father Flynn, and to the jackdaw of the Honourable G. Fitzforward's sick chamber. So, when this orator took me on his arm, and the Countess cried out, "Oh! Poll, you are not aware of the honour done you: you little know whose is the arm that supports you;" I screamed out, "He is an old quack, and a regular humbug."

His lordship started, as if electrified, and let me fall on the ground. By the fall my leg was broken, and I became immediately as silent as the rest of the company, and insensible of all that was passing around me.

When I came to myself I was lying before the fire in the housekeeper's room—a subterranean apartment—from which, during three tedious years, I was never permitted to emerge. In short, I was pronounced to be socially dead: my want of all judgment and discretion, my too ready and fatal wit, had nearly proved my destruction. His lordship, whom I had so grossly insulted, would hear of no apology from my mistress; and the chaplain, who was present, declared that I had been crammed for the occasion. Had not the piety of my poor dear lady been well known, she too would have been involved in my disgrace; as it was, she was attacked in the Sunday papers, and only appeased her calumniators by a friendly paragraph, inserted by the vulture, stating that she had sacrificed her macaw to public opinion; and that this clever but ill-taught bird had been handed over to her ladyship's chicken-butcher, and by him put to death; that its body had been sent to Surgeons' Hall for dissection, and its skin stuffed and transmitted to a public museum for the study of future ornithologists. In the course of the ensuing season, I was as much forgotten, as if I had never lived, and when, after three years' incarceration, I crept up to

the back-hall, and was accidentally seen by Lady Augusta, she said to my lady, "So you have got a macaw; by the by, had not you a parrot or a monkey, or something that made a great sensation some years back, and used to talk?" "Probably," said my lady drily; "but I am taking great pains to teach this macaw *not* to talk."

I took the hint, and, painfully aware of the penalty that waits on wit, I tried hard to be as dull, and as common-place, as a neighbour of ours, whom my mistress, by constantly citing as a model of prudence, had made *my* "Mrs. Grundy." This neighbour, in the course of a long and tranquil life, had excited neither envy nor hatred, had got into no scrapes, suffered no persecution, and had never risked being killed by a Secretary-bird, kicked by a preacher-monkey, having its leg broken by a raven-jackdaw, or being imprisoned for three years only, for being superior to the generality of its species.

This fortunate creature was the pet tortoise of our near neighbour, Lady Dorothy Dawdle, an old lady who was herself of the tortoise tribe, and possessed many good qualities in common with her favourite reptile. The tortoise was a constant subject of reference for my lady, on the occasion of any of my unlucky hits, or mischievous *quid pro quo's*. I never broke a china cup, gnawed a buhl clock, choked a kitten, or pecked at the house-maid's heels, but the Lady Dorothea's tortoise (whom, by the by, I was frequently brought to visit) was instantly held up to me as an example and a reproach.

His story was indeed exemplary. Brought, while young, from the West Indies, by a legacy-hunting nephew, whom Lady Dorothea had long survived, it was placed in her ladyship's little garden; and it had managed to travel through the circumference, twelve feet by ten, in the space of ten years. The movements of its feet answered to those of the hour-hand of a clock. In the course of its long life, it had shown no sign of sympathy with any living thing, nor any token of intelligence, beyond its own personal wants, which were few, and its appetites, which were voracious. Loving warmth, but hating light, it passed the sultry hours of summer under the umbrella of a large cabbage; and remained, during the winter, torpid in a hole, which it had formed with slow and stupid assiduity—its sole amusement and occupation. Still its dullness was alive to whatever interfered with its own interest; and disliking the shower that refreshed, as much as the beam that illuminated, it shuffled off on the first gathering of a cloud above its ponderous shell, over which the wheel of a loaded cart might have passed without injury.

Supplied, independently of any effort of its own, with every

species of food and comfort, the only sign of recognition it ever showed was to Lady Dorothea Dawdle herself, who, every summer's morning for thirty years, had fed it from her parlour window with meal-cakes. It then hobbled from its cabbage-leaf with awkward alacrity towards its benefactress; and this was the only intercourse that ever subsisted between them. They both died in the same year. The lady was first conveyed to the tombs of her ancestors, having bequeathed her tortoise to her physician. This gentleman, a celebrated anatomist, tried the horrible experiment of Redi upon the poor animal; and having made a hole in its skull, and taken out the brains, was surprised to find it continue alive. The tortoise, set at liberty in this condition, moved off without suffering the slightest injury from the operation. It lived on for many months without brains, as well as with them, and at last died in one of its fits of torpidity, merely because it had forgotten to awake.

This was the model, the bright particular star of discretion, so often quoted for my edification by my mistress, who used to finish her admonitions with, "Oh, Poll, Poll, when will you have the prudence of Lady Dorothea Dawdle's tortoise?" "When he ceases to be Lady——'s macaw," replied, one day, my little Lady Titmouse, who was always my champion and friend on these occasions of obloquy and reproof.

Since my resuscitation, after my three years' imprisonment and retirement from society, my life has gone on calmly and rationally enough. My lady had made a vow never again to run the risk of admitting me into parties, and she has kept it. Banned from the drawing-room and boudoir, I am still welcome in the dressing-room and library, and am sometimes tolerated at the breakfast and dinner-table, or suffered to follow my mistress about her pretty little garden. Time has done by me as by the human species, and though I am really the Ninon of my race, and occasionally dance "Gai Coco," and sing "Polly, put the kettle on," to the delight of the old housekeeper and the guests of the steward's room, still diminished animal spirits and a better taste incline me to conceal, rather than exhibit, my surviving talents and capabilities. I have long since put off paint, and have even had thoughts of becoming serious, especially since my lady occasionally gives a tea and tract party, because, like a true philosopher, shew ill go *avec son siècle*. Here then I shall terminate my memoir, for the good are seldom amusing, the wise never; and I have entered into a formal agreement with my publisher to forfeit half the price of my copyright, if this autobiography is found to contain more sense, wisdom, or information, than shall prove palatable to the public, or to exceed the standard measure

of those “fashionable productions,” by which the polite world are accustomed to form *l'esprit et le cœur*, to cull their tastes, and select their opinions. (1)

THE HONG MERCHANT'S WIDOW.

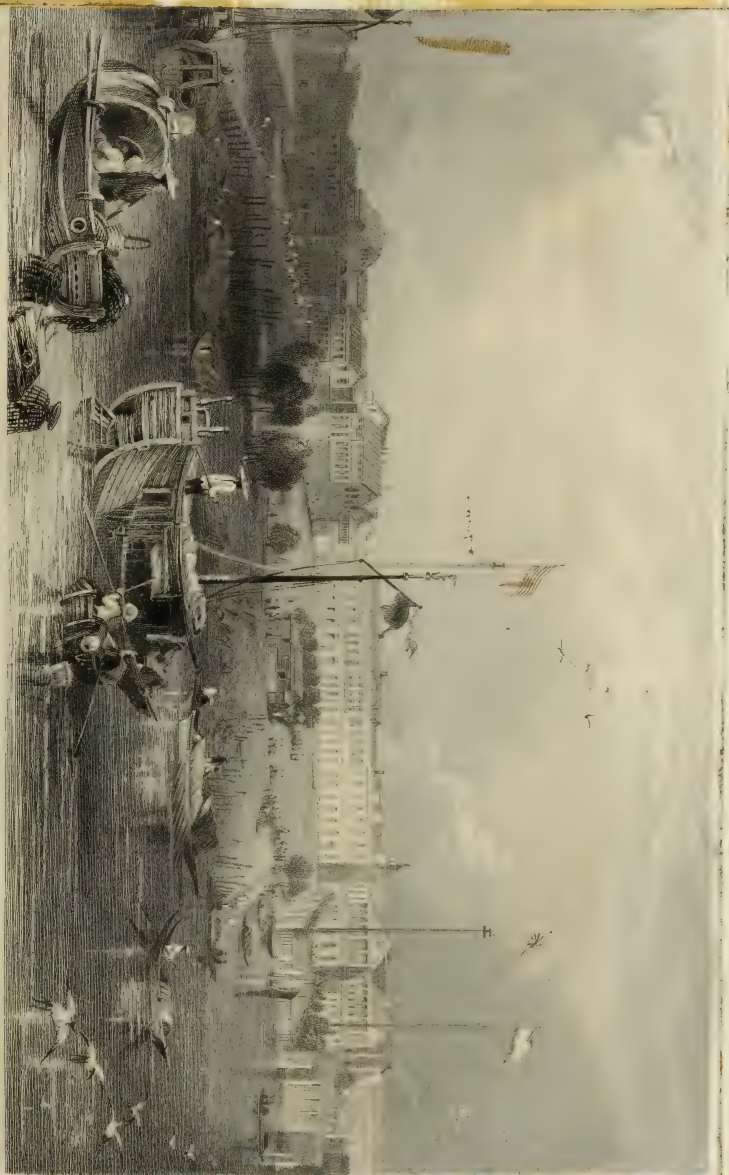
It never, till lately, has been doubted—except by those who doubt every thing—that the Chinese are the most ancient and the wisest (and the wisest, because the most ancient,) of all the known nations of the earth; but in these latter peering times, doubt has followed inquiry, dogmatism is yielding in every point to suspicion, and the very fundamental proposition, that China is one among the known nations, has ranged among those Janus-like questions, whose two faces look in precisely opposite directions.

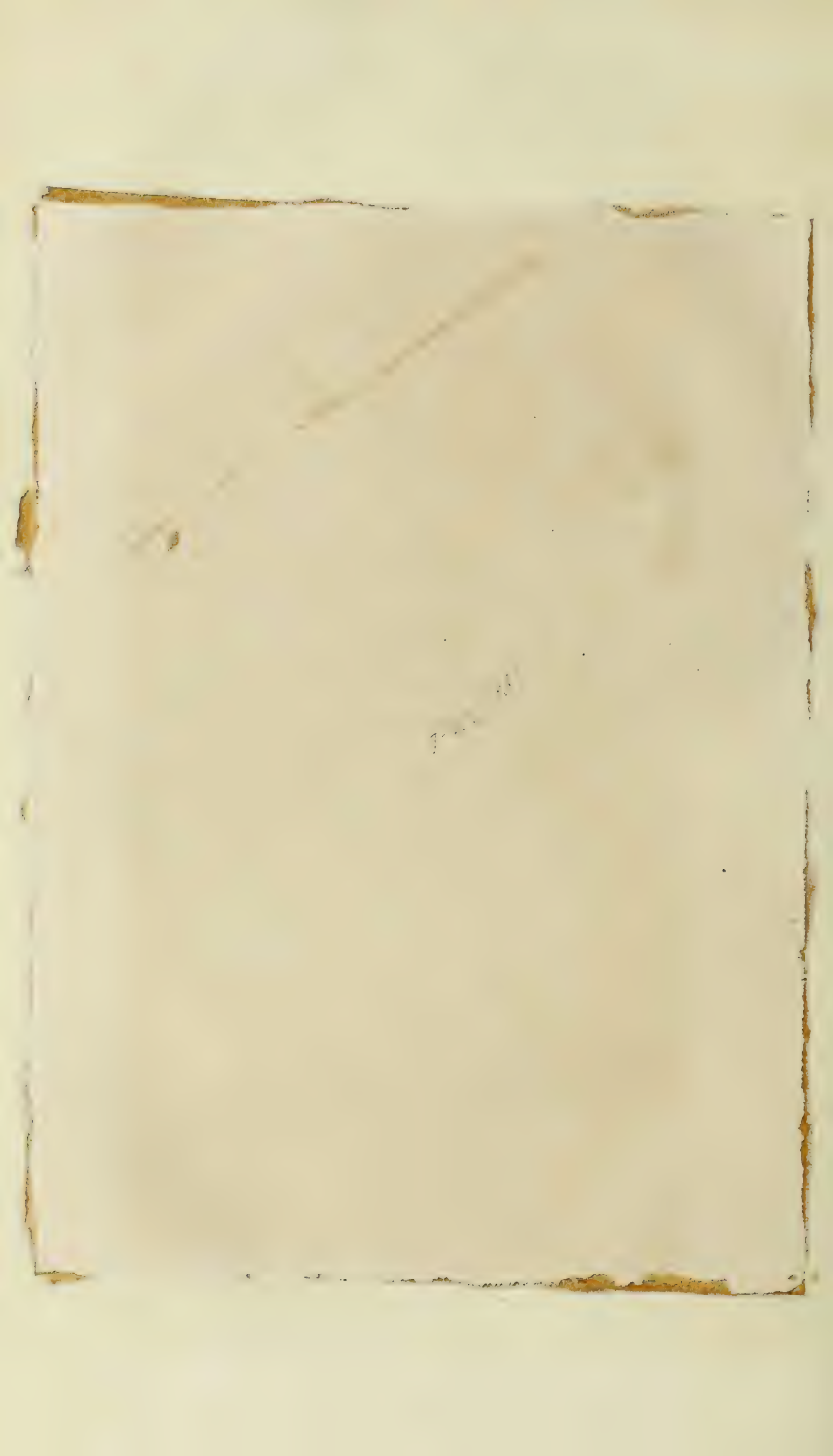
Few, however, cared to go as far as China in defence of an hypothesis, or to establish a fact, on the evidence of their own senses; or if they did, the Chinese authorities would not have suffered them to take a peep into the moral interior of their celestial population, and set the matter at rest. It is no wonder, therefore, if the question, once raised, was suffered to remain in abeyance; and if the literary world has not hastened to come to a decision, on a point concerning which it had no positive interest at stake.

Since politics, however, have entered into the question, since Commissioner Lin has been dragged in, as part and parcel of our notions of the Celestial empire, and been enlisted by Whig and Tory into the service of debate, the affair has become so complicated, and has been exhibited through so many and such various media, that to presume too far in assertion may not be unattended with danger.

In adopting the affirmative concerning our knowledge of China, it might be pleaded that this veritable history was indited years ago, before the opinion had been rendered “doubly hazardous,” by its connection with the opium trade; or the notion might be justified, because we know the Chinese, through tea-cups, josses, and caricatures in the print-shops. A great deal of knowledge is often presumed on much slighter grounds. On the whole, however, it is safer and more orthodox to take post behind the authority of the established gazeteers and encyclopædists, who

(1) The hero of the above autobiography was the Macaw, well known in the circles of London fashion, of the late Dowager Countess of Cork and Orrery. Her ladyship, having written to me from a country-house, complaining of a dearth of amusing literature, and royally commanding that I (forsooth) should write something to meet the occasion, I answered, that I was to the full as dull as the rest of the trade; but if her Macaw would dictate its memoirs, I should be happy to prepare them for the press. Such was the origin of the foregoing *bagatelle*.





not only maintain China to be a known nation, but as well known in all its details as the county of Middlesex.

Taking, then, Malte Le Brun and his *confrères* as sufficient vouchers, let us assume the three hundred million of pugnacious tea-venders as a known quantity, and proceed to reason upon them accordingly. That they are the wisest and the best, the world has their own authority for believing; and who should know better than they who are not only on the spot to decide, but have also had a much longer acquaintance with themselves and their own ways than any other people in existence. But a better evidence, put forward by themselves in their own behalf, is the unchangeable nature of their institutions, their steady adherence to the wisdom of their ancestors. It is not, with institutions, as with coins, that the bad are the least changeable; and there is no more decided proof of the value of an usage, than its having been worn quite smooth, and lost all the characteristics of its original formation. It has, therefore, been generally admitted, that the greatest mark of wisdom in nations, as in individuals, is the knowing they are well off, and not making the *mieux* an enemy of the *bien*. We, therefore, whose institutions are but of yesterday, must look with profound veneration on a nation, whose boast it is, that for the last eight or nine thousand years (to speak modestly) they have forgot nothing, and learned nothing.

Another testimony of their wisdom is their great wall, a work of such ancient date, and persevering labour, that all monuments of antiquity fade in the comparison; and notwithstanding the new project of fortifying Paris, that truly Chinese stroke of policy, the modern monuments may still, as of reason, be flung into the bargain. It is a curious instance, by the by, of the great law of nature, which has provided for the unexpected meeting of extremes, this Parisian fortification! On the score of permanent institutions, the French and the Chinese are at the extremes of the scale. Yet the object of both their walls is clearly the same—namely, to shut up the respective populations, like a Chinese puzzle, in a box. There are, indeed, those who suppose that, while the Chinese authorities looked only to excluding the nomadic tribes, which infested the vast frontiers of the Celestial empire, (the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians of the far east,) the real design of the French authorities is rather directed against a break out of their own citizens, than an invasion of the enemy. But this is a mere verbal difference: the wisdom in both cases is equal; unless, indeed, it should turn out that the French walls are to be built on the principle of a mouse-trap—and while they effectually prevent the egress of the citizens, shall serve only as an invitation to the strangers to enter.

Leaving, however, such considerations to the French engineers, and the project to its destiny, the failure of its prototype in the east was no proof of a want of wisdom in the contrivance. What, indeed, would become of the reputations of the greatest European Statesmen of the last half century, if they depended upon such judgments by the event !

Let it not, therefore, be imputed to the Chinese, that the more useless their wall became, through the inroads of time and of the Tartars, the more they held it in veneration ; and swore by it as a monument sacred to the wisdom of their ancestors. There is nothing so very un-European, or, what is worse still, so un-English, in this mode of ratiocination.

Besides the great wall, the Chinese were indebted to the wisdom of their ancestors for the flattened heads of their men, and for the crushed feet of their women—usages religiously observed, and reverentially extolled, as the primary causes of the conservation of all things in their primitive perfection throughout the wide expanse of the Chinese empire.

It is thus that another people of equal wisdom consider debt and taxation as the proper elements of national greatness ; and refer their religious liberties and the intelligent piety of their own sect to the penal laws fulminated against others, and to the enormous inequality of clerical fortunes in the church established by law.

If it be conceded that China started with perfection, and that its institutions set reform at defiance, nothing better could be contrived than this operation on the malleable heads and feet of the subject, by which every chance of change was cut off. The brain being denied its natural development, all the organs were kept quiet, without the assistance of literary censors or orthodox reviews ; and by crushing the feet of the women—“*varium et mutabile semper fœmina*”—the march of intellect was, with all other marches, effectually stopped in the persons of its leaders.

While other nations, therefore, were in a state of endless revolution, working their way to civilization through long centuries of misadventure, and picking up opinion after opinion, by dint of “apostolic blows and knocks,” China stood where she was. Her religion was disturbed by no inquiries, her government (however it might fare with her dynasties,) was harassed by no revolutions ; and her learning slept in peaceable possession of schools and universities, untaxed with pedantry, and unimpeached of inutility. All things were stationary ; and the omniscience of their preadamite king and legislator, Fohi, presided, to the end, over all the wants of a society which, knowing no progress, knew no new desires, and which, being doomed to an everlasting

childhood, felt no wish for the dangerous and troublesome franchises of an intellectual manhood.

Even the violences done to nature—the causes of this enviable permanence—were never made the subject of doubt or discontent. Such process became almost to be considered as laws of nature, as, indeed, they had, by usage, become a second nature, to those who, if they ever saw a man as Heaven made him, would have regarded him as a *lusus*. That heads were given to think withal, or that female feet were designed for locomotion, were dogmas never dreamed of in the natural theology of Chinese philosophers; or what came to the same thing, if here and there an unfortunate freethinker, (escaping, through some inattention of his nurses, from the full stringency of his bandages,) discovered that he was more longheaded than his neighbours—if some splay-footed female ventured to assert her independence, by taking to her heels—the devil thereunto tempting them to their destruction—the neighbourhood failed not to fling from itself, with indignation, the fearful suggestion, and to visit the offenders with all the weight of its censures, or, if need were, of its sticks and stones.

Such daring innovations, therefore, did not occur above once or twice in a millennium; and, if some liberal Mandarin ventured to laugh in his sleeve at an opinion, which it was so useful that the people should believe, habit continued the bias, from which reason secretly swerved; and he would sooner have wedded himself to a woman with a beard, as the less disgusting venture, than have married one who was masculinely bold enough to put her foot to the ground.

No wonder, therefore, that the sex submitted with complacency to a law so pregnant with conquest and with matrimony. While the Chinese Anacreons sung to them

“Woman, be lame, we must adore you,
Halt, and the world is weak before you,”

the women hopped and hobbled responsively to the strain; and religiously abstained from the slightest *faux pas* of questionable steadiness. Delighted mothers taught, as the first lesson of female education, the maxim that *pour être beau, il faut souffrir*; and their fair pupils, pleased to purchase empire at so small an expense, fell in with the national *esprit de corps*, exclaiming, with an almost universal suffrage, against the wretch so totally unsexed, as to stand upon her natural rights, and walk like a man; but,

“Chassez la Nature, elle revient au galop.”

When all, however, was done, Nature would occasionally vindicate herself: the innate tendencies of the sex could not so wholly be controlled, that no self-willed innovator should be ever found on her legs. The Chinese women, *malgré* the boasted antiquity

of their race, would now and then show some touch of the general mother, in a hankering after the fruits of travel, a propensity to step beyond the circumscribed sphere of permitted knowledge.

In one or two instances, in one or two thousand years, it did occur that some masculine creature in petticoats, some Chinese Wolstonecraft, setting at defiance the iron brodequins of infancy, would cherish a rebellious fancy for a pedestrian excursion; and would even venture, in the privacy of her chamber, or on the tempting level of her husband's terrace, to make the hazardous experiment of a totter, unsupported by the bamboo railing. Such an instance is on record, as having occurred in our own times; and, as might not unnaturally be expected, in the person of the widow of a Hong merchant, whose residence in the Emperor's good town of Canton particularly exposed her to the propagandism of European gadabouts. It is a matter of more than surprise that the contagion should not have spread wider, and that it should not have become fashionable with Mandarinesses to import the European poison of progression, as their official husbands did opium, notwithstanding all the edicts and bambooings designed to keep them in the line of duty.

It may be laid down as a maxim in politics worthy of all attention from those whom it may concern, that wherever a bale of goods can pass, an opinion will enter; and that the only security against propagandism is to leave nothing worthy of introduction to be clandestinely propagated. Nothing better, therefore, can be said for the loyalty of the Chinese women, than that they thus submitted to the laws of their country; unless, indeed, it should be presumed, that in this passive obedience they are principally governed by the physical difficulties which beset the path of temptation.

It may be surmised that the Hong merchant's widow was a woman of no ordinary understanding. Many, in her circumstances, would have, at the expense of others, remained contented with theorising, and have proselitised like the tract-distributing females of our own country. Like certain political chieftainesses in the domestic coteries of England, she might have expended her energies in preaching to whoever would listen, that nature had given feet to the women as well as the men, if not exactly to take as long steps, at least to get over equal spaces, by a quicker reciprocation of their pedal extremities.

Not so the Hong merchant's widow; she was a practical reformer, not a bit by bit, but literally what the Americans call a *go-a-head* reformer, an out-and-outer, taking regular exercise herself, to recover the use of her legs, and actually walking across her own terrace, without the assistance of a cane or an umbrella.

An overt act so manifest could not long escape public attention. A Kotan, or official spy, having got an inkling of the lady's reputation for independence, communicated his suspicion of what was going on to the Mandarin governor of the province, who, having no precedent for punishing a crime that had no example, forwarded the report to the imperial court.

The Emperor, whether he was indifferent to an attempt so much at variance with public opinion, and little likely to be repeated, or, on the other hand, feared to attract general attention to a dangerous innovation, by a sanguinary punishment, treated the charge against the Hong merchant's widow in a manner that scandalised his council, his court, and, above all, his Empress, her chamberlains, maids of honour, and a powerful party, of which she was the chief. The Empress herself owed all her influence with her husband, and, consequently, all her weight with his ministers, to the smallness of her own tiny and almost imperceptible feet : and this had no small share in determining her indignation at the breach in the ancient institutions of the empire, and in inducing her to place herself at the head of the conservative party, prepared to go all lengths in behalf of the iron brodequins, and the crushing the feet of females of all statuers in one common mould of established exiguity.

This party, which had more than once doubted the loyalty of the Emperor himself, were now disposed to question even his religion, when he declared that no law of Fohi, no maxim of Confucius existed, applicable to the case of the walking widow, which authorised the taking off her head, or even bastinadoing her to death, because she had taken to her feet, which, as no blood would have been spilled in the last process, to speak of, was deemed a more decent and humane mode of maintaining uniformity.

In reply, therefore, to the importunities of the Empress, and the references made by her party to his Majesty's coronation oath, by which he had bound himself to maintain the heads and feet of his subjects unaltered and unalterable, the brother of the Sun insisted that the question was of a nature best left undisturbed ; and that crimes like the widow's were the most safely punished by leaving the culprit to the scourge of public opinion, always ready to take part with establishments, and to resent the disturbance of its own routine habits of thinking and walking.

For once in his life the Emperor had his own way (no very common occurrence with absolute monarchs, Chinese or European), and the pariah pedestrian was handed over to the secular arm of the government press. It is well known that the Chinese mandarins, the official literati, monopolise all the wisdom as well

as the power of the celestial empire,—that all high office in the state depends on a presumed knowledge of the alphabet,—and that to qualify for the highest posts, it is necessary to have obtained the degrees of Syew-esays, Ky-a-fin, and Tsien-ese, that is, Bachelors, Licentiates, and Doctors. The imperial historiographer is the greatest man in the imperial councils; and the governors of provinces, secretaries of state, first lords of admiralty, and commanders-in-chief, are also editors, and even writers of articles in the Pekin Gazettes, the almanacks, and other periodical communicators of orthodox and proper notions. Thus doubly armed with literary and legislative influence, more despotic than the inquisitors of any Christian power, their control over opinion is undisputed, and the victim exposed to their denunciations has no chance of escape.

The conservative upholders of sedentary habits did not, upon this occasion, let their privileges lie idle. The Pekin Gazette, or Imperial Journal of the Empire, took the initiative, and let loose the whole forty thousand letters of the alphabet in endless combinations of calumnious vituperation, against the audacious innovator who had ventured to stand on her own legs, the impious blasphemer of the sacred and time-honoured institutions of the brother of the sun and moon. The tone thus given was adopted by all the other official organs, metropolitan and provincial. The bonzes preached at her, the dramatists ridiculed her, pamphleteers misquoted her, and the judges dragged her into their charges to county juries, as a nuisance well worthy of their magisterial interference.

Whether the widow sank beneath the reiterated lash of literary despotism, worn out by its daily petty attacks, and nauseated by its servile malignity; or whether, supported by a consciousness of her right to use the feet which nature had bestowed on her, she ran away to lands where women walk with impunity, and where public sympathy consoles the oppressed assertors of public interests, is of little importance to the application of the parable; but should her story excite commiseration for her fate, or contempt for the barbarous absurdities upheld by time and ancient custom against the light of reason and the dictates of truth, let those who laugh look at home.

It has been discovered by one, whose long residence in Canton and extensive practice in the smuggling trade give some guarantee for his knowledge of the localities, that this lady and her faithful maid, the depository of her secret, her concealed proselyte, and the companion of her flight and fortunes, were the identical Chinese beauties who not long ago made their appearance in the British metropolis. That the Hong merchant's

widow was safely conveyed to the Kentish shore is now beyond a doubt, and her object in exhibiting herself to the public (it could not be for the sake of the shillings) was, doubtless, to elicit a strong feeling for the torture and injustice with which her sex are treated at home, and to lay a foundation for some future just and necessary war of liberation. The end, in such a case, did not correspond with the means; for the sensual sensibilities of their English male visitors led them to fall prostrate before those little feet, with feelings the reverse of indignation, and to admire those defects which they should have commiserated. The moment, too, was ill-timed; for at that epoch there was nothing to be gained by a crusade against the consumers of East Indian produce: at present circumstances are very different, and if the British admiral-plenipotentiary succeeds in revolutionising China, and re-opening the market for opium, he has too much gallantry not to take the matter into his consideration, and add to his treaty with the Emperor a clause in behalf of the Hong merchant's widow and her ill-treated countrywomen.

PIMLICO.

AMIDST the many literary dictations of the day, the "Catalogues," "Libraries," and "Encyclopædias," set up as finger-posts to guide the too rapid traveller in his march of intellect, by the many Procrustes of public taste, there is one nice tidy little corner left happily untouched, which, neither "selected," nor "interdicted," nor "castigated," nor "improved," nor "puffed," nor "indexed," nor "edited," still holds its original place in British popularity—the Library of the British Nursery—a library which will survive, when other libraries, useful or useless, shall be laid in the dust with the Alexandrian, or locked up in counters with that of the Vatican.

The cause of this conservative effect is simply that the literature of infancy draws its materials from the first springs of human passion, and is addressed to those moral instincts which are beyond the reach of conventional tastes or judgments (the most temporary of all decisions, since every age has its orthodoxy, predestined to be the heterodoxy of another). The literature of the nursery is founded in the elements of human action; every little tale has its moral, every story its object. The personal vanity of "Goody Two Shoes," the false calculation of "The House that Jack built," the vain glory of that "little great captain" the adventurous "Tom Thumb," the wisdom of *Poucet*, with his seven-leagued boots and his seven dull brothers, (a

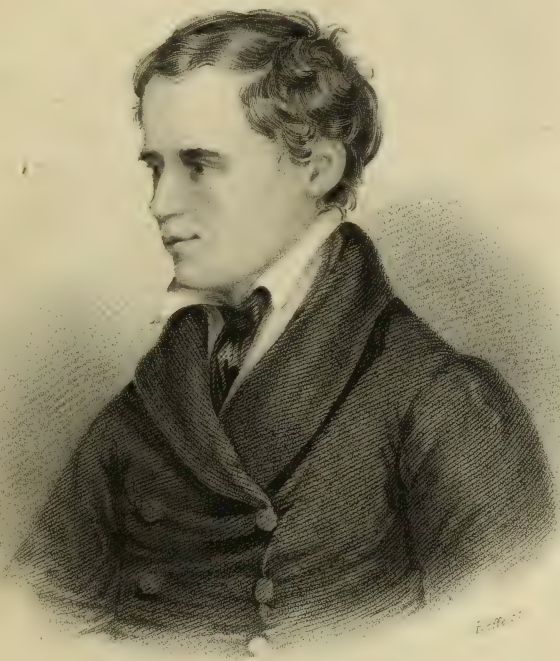
perfect image of reason working against prejudice, and of wit lording it over folly)—all are dramas of those passions which after-life only develops.

But, above all, and more delightful than all, where all is delightful, stands forth the immortal "*Puss in Boots*"—the Figaro of the nursery—plebeian but intelligent Puss, from whose adroit, clever, and plausible devices Beaumarchais may have borrowed the idea of his "*Barbier*." In this point of view, "*Puss in Boots*" may be considered as the type of energetic democracy, and founder of the "*movement*"—a principle better understood in the nursery than the study—a practical doctrine that must "come home to the hearts and bosoms of all" infant readers, who instinctively feel that to "keep moving" is the imperative law of nature—to be still, its penalty.

What, however, I like best in "*Puss in Boots*" is, that I am a sort of Puss in Boots myself. Unlike the Marquisses and Marchionesses of Carabas, and the Counts and Countesses Almaviva, "*qui ne se sont donnés que la peine de naître*," I have been, like Puss and Figaro, obliged to labour to live—one of the operatives of society; and it is, perhaps, this similitude (for sympathy in literature, as in other relations, is the true source of admiration) that has led me to read "*Puss in Boots*" oftener than any other story, which I had learnt by heart long before I had learnt to read.

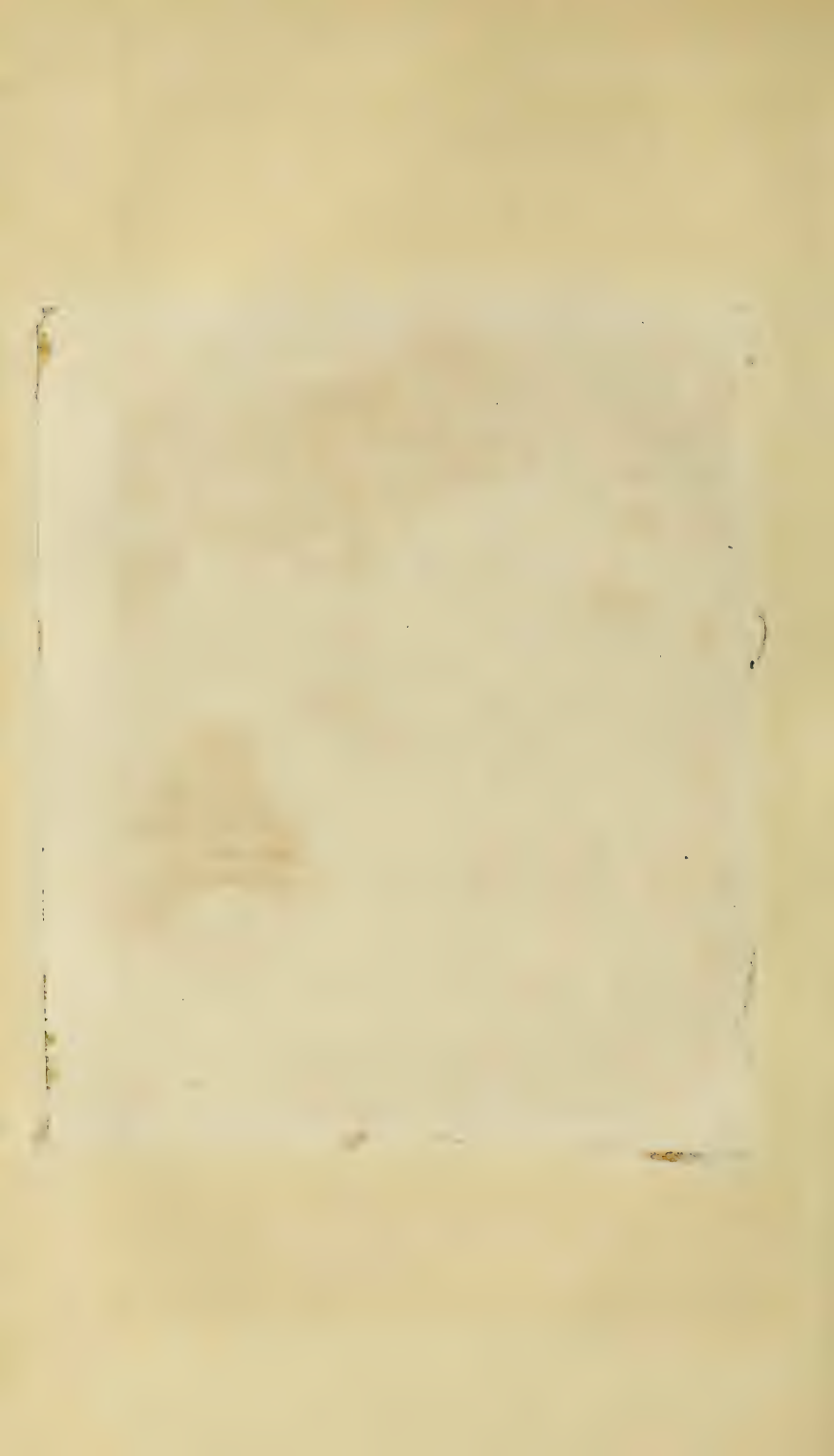
There is, too, a quality inherent in Puss that is supremely mine, the self-appropriation of all that is delectable in nature or art, for the time being of its enjoyment; an ideal possession, that has often consoled me for the many privations of the real and personal goods of life. Still rolling on!—by temperament a "Poster of the sea and land"—I am to-day mistress of Chatsworth, to-morrow of Woburn. I have thus reigned over the Colosseum for a month of moonlights, and have enjoyed the magnificence of the fairy halls of Stafford House, as if every Raphael or Murillo were the selections of my own taste, and the purchases of my own munificence.

Between Puss and myself, however, there is this difference, that while he and his master endeavour to impose their assumption on others as a fact, my fleeting appropriations are reserved for the *délices* of my own feelings. The faculty, such as it is, has through life given an artificial interest to every spot I have visited or dwelt on. If I did not find the interest *à point nommé*, I sought for it; and the excitement of the pursuit always compensated for the trouble, and occasionally for the disappointment. What was I to Pimlico, or Pimlico to me, when chance and its delicious park and gardens tempted me some few springs



Allen Cunningham

Alat 38



back to make a lodgment in this ancient district of the liberty of our good city of Westminster? My first impressions of its advantages, moral and physical, were indelible; and from the number of its literary, scientific, and artist residents,(1) it became to me the Port-Royal of the mighty metropolis of mind; while its plantations of mignonette, and wildernesses of violets, were my daily haunts, as they are now become my ancient neighbourhood.

From admiring, I proceeded to explore—to get acquainted with every tree, tradesman, and tradition “*du quartier.*” There I was, pottering about, cloaked and capoted, late and early, questioning here, and cross-questioning there, from the lordly dwellers of porticos and verandahs, to the lowly tenant of Lady Dacre’s charitable asylum for pauper old age. All submitted to my inquisitorial survey, and my appetite “growing with what it fed on,” I gradually became the dupe of my own prestiges, fancied myself the Vasi or Fæa of the “eternal city of Westminster” and its campagna of Pimlico, till its gardens were elevated to the dignity of the hanging gardens of Semiramis, and the “old house up the lane,” to the *maison quarrée de Nîmes*. I pursued “these *fouilles*” with the enthusiasm, if not with the classical taste of the late Duchess of Devonshire. Pimlico became the Pompeii of my imagination, and proved in the interest it excited—

“That nothing *is* but thinking makes it so.”

Without, alas! eyes to write, I have still an instinct to scribble; and so, ere the genius of speculation or the principle of reform cuts down the cotton-tree under whose shade Milton once dreamed, or destroys the studio where Chantrey still works, I would fain “prate of my whereabouts.”

Pimlico, a district of the city of Westminster, lying due west of the British metropolis, is said to have no legitimate and ascertained boundaries. The distinction of its name, still “lengthening as it goes,” under the arbitrary influence of fashion and Mr. Cubitt, has spread far beyond its supposed limits in the seventeenth century, for it already extends from the broad sanctuary of the Abbey to the further confines of the principality

(1) Pimlico seems at all times to have been a chosen residence of the *sommits* of various departments of mind; and it boasts among its present, or *quondam* residents, Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, Lords Erskine, J. Russell, Brougham, Morpeth; Bentham, Cobbett, the Kembles, Popes, Allan Cunningham, Carey, H. L. Bulwer, Chorley, Chantrey, Westmacott, Murchison, Mesdames Shelley, Sheridan, Pardoe, the Editor of the “*Athenæum*,” G. Darley, Madame d’Arblay, and a long etcetera of names not unknown to fame, to which may now be added one of the greatest poetical illustrations of the age—Thomas Campbell.

of Grosvenor—a sovereignty whose revenues might purchase the domains of half the Duchini of Italy, or Graafs of Germany.

Pimlico, as at present it stands, is bounded on the extreme west by the ex-marshes of its own five fields, those diamond mines of intelligent enterprise, whose paths are paved with gold, and whose sites are purchaseable at “the price beyond that of rubies.” These five fields were some fifty years back offered to his Majesty George III. for a few hundreds per annum, for the purpose of enlarging the gardens of Buckingham House; but the thrifty and royal agriculturist is said to have rejected the extravagant proposition; and the five fields, once the focus of loyalty, the scenes of many a volunteer parade and train-band review, were left for future exploitation, and for the dispersion of wealth through its most legitimate channel—employment of the labouring classes.

Over the greensward of the five fields now rises those western palaces of eastern splendour which have converted murky London from a city of brick into a city of marble; for before the rural magnificence of Belgrave Square and its purlieus, the low red rambling edifices of Grosvenor Square (that *via sacra* of dowager aristocracy,) blink and wax dim, like their own old oil-lamps contrasted to the radiance of the modern gas burner.

To the east, Pimlico is bounded by St. James’s Park; but, though Buckingham and James’s Gate are said to form its iron barrier, still, as Pimlico was a district of Westminster, the imaginative topographer may be permitted to include within its precincts the Birdcage Walk—where Milton’s house and garden still stand—where the mansion of his aristocratic neighbour, Lord Scudamore, still totters—where the adjoining sturdy brick edifice to the right may be seen, in which lived Constantia Philips, a brave-spirited woman, who emitted lights on the common justice of humanity, which her illustrious successor, (1) under the same roof, improved for the benefit and illumination of ages yet unborn.

To the north, Pimlico is terminated by a long line of royal gardens, and by a palace, over whose domes falls a halo of moral interest, which effacing their architectural defects, renders them the bright beacon of a nation’s hopes. There sleeps and wakes (the sweet sleep of early youth—the bright vigil of concentrated and unworn energies, ripened prematurely to high purposes), the fair young sovereign of the greatest nation of the earth, the guardian of its rights, and child of its affection! May

(1) Bentham, whose first attention to the defects of the law was drawn by the autobiography of Constantia Philips. This writer occupied her house in St. James’s Park.

"All good grow with her!

In her days may every man eat in safety,
Under his own vine, that which he plants,

And sing the merry song of peace to all his neighbours!" *Shakspeare.*

A homely prayer, but including all that philanthropy can wish for, or reform effect; a prayer, realized by the wisest monarch "the country e'er was blessed withal," and that monarch a woman! Daughters of the land, this is *your* epoch, when "England expects every woman will do her duty." Be true, then, to yourselves, and to the great cause upheld by that "fair vestal, throned in the west," who represents you; and then, as the old epilogue has it, "all the best men are with us." (1)

So much for the boundaries of Pimlico!—like other boundaries, removeable at the pleasure of expediency, which uproots the barriers of greater regions, and removes the frontiers of more ancient states, till formal old Europe, and her balance of power principalities, scarcely know their own. Such as it is now, Pimlico contains within its circuit much of the elements of society, in all the changes and combinations of its progress. Here are churches for all religions, hospitals for all maladies, palaces for peers, refuges for paupers, cottages of gentility for dandy celibacy, and *maisonnettes* (that look like palaces seen through the reversed end of a telescope) for the younger brotherhood of "the order," whose broods of "pretty little ones," sporting in its green enclosures, seem purposely emparked, to serve for models to the poetical chisel of their neighbour, Westmacott. (2)

One of the earliest notices of Pimlico in the literature of the seventeenth century, is to be found in a comedy by Thomas Green (a contemporary of Shakspeare), printed in London, for John Trundle, 1614, with a curious wood-cut—a man uttering the words "*Tu quoque!*" (the name of the play,) which, with a quaint preface by Thomas Heywood, and a punning epitaph on the author by some unknown elegiac Joe Miller, presents altogether a curious literary relic of that most stirring time of mind.

The mention of Pimlico is prefaced by another bit of topographical antiquarianism—"The Maze in Tuttle"—the Tothill Street of Westminster, in the purlieu of Pimlico, of the present day. The scene is sufficiently illustrative of the habits and manners of the frequenters of the Crockfords of that century, and of the bad morals that prevailed among the gentlemen of England, who, in those bad times, actually frequented gambling-houses, and cheated each other:—

[*A party at quarrel at a gaming-table.—Spendall loses his money.*]

Spendall. You seeme a gentleman, and you may perceive,
I have some respect unto your credite

(1) Henry VIII.—*Shakspeare.*

(2) The younger.

To take you thus aside; will you restore
What you ha' drawne from me unlawfullie?

Staines. Sirra, by your outside you seeme a citizen,
Whose cockseomb I were apt enough to breake,
But for the lawe; goe, ye'are a praling jacke,
Nor is't your hopes of crying out for clubbes
Can save you from my chastisement, if once
You shall but dare to utter that againe.

Spend. You lie, you dare not.

Sta. Lie! Nay, villaine, now thou tempt'st me to thy death.

Spend. Soft, you must buy it dearer;
The best blood flowes within you is the price.

Sta. Darest thou resist, thou art no citizen.

Spend. I am a citizen.

Sta. Say thou arte a gentleman, and I am satisfied,
For then I know thou'lt answer me in field.

Spend. I'll say directly what I am—a citizen,
And I will meeete thee in the field as fairly
As the best gentleman that weares a sword.

Sta. I accept it. The meeting place?

Spend. Beyond the Maze in Tuttle.

Sta. What weapon?

Spend. Single rapier.

The Maze then was some "wild wilderness" in Tuttle, the Chalk Farm of the day.

Pimlico is introduced into another scene, which gives an amusing insight into the cockney manners of that age. Sir Lionel, a city trader, has lately been knighted, and, full of his new honours, is resolved on giving a *fête* to his friends. His note of preparation to his servant is full of detail.

[*Enter Sir Lionel and a Servant. Sir Lionel is a merchant and trader, recently knighted, and puffed up with his honours.*]

Sir Lionel. Come, come, fellow me, knave, follow me—I have the best nose i' the house, I thinke; either we shall have rainie weather, or the vault's un-stopped; sirra, goe see. I would not have my guests smell out any such inconvenience. Doe you heare, sirra Symon?

Servant. Sir?

Sir L. Bid the kitchen-maid skewre the sinke, for the wind lies just upon it.

Serv. I will, sir.

Sir L. And bid Anthony put on his white fustian doublet, for he must wait to-day; it doth mee so much good to stirre and talke, to place this and displace that, that I shall need no apothecaries' prescriptions. I have sent my daughter, this morning, as farre as Pimliko, to fetch a draught of Darby ale, that it may fetch a color in her cheeks.

Pimlico, then, in the early part of the seventeenth century, was celebrated for its air and its ale; and in the times of the Shakespeares, the Ben Jonsons, and the Greenes, was a place of note worth quoting.

Its early topographical history, however, and the origin of its local appellation, are involved in mystery, and, like that of Troy, and Rome, and other sites of remote civilization, are rather

guessed at than known. The antiquarians of the district trace its name (spelled Pimblico in some ancient surveys) to a place in the extreme east of London, where a street leading from Hoxton Town to Haberdashers' Row still bears the same name. The word haberdasher itself, applied to a row, or a street, marks its antiquity : *haber-das-hier*—have you that here? a phrase most probably introduced by the high German merchants of Edward III.'s time, and applied to a place in which, like the modern bazaar or arcade, every thing was to be found necessary to every-day wants and fashions. On this subject, however, some historic doubts have been started; and the establishment of the Haberdashers' Company, who may have held there a mart, or inn, or hall, is suggested as having, in more modern times, given their name to a row in the north-east of London.

Certain it is, however, that, towards the close of the sixteenth century, there once dwelt in this quarter of "the liberties of our city" a man of substance, a wealthy burgher, one Master Pimlico—probably some denizen of the city, *i. e.* an alien born—enabled by the king's patents to purchase lands, and leave them to his heirs; for Pimlico is neither a Saxon nor Norman name, and Master Pimlico was probably either a Lombardy goldsmith, or a merchant "of high Allemaine." This is the more probable, on account of his having raised gardens in a quarter within the jurisdiction of the mayor and aldermen of London, whose jealousy, at that epoch, of all merchant strangers was so great, that in the reign of Edward III. they extorted a royal charter, in which it is ordained, "that for the better securities of our liberties, granted to the citizens of our city of London, merchants and strangers coming into London should remain at board with the free-hosts of the city aforesaid, without keeping any houses or societies by themselves;" and that "there should be no brokers of any merchandizes, unless they were chosen thereunto by the merchants in the mysteries."

This churlish charter (the third of Edward III.), which denominates all foreign merchants "spies to the privy of the land," was confirmed by the "royal charter granted by Charles II. to the city of London." The wisdom of our mercantile ancestors of the good city of London was ever, as is well known, mystery and monopoly.

Master Pimlico's garden, or Pimlico Gardens, in the east of Temple Bar, must have become a place of public resort and notoriety, since the name of their site, and the tradition of their wealthy owner, still exist in that now remote quarter; but at what precise period the gardens of Pimlico in the east were transported to a salubrious village of the city of Westminster in the

west, is not exactly known. They are first alluded to in the earlier times of the Stuarts, in the commencement of the seventeenth century :—"bad times, my masters," times of miracles and mysteries, of plots and papistry; when the scarlet Lady of Babylon began to "call up a look," like Lady Pentweazel; and when there was no longer in "Protestant England,"

"Défense à Dieu,
De faire miracle dans ce lieu."

The gardens of Pimlico, therefore, may have travelled from east to west, through the air, like our Lady's house from Palestine to Loretto; and the present are not times to doubt miracles, when people read with their stomachs, and see with the back of their neck; when gallant guardsmen are thrown into ecstatic visions, like hysterical young ladies; and when legislative wisdom becomes liable to betray state secrets, under the potent manipulations of the magnetist. Who now will say that the power of interfering with the laws of nature may not have been thus extended to Pimlico Gardens for purposes beyond the reach of poor human wisdom? Certain it is, that the old high Catholic city of Westminster, at the epoch when Pimlico Gardens flourished in its purlieus, was frequently selected as a place most "fit for treason, stratagems, and"—*plots*—chosen as the site of strange doings, to uproot church and state, or rather to reseat both on their old basis. Here skulked and lodged Guy Vaux; here, some suppose, was first hatched the Gunpowder Plot (under the very nose of Westminster Abbey, perhaps in some of its monkish aisles, or idolatrous chapels); here were concocted the Popish and Rye House Plots, and many other plots, which, with "fear (or hope) of change, perplexing monarchs," brought power and patriotism alike to the scaffold and its axe.

Here, too, Pleasure (a Papist at heart) opened gardens, every day in the year, for public recreation, where the rich idle enjoyed themselves on week days, and the industrious poor (service over) on Sundays; for here bloomed and blossomed the far-famed Mulberry Gardens,(1) alluded to in the drama and poetry of the reign of Charles I., which preserved their fashion even through the unflowery and unpoetical reign of the Protector. Evelyn thus describes the Tory ton of London at that time:—"My Lady Gerard treated us at Mulberry Gardens, now y^e onely place of refreshment about the towne, for persons of y^e best quality to be exceedingly cheated at; Cromwell and his partisans having shut up and seized on Spring Garden, w^{ch}, till now, had been y^e usual rendezvous for the ladys and gallants at this season."

(1) The Mulberry Gardens covered the site, and gardens of the present new Palace of Pimlico.



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL, FROM NORTH-WEST.

Besides these gardens (dangerous as those of Armida) there were temples of heathen name, opened in the very heart of Pimlico, for the utter subversion of the orthodoxy of the people! In the rear of the Mulberry Gardens rose a festive pavilion, known in those times by the name of "Pan and the Bacchanals," with a sign (sketched, it is said, by Vandyke, or some other Popish painter), that attracted, in the stern days of Roundheadism, much suspicion—for Pan had horns and a cloven foot; and before the restoration of Charles II., the sign was transformed into "The Devil and the Bacchanals," a name which afterwards degenerated, under the anti-Presbyterian principle of high church ascendancy, into "The Devil and the Bag of Nails." The evil spirit once called here was never conjured, and true to its original destiny, the same site is still the resort of "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," which at this moment shine forth in all the light and lustre of a palace of the genius of Gin, but too well known (in vulgar parlance) as the "Bag of Nails," to many of the denizens of the vicinage of Pimlico.

The air of Pimlico, however, and its neighbourhood to the parks, halls, palaces, and glories of Westminster, induced taste, wealth, and pride, as well as politics and pleasure, to raise their standards on its sites. Here stood one of the earliest town residences of the noble and enlightened stock of the Howards. On the spot now occupied by James Street, fronting Buckingham Gate, and commanding the whole sweep of the beautiful Park, rose Tart Hall, and its vast gardens; of which it is said, that to a late period "many of its garden flowers still grew wild." Tart Hall was a noble mansion, built by that most accomplished patriot, Henry Howard (second son of the Earl of Arundel and Surrey), who had been created Viscount Stafford, with remainder to his heirs-male, in 1640. In 1648 he was accused by Titus Oates of being concerned in the "Popish Plot," and was arrested, in his happy home at Pimlico, with five other noblemen, whose crimes were their virtues and their patriotism. After lingering in his dreadful prison in the Tower for three years, he was brought to trial. It was one of those affecting and awful scenes, in which the lives of the noblest were sacrificed on the testimony of the vilest, for the worst of purposes by the worst of kings.

Lord Stafford was accompanied on this solemn occasion by his two young and fair daughters, the Marchioness of Winchester, and her sister, Lady Mary Howard, both celebrated for their beauty, and for that thoroughbred and distinguished bearing (to judge by their portraits), which is the inheritance of the daughters of the house of Howard to the present day. The Duchess of Portsmouth was also present at the sanguinary farce of Lord Staf-

ford's trial, (1) "dealing out smiles and *bon-bons* to the witnesses against him." What a picture! and what a contrast! The chaste beauty and pious sorrow of the unfortunate daughters! — the hardened effrontery and meretricious coquetry of the royal concubine! Lord Stafford was of course condemned to death, and on the 29th of December was beheaded on Tower Hill, declaring his innocence to the last. His estates were confiscated, and his magnificent mansion in Pimlico was turned, with its gardens, into a place of public entertainment and festivity. In 1720, the earliest home of the Howards in Pimlico was razed to the ground; but the historical name, with all its unalienable domestic virtues and public spirit, still illustrate the district, and add, to its other honours, the distinction of having been the residence of the family of Carlisle.

The increasing beauty and magnificence of St. James's Park, towards the latter part of the seventeenth century, under the special preference and protection of Charles II., increased the value of such of the Pimlico sites as commanded its malls, ponds, and islets. The park was then surrounded by and connected with the two palaces of Whitehall and St. James's. The king had also made some of its finest edifices the lodgings of his sultanas. Cleveland House, the magnificent mansion of the Duchess of Cleveland (to the moral annoyance of Evelyn), was sufficiently spacious to lodge an embassy, and occupied a spot not far from the Bridgewater House of the present day; and "Nelly's lodgings" (2) looked out from casements (near the late Harrington House), which commanded the Park and the Mulberry Gardens of Pimlico. The latter, thrown out of fashion, was granted by Charles II. to his favourite and minister, Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, who raised a magnificent mansion, where Buckingham Palace now stands. The sumptuousness of its patrician halls, and the fêtes given there on the occasion of the marriage of the young and beautiful heiress of the house of Bennet with the handsome Duke of Grafton, (the king's son by the Duchess of Cleveland), belong to the pleasantest Diary that ever was written. (3) Its vicinity

(1) "Hewas condemned," says the honest but high Tory Evelyn, "on the testimony of Oates and a Frenchman, Tuberville, swearing that they had delivered a commission to Viscount Stafford from the Pope, constituting him paymaster-general to an army *intended* to be raised. These men were the king's witnesses, and agents of a party. Lord Stafford observed, that the testimony of such witnesses should be admitted against the life of a peer was a monstrous thing; and," adds Evelyn, "it was a disgrace to our religion and our nation."

(2) Nelly, afterwards removed to a house in Pall Mall, long celebrated for the costly mirrors with which the walls of its saloons were lined, and still bearing, in the recollection of many, the name of its former mistress.

(3) Henry Bennet, second son of Sir John Bennet, of Dawley, was created Baron of Arlington on the 14th of March, 1663, and Earl of Arlington the



BENNET Earl of *ARLINGTON*.

to the park and palace occasionally subjected its noble mistress, the Countess of Arlington, to be called into services by her royal mistress, under circumstances that would have rendered such capricious royal ordonnances

“More honoured in the breach than the observance.”

Evelyn, after dining with “Lord Bath, Salisbury, Talbot, and *Mr. Dryden, the poet*,” going to prayer, and walking in the Park with Lord Clarendon (where “they fell into discourse on the Bishop of Salisbury, and his subtlety”), terminates his evening by calling in at Arlington House. There, he says, “I found Lady Arlington, groom of the stole to her Majesty, who being hardly seated at table, word was brought her that the Queen was going into the Park to walk, it being near eleven at night. The alarm caused the Countess to rise in all haste, and leave her supper to us. By this one may take an estimate of the extreme subjection courtiers live in, who have not time to eat and drink as they please.”

“The Park,” where majesty has walked at midnight, and statesmen and sages have discussed politics and philosophy, was then also the resort of fashion and frolic. There masked beauty played off the “ribboned chivalry” of the camp and court; there wit found refuge against foreign despotism, and science opened its first zoological garden, for the amusement rather than the edification of loungers of all classes. There the fair frail Shrewsburies and Chesterfields gave up their hearts and their hours to the Buckinghams, and the De Grammonts; there “La Belle Jennings” flirted between Hamilton and Dick Talbot, undecided if she should marry either, and finally *marrying both*; there her younger and cleverer sister first saw and conquered the conqueror of Europe, and inspired love as imperishable as his laurels; and there passed scenes, and were whispered secrets, of royal confidence and political importance, which some Lady Kitty Crackaddle, the waiting lady of the Princesses Anne and Mary, may have consigned to her diary, for the future exploitations and purchase of modern publishers, without the imputation of treachery, or stain of ingratitude.

22nd of April, 1672. He had an only daughter, Isabella, who married Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, for her first husband, on the 1st of August, 1672, and had by him Charles, an only son, who was born at Arlington House, 25th of October, 1683, and was the ancestor of the present Duke of Grafton. The duke, her husband, was wounded at the siege of Cork, and died on the 9th of October, 1690.

THE HOTEL DE CARNAVALET.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK.

THE state of society in France, during the seventeenth century (the vigil of the great epoch of transition which followed), presents one of the most important pages in the history of mankind: viewed at this distance of time, it forms also one of the most amusing. Exciting in its events, it was eminently dramatic in its scenes and groupings. Its details were graphic, and its combinations picturesque, beyond the reach of fanciful creation. With just enough remaining of the rude imagery of the middle ages to give a poetic and romantic character to the picture, and just sufficient civilization and refinement to redeem it from the coarseness of semi-barbarism, it afforded a last representation of institutions, a last glimpse of a phasis of society, which were to be rapidly succeeded by a total change in all. Forests, fortresses, the bristling ramparts, the *rendez-vous de chasse*, the court, the camp, the château, the manoir, the palace, the hostel, the shrine, the state prison, the convent, the hut of the peasant, the "house" of the burgher, all still remained at once subjects for the artist, and landmarks of that dreadful disparity in human conditions, arising from wrongs, oppressions, and errors, which, (drawn to their extremest tension, and about to burst by their own pressure), were destined never again to be reknit.

Such was the scenery of this melo-dramatic era; its *dramatis personæ* were still more striking and pictorial; every class moulded in its own physiological form—every grade habited in its own peculiar costume—every countenance energized by passion, or stultified by degradation, as nobility brought the consciousness of power, or slavery, unredeemed by right or privilege, sunk in passive obedience to its lot of ignorance and of suffering.

A social combination, so pregnant with all the symbols of poetry and romance, and, therefore, so amusing to retrace through the long vista of time, was yet based in false principles and gross illusions, the inevitable results of barbarism, and of its attendant credulity. Hollow, though cumbrous—false, though brilliant—the social structure was kept together, like one of those gigantic but childish machines, which, in the old court masques, (propelled by the most coarse and complicated means) nodded to its ruin at every motion. Its exterior, indeed, presented glittering forms, and gave effect to the most amusing incidents: but it concealed from sight the pain and labour by which it was supported; and it betrayed not the immensity of cost so disproportionate to the paltry ends it was calculated to effect.

The seventeenth century opened in France with the birth of the second of the Bourbons, Louis XIII. It received much of its character and colouring from the peculiar temperament of that fatal family; and more particularly from him, whose salient reign, unsurpassed despotism, and extraordinary longevity, drew to a point and harmonized to a system the demoralizing and disorganizing elements which met him on his entrance upon power.

Between the hardy, well-bred, frank-hearted founder of the Bourbon dynasty and his descendants, or rather his successors, there was little resemblance, either physical or moral. The sons of the Italian and Austro-Spanish queens exhibited few traces of the superior characteristics of their immortal predecessor. They were of a different mould and temper from the "brave Bearnois;" and they resembled much more the Philips and the Medici, than him to whose genius and virtues they have so often referred posterity for the family qualifications.

They found the age they were called upon to influence well fitted to receive the impulse they were desirous to give to it. The peasantry still continued what they had been from the beginning—serfs of the soil; no item of their degradation effaced, no particular of their slavery redeemed. The inhabitants of the towns and cities oppressed, not protected, by their provincial parliaments, were burghers without independence, and tradesmen without knowledge of commerce; which latter was then confined to England, Holland, Venice, Genoa, Flanders, and the Levant. The industry of the nation, concentrated chiefly on the production of costly futilities, was little better than a strenuous idleness. Workers of tapestry, painters of fans, inlayers of gold, silver, brass, and wood, jewellers, lace-makers, hair-dressers, and embroiderers—the artisans of France were devoted more to gratifying the luxury and ostentation of the few, than to providing for the wants, and developing the energies of the many.(1)

The natural and almost inevitable consequences of this direction of industry were frequent fluctuations in trade, insolvency, and ruin. It was a law in the code of aristocratic morality, to pay no debts, but those of honour; and to regard common probity as the prejudice of a *roturier* education. In a commercial nation this cannot be; but in a society where none had rights, where a few had privileges, and where the will of one was the

(1) Towards the close of the century, indeed, Colbert gave to France her manufactories of silk and woollen, and purchased the looms and the art of stocking-weaving at a high price from other countries. To this great man Louis XIV. owes his best claims to the epithet of "Great," in general so falsely bestowed upon him.

law of all—where the higher classes were cheats like the De Grammonts, coiners like Pomenais, and fraudulent profligates like the Richelieus, such a state of morality was natural and consistent.

The French aristocracy, whose feudal independence had been broken down by Louis XI., whose proud spirit had been tamed by Cardinal Richelieu (the virtual king of France, and real arbiter of Europe, under the name of Louis XIII.,) were degraded, under the personal despotism of Louis XIV., to the “mean ambition” of serving in his antechamber, catering for his seraglio, and receiving the grace and dignity of their being from the breath of him whom they called emphatically “the master.” The League and the Fronde, indeed, stirring events of incalculable though remote benefit to the nation, had preserved to the nobility an air of faction, and a semblance of independence; but their participation in those public movements had no higher motives than their own selfish ambition and personal jealousies.

The religious wars of the “holy league” originated in the rivalry of the two great houses of the De Guise and the Montmorency; (1) and the intrusion of the princes and nobles into the bold and honest resistance of the citizens of Paris to unjust taxation, during the Fronde, had no other object than the intrigues of the Orleans, the Condés, the Longuevilles, and the De Retz; who, like the rest of their order, aimed at the ruin of the queen and of Mazarin—the recovery of their own overwhelming influence—the security of their own dangerous privileges—and the indulgence of their own licentious passions. Still maintaining those signorial rights over their wretched serfs, which it now blanches the cheek of humanity to enumerate, they had surrounded themselves with the *prestige* of an inherent superiority, which none disputed, and few even dared to doubt. “*Les princes du sang et autres nobles,*” says an old writer of Louis the Thirteenth’s time, “*ont tousiers esté sacrées personnes, comme les colonnes et appuis de la couronne;*” and “*sacrées personnes,*” beings of a superior mould and temper from the rest of their species, the French aristocracy of the seventeenth century still claimed to be. Yet then, even then, their position, unadapted to any durable condition of society, furnished to the observation of philosophy an evidence of their coming destruction.

Louis XIV., the son of Anne of Austria, and grandson of the atrocious Philip II., so well known in the bloodiest annals of England and of Flanders, inherited the temperament of his mother’s family: his legitimacy, indeed, and right to the throne of France,

(1) Leur première dispute fut pour l’estat du grand maître, que le roi donna au Duc de Guise, et en dépouilla Monsieur de Montmorenci.—*Histoire de la Ligue.*

was doubted even by his reputed and feeble father. (1) Born with an instinct towards despotism, and cradled on a throne, his reply, when but four years old, to Louis XIII., (2) was as indicative of his future vocation, as his celebrated *l'état c'est moi*, or his speech at his first council on taking the reins of government: "*Vous savez mes volontés, Messieurs; c'est à vous de les exécuter.*" (3)

The *volontés* of a vain uneducated boy were then the law of the nation, and the destiny of millions! Believing royalty to be an entity, and not an accident—and fancying that to be born on a throne was the result of a divine calling, a creation out of the common roll of ordinary humanity, Louis acted through life under this false impression; and, having been deprived by his ambitious mother of the lowest rudiments of education, no light of knowledge ever beamed on his besotted pride to discover the illusion, or to check its fatal results. He lived, therefore, and ruled as one to whom the destiny of his subjects was committed, without the control of any law, or responsibility to any tribunal. How capriciously he sacrificed their liberties and their lives, the private memoirs, even more than the public records of his reign, fearfully attest.

To this despotism France had nothing to oppose. The people, disgusted with the selfish factiousness of the nobility, (who, after exciting them to rebellion, had betrayed and sold them,) impoverished also, and intimidated by unsuccessful resistance, were crushed and broken-spirited; hopeless and helpless: the nobility, disunited among themselves, and without support from the commons, were already beaten down in detail, and deprived as a body of all power, save that which was reflected from the grace and favour of the monarch. To obtain that favour, and to counteract the intrigues of rivals, they quitted their ancient baronial castles, and, flocking to the seat of government, sank at once into courtiers and voluptuaries. Filling the most domestic offices

(1) After twenty-two years of childless matrimony, Anne of Austria produced a son (some writers say two). Accused by the king and his ministers of various gallantries and of conspiracies (one even against her husband's life, with the intention of marrying his brother Gaston, the Duke of Orleans), Anne sought to extort from him, in his last moments, an avowal of her innocence. The dying king refused, and said to Chavigni, his secretary of state, "*En l'état où je suis, je dois lui pardonner; mais je ne peux la croire!*"

(2) After the ceremony of his christening, (which did not take place till he was four years old,) he was taken to the king, who asked him what name he had received. "*Je m'appelle Louis Quatorze.*" he stoutly replied. "*Pas encore, pas encore.*" said the king, in angry emotion.

(3) Even in his last days of adversity, Louis XIV. had not got rid of his belief in his divine right; and said, "*Dieu donc a oublié tout ce que j'ai fait pour lui!*"

about the person of "their master," as *menins*, pages, grooms of the chamber, and, "officers of the mouth," (1) disputing for the distinction of presenting to the king his shirt, or changing his plate, and too proud if they might be admitted "*du voyage*" in the royal excursions, packed up with the rest of the *valetaille*, with footmen and furniture, *tendeurs* and tapestry, and other moveables of ostentatious luxury. Ambitious only of the "*casaque bleu*," (2) they wholly lost sight of their feudal "*vie de château*," where chivalry had bred up her gallant sons, and where all that old France had known of independence was born and nurtured. Not to have a sumptuous hotel in the aristocratic quarters of Paris, and a pavilion within view of the turrets of some royal mansion in its environs, was to be beyond the pale of distinction, under the ban of royal indifference, and excluded from all honours, wealth, promotion, and favour. To be "*relégué à son château*," "*exilé à sa terre*," was a stigma, which (once inflicted) was never effaced. It broke the hearts of some, it left others to pine in hopeless despondency through life. Against this overwhelming ruin, fortune had no remedy, philosophy no defence, religion no consolation.

To compensate for such utter degradation of the aristocracy, the wealth of the nation was concentrated on the heads of its members. All places of power or emolument in the church, the army, the court, and the government, became the plunder of the nobility; pensions, presents, commands, offices, all paid by extortions wrung from the ruined people, provided for every extravagance, and gratified every passion to satiety. The king frequently paid the debts of the favourite of the day, when creditors were too importunate, or important, to be got rid of by other means.

The competition in sumptuousness and magnificence, thus fostered, and almost commanded, covered Paris with palaces, and its neighbourhood with villas, such as Florence and Genoa could not rival in vastness and expense, nor Rome surpass, save only in beauty and in taste.

The passion for architecture and painting had arisen in France so far back as in the time of Francis I.; and the progress of these arts had been materially forwarded by the Italian queens, who brought with them to their ultramontane thrones the tastes, as well as the vices, that marked the family temperament of the

(1) Absurd and undignified as this may appear, still even in these times of reform, the courts of Europe, from St. James's to St. Petersburg, are modelled upon that of Versailles and the Tuileries under the "grand monarque."

(2) The livery of the monarch for those who followed him to Fontainebleau, Versailles, etc. etc.



COLBERT.

7-21-'86.

Boston.

Medici. Cardinal Richelieu, magnificent as he was despotic, built for himself a palace (the Palais Royal) in which kings were proud to lodge; and he obtained a glory by the establishment of academies and schools of art, which kings might emulate, but could not exceed.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century, the hotels of Paris were losing their character of fortresses. The crenelated towers of the Hôtel de Guise, and the Hôtel de Soissons, (1) where the proud Duchess of Montpensier and the politic Catherine de Medici had each respectively concocted their conspiracies against human life and liberty, were already considered as *bicoques*, when compared to the Palladian palaces raised by the travelled genius of Bullant and Cerceau, the successors of old Pierre-l'Escot, de Mercier, and Sarazan; all of whom worked on the beautiful Louvre, and drew a letter of credit on the admiration of posterity, which posterity still is well disposed to honour.

Bullant returned from a long residence in Italy imbued with all the taste of that native region of the arts, and with all the extravagance borrowed from the gigantic projects of popes and cardinals. Seized upon by the Constable de Montmorency, who gave him *carte blanche*, he raised the château of Ecouen, with an utter disregard of expense, and in perfect accordance with the wealth and the orders of his magnificent patron. The Hôtels de Sully, de Bouillon, de Matignon, de Toulouse, de Gars, de Conti, de Soubise, rose in rival vastness and splendour, under the presiding genius successively of de Cerceau and Mansard. To calculate the scale of expenditure, or to put a limit on the means placed at the disposal of either, were deemed insults by the haughty architects. Mansard refused Colbert's proposition to rebuild the Louvre, unless he was permitted to throw down one day what the caprice of another preceding one had approved. The President de Longueil, a *sous-intendant de finance*, employed him, on the same terms, to build him a mansion; and Mansard, availing himself of the licence, continued for years to throw down and reconstruct, without once consulting his employer on the subject. "But," says the biographer of the architect, "he (the *sous-intendant*) was rich enough to afford such a latitude of discretion; and he obtained in return the satisfaction of inhabiting one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of French architecture.

Painting, sculpture, gilding, inlaying, and gardening, were

(1) One tower of the Hôtel de Soissons, a hundred feet high, still remains *enclavé* in the Halle au Blé. It is the scene of the principal incident of the popular drama of Henri III.; and is encrusted with allegorical ornaments, torn wreaths, and broken mirrors, with the letters C and H interlaced, all expressive of the love and viduity of Catherine, who built the edifice for astrological purposes.

called in to give the highest finish to these modern palaces. The genius of Vouet, and of his disciples, Le Brun, Le Sueur, Mignard, Du Fresnoy, Coypel, etc., enriched the walls and ceilings; and the looms of Italy and the Gobelins were rendered tributary for decorations, which, sumptuous as they were, brought little profit to the funds of national industry.

The prevalence, among a privileged class, of notions and of habits thus extravagant, give fearful note of privation and misery among the industrious, and of a vicious misgovernment of the whole. For, the productive power of the human individual being limited by his physical and moral capabilities, no honest and acknowledgeable distribution of the proceeds could feed such lavish expense. The average capability of a people to procure for themselves comforts and enjoyments will necessarily vary with the variations in climate, locality, population, institutions, and the general commerce of the age and nation. But, under the most favourable circumstances, it can never become so high as to admit of an unbounded luxury in the few, unbased in extortion, and the robbery of the many. In one country domestic slavery, in another predial slavery, in a third unrepresented taxation, in a fourth military conquest, may place the unrequited labour of the lower classes at the disposition of the higher; but in none can lawful industry, unbacked by privilege, render enormous accumulations of wealth frequent; and they exist not any where, without producing, as if by an electric polarity, a proportionate mass of desolating want and deplorable suffering.

It is under the pressure of such fearful injustice, that cities of palaces arose in Paris over regions of hovels, and that marble and precious stones beamed in mockery over the mud and misery of poverty and discomfort. The palaces of the Italian Republics were the purchase of commerce, and paid for by imported wealth, the fruit of their monopoly in the markets of the world, the sweat of serfs in distant and unobserved lands. But the wealth of the French aristocracy, founded in military conquest, and increased by the political corruptions of after times, flowed from domestic violence and oppression; and it prepared that dreadful revolution, in which the nobility expiated the crimes of their ancestors and their own, by a sweeping extermination.

Commerce did not flourish in France to feed the arts, till towards the end of the seventeenth century, and then under unwise restrictions, which the greatest financier of the realm, Colbert, had not the genius to acknowledge or remove. The arts, consequently placed under the exclusive patronage of aristocracy, were not congenial to the genius of the land. The schools founded by Richelieu and Colbert produced only a horde

of artists, whose multitudinous names are now forgotten, and whose insipid allegories still fade and perish on the walls and ceilings of the old and vast hotels, where their tasteless but sumptuous proprietors gave to talent the bare means of existence, in return for eternizing their own vanity and emblazoning their self-love.

Whenever a great genius emanated from amidst this mass of mediocrity, it fled to more genial climes. Poussin and Claude Lorraine abandoned the banks of the Seine for the Pincio, and the academy of the despot at Paris for that of St. Luke at Rome. Poor Vouet sought to follow their example, but was hurried from his ennobling studies at the Vatican by *lettres de cachet*, which doomed him to immortalize the tyrant who issued them, and to consecrate his own genius to ridicule, by endless representations of the royal "god of day," smirking "*noblement et avec dignité*", on nymphs and graces, whose originals it would have been an epigram to paint as Diana or the Muses.(1)

Though the arts were sought after with avidity, and liberally remunerated, the artists were despised. The Mansards and the Le Bruns, (tyrants in *their* way,) were but menials in the ante-chambers of their extravagant patrons; and, while their enormous demands enabled them to raise domestic edifices for themselves, elegant and elaborate as the hotels of their employers, they dared assume no higher name for them than "their house." "*La maison Mansard*," "*la maison Le Brun*," still bear evidence of the wonderful extent to which the ruinous passion for building had gone, towards the middle of the reign of Louis XIV., and of the low grade the owners themselves held in society.

The Hôtel de Matignon (in St. Germain des Prés) covered four English acres with its court and gardens, in which was a small and beautiful edifice called the "Petit Palais," more suited to the enjoyment of its inhabitants than the great building. This was a common appendage to the great hotels, and was destined to the same purposes as the Venetian Casino. The Hôtels de Rambouillet, de Villars, de Harcourt, de Rohan, de Bouillon, de la Rochefoucauld, and countless others, still tell the story of the times, and proclaim the magnificence and boundless wealth of their founders. The Hôtel de Soubise, now open to public inspection, as the repository of the royal archives, has already

(1) Vouet, anxious to escape from the humiliating patronage of the French princes and nobles, by whom the arts were employed, not appreciated, put himself under the protection of Urban VIII., who made him prince of the Academy. He married a wealthy wife, and enjoyed the friendship of all the men of genius of Italy. From this happy condition, he was recalled to France by a royal mandate, and to his despair presented with the undignified distinction of *Peintre du Roi*.

been noticed,(1) but never adequately described. The Hôtel de Toulouse is a fair specimen of this class of buildings, both as to their architecture, and to the distribution of their apartments, which throw a light on the manners of the day.

The vast and ostentatious salons raised for representation, the nests of little cabinets called "*les petits appartemens*," reserved for business or comfort, intrigue or conspiracy, with the *cheminées tournantes*, sliding panels, back stairs, dark closets, and endless "passages" which often "led" to a great deal—spoke of that social insecurity, and necessity for concealment, incidental to a despotic government, and the false position of the very highest ranks.

The Hôtel de Soubise was built upon the plan of Mansard. The order of its *corps de logis* and wings was Doric, the latter surmounted by an elaborate balustrade. The great stairs, as was then usual, were placed at the extremity of the vestibule, in the angle of the left wing. They were ornamented by pilasters, intersected with trophies and sculpture, by Charpentier and Marceau. The Salle des Rois and Salle des Amiraux (two vast rooms on the *rez de chaussée*,) the state apartments on the first floor, the *petits appartemens* in the wings, the interminable galleries, were repositories of all that art and luxury could produce; and the description of their details, still extant, fills a volume which would make the despair of a modern virtuoso.

In those grand but now antiquated and gloomy quarters, where still stand the sumptuous edifices of the seventeenth century, labelled with historic names, there are, however, but few hotels which create a moral interest, or awaken an intellectual association, to prompt inquiry, or to check the passenger's speed. Many are converted into public offices, many into places of public resort, baths, taverns, manufactories, public schools; while the greater number are occupied as *hôtels garnis*, receptacles of all classes, from the pauper in the *mansarde*,(2) to the prince, *au premier*; from the *petit commis* in the *entresol*, to the maimed member of the *vieille garde*, in the *loge du portier*, once only confided to the fidelity of foreigners, as the "*parlez au Suisse*" still indicates.

Some few there are which still shelter the descendants of their once powerful founders, who, reduced to their own personal qualifications for whatever suffrages they obtain from society, live on, without one time-consecrated prejudice to protect their pretension from ridicule, or redeem their inability from contempt. These scions of a worn-out stock still retain a competency

(1) France in 1829—30.

(2) *Mansarde*—the loft under the naked tiles of the high-ridged roof, so called after the architect, who introduced that style of building.



M^{me} des Lafayette.

Née en 1688 - Morte en 1763

3/8. / 8/.

pare.

sufficient for their wants, and even for their enjoyments (derived from "*locataires*" as independent, and haply more opulent, than themselves), though they are deprived of that ill-gotten and exuberant wealth which hurried on the destruction of their class, and left little to commemorate its existence, save the edifices which now stand eloquent monuments of national bankruptcy, anarchy, and revolution! The hotels of the Birons, the De Villars, the De Maines, and a hundred others, attract no foreign visitants, revive no associations. Few know, fewer care, what site they occupy, what quarter they dominate.

Still, among the stupendous fabrics of St. Antoine, St. Avoie, and the Marais, there is one, to which the pilgrim steps of literary enthusiasm turn with the same devotional curiosity, as conducts the pious votary of other and holier shrines. The Hôtel de Carnavalet is still sought for by every representative of the intellectuality and education of Europe, in their indispensable pilgrimage to the metropolis of European civilization. "*L'appartement de ma fille*," "*l'appartement du petit bon*," seem rather recollections than discoveries; and the topography of the entire mansion, like that of the home of our youth, is familiar to its visitants; who, whether they come from the banks of the Thames or the Tibur, from the Rhine or the Dnieper, are animated by the same interests, and led by the same associations.

The charm, the spell, which hovers over this hotel, is, simply, that something more than a century back it was the residence of a charming woman—a woman, however, who made no claims on posterity, and never dreamed of fame; for she was not like the De Mottevilles, the Montpensiers, the Mazarins, the Contis, and the D'Orleans, the heroine of her own memoirs. She was not a poetess, like the Des Houlières—a romance writer, like Mademoiselle Scudery—a novelist, like Madame Lafayette—a professed wit, like Madame Cornuel—nor the president of a *côterie*, like the lady of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. She was not a stateswoman, nor a churchwoman, nor an author; and yet she has survived, in the memory of posterity, those female notabilities of her time, who were all these, and much more than these; and the modest mansion consecrated by her residence is sought after, and examined with a fond and lingering feeling, which time seems rather to increase than to obliterate. This woman was Marie de Rabutin, Dame de Chantal, and Marchioness de Sévigné—high-sounding titles, now signifying nothing, save as they intimate the existence of one whose happy nature and superior organization placed her in the fore-ground of female excellence.

The Hôtel de Carnavalet dates back as far as the close of the sixteenth century, when it was the scene of an adventure of

gallantry to the Duc de Guise, of singular consequence. The anecdote, however, is rather a tradition attached to the mansion, than a fact attested by history. This hotel stands in the Rue de la Culture St. Catherine, on the confines of the Marais. It was esteemed in the seventeenth century for its architecture, and was quoted as one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Bullant and Du Cerceau, its first architects. Grugion, their contemporary, was employed upon its sculptures; and Mansard, at a later epoch, undertook to raise its *façade* a story higher. Religiously respecting, however, the works of his predecessors, Mansard added, without altering.

The *corps de logis*, with two wings, which occupy a spacious court, is embellished with twelve gigantic figures, in *demi-relief*, representing the signs of the Zodiac, by Grugion. Above the great entrance is a *cartouche*, filled with armorial bearings, and the whole is encumbered with that allegorical sculpture, indispensable to the mansions of the aristocracy, when the Hôtel de Carnavalet was raised.

With all its architectural magnificence, this building would have sunk into oblivion, with the other great and noble hotels of its neighbourhood, but that about the year 1651 it became the residence of the young and widowed lady, who, dating from it her private and familiar letters to her children and her friends, gave to its walls an interest never to be destroyed, so long as a fragment of the apartments in which those singular and attractive compositions were produced shall remain to stimulate curiosity, and to awaken imagination.

In the distribution, names, and fixtures of the apartments, nothing is changed since the time of Madame de Sévigné. An entrance on the left wing (approaching it from the court) leads to the stairs, every step of which she has marked with a recollection expressed with the grace and nature which, coming more from the heart than the head, form a style that never grows old. The stairs terminate in an ante-chamber, which opens into Madame de Sévigné's own suite. The salon, or reception-room, is spacious and light. Here, from youth to age, during half a century of the most brilliant epoch of refined society, the pleasantry, the conciliating spirit, the intellectual *naïvete*, much more than the genius or rank of its immortal mistress, drew around her all that France boasted of worth or wit. "*Mon coin de feu*," from which she so often dates her charming domestic chronicles, is a spacious hearth at the head of the room, ornamented with a handsome chimney-piece, with *chenets* or dogs, on which the great Condé might have rested his feet, and La Rochefoucauld reposed his gouty legs.

Close to the chimney of this apartment, a little door opens into



Erdinand . pinx . t

Landon direc . t

6-2nd-185th
N.Y.

her *cabinet de travail*, which was also her dressing-room. It communicated with her sleeping-apartment, and with a room for her two maids, Helen and Marie, whom she has rendered personages as historical as herself. The windows of the salon command a view of the residence of Ninon de Lenclos (so long the object of her maternal solicitude, and of her son's bewitchment), and of the Maison de Mansard, the architect, to whom her own residence owed so much of its beauty, and to whom she often alludes in her letters. Beyond these, a glimpse of the towers of the Bastille might once have been caught, where her cousin, Bussi Rabutin, was incarcerated for the utterance of *bons mots*, which the king thought were injurious to "two great ladies of the court," and a sufficient pretext for depriving a subject of his liberty, when the only law of libel was a king's disapprobation! Of this indiscretion, the gallant Comte de Rabutin lived and died the victim.

To the left of the entrance lies "*l'appartement de ma fille*," a small but pretty suite, occupied by a Mademoiselle de Sévigné during her girlish days, when she was the ornament of the court of Louis, in its most brilliant epoch, and the "subject of much verse" by La Fontaine, Benserade, and others of the most eminent writers in France. Here she studied the philosophy which she professed through life, as the disciple and daughter of "*son père Descartes*," a pursuit for which she was frequently rallied by her more agreeable and *enjouée* mother. Here, too, she lodged, in after times, as Comtesse de Grignan, when, leaving the grandeur of her remote and dignified government in Provence, she returned to bless, by her presence, the doating mother, to whom she owes the immortality of her beauty and talents. The "*two steps*," which make the subject of one of Madame de Sévigné's prettiest passages, are still identified as leading to that apartment; and it is impossible to visit the spot without recalling the scenes described as having passed in it, in so many of those delightful epistles which founded the art of familiar letter-writing in France. (1)

On the day of her first separation from her daughter, Madame de Sévigné, unable to remain in a house where every object recalled her loss, flew, in the restlessness of that acute grief, which she says, "*serait bien médiocre si je pouvais vous la dépeindre*," to the convent of Saint Marie; for it was the fashion then for ladies

(1) See her graphic sketch of her daughter while she was still with her, though married. Madame de Grignan, in her honeymoon, is writing to her husband, "*Elle est présentement séparée de nous, au coin de sa chambre, avec une petite table et une écritoire à part; ne trouvant pas que M. de Coulanges ni moi nous soyons dignes d'approcher d'elle.*"—*Lettre IV.*

of rank to have apartments in those quiet retreats, to which they might retire, when under any affliction that unfitted them for the world. Of her return home, and of the impression made on her, in passing the apartment of her daughter, she says, "*Je reviens enfin à huit heures de chez Madame de Lafayette; mais en entrant ici, bon Dieu! comprenez-vous bien ce que je sentis, en montant ce degré? Cette chambre où j'entrais toujours, hélas! j'en trouvais les portes ouvertes; mais je vis tout démeublé, tout dérangé, et votre petite fille, qui me représentait la mienne. Comprenez-vous bien tout ce que je souffris? Les réveils de la nuit ont été noirs, et le matin j'en étais point avancée d'un pas, pour le repos de mon esprit.*"

On the *rez-de-chaussée* of the same wing are the apartments of the gay, the brilliant, the gallant Marquis de Sévigné, where so many of those humorous scenes passed between the witty mother and her witty son, which she has given with such laughable effect. On the opposite wing, a suite of small apartments are pointed out, as the residence of "*le petit bon,*" to whom so many allusions are made in the letters of his niece. L'Abbé de Coulanges had presided over her liberal and (for the age) extraordinary education, and he had endowed her with his property during his own life. She repaid him with more than filial tenderness, and he passed a happy old age under her roof, and died in her arms.

The courtyard, spacious and well paved, is not without many a recollection of scenes, traced by that pen which dramatized all it touched. It has recently furnished the subject of an amusing picture to an ingenious French artist.(1) Once the site of fashionable bustle, "*by many a wit and many a hero trod,*" it now only echoes to the footsteps of the studious and scientific pupils of the schools and *Bureaux des Ponts et Chaussées*, who occupy the ground-floor. The apartments of the immortal mistress herself are now the residence of the learned and accomplished inspector-general, Baron de Prony, to whose taste and literary feeling the high preservation of the Hôtel de Carnavalet is mainly attributable, and to whom the author of this slight sketch stands gratefully indebted for the opportunity afforded her of dropping one additional tear, and lighting one taper more, at the shrine of the idol of her early fancy, "*LA DAME DES ROCHERS.*"

IRISH HISTORIANS.

It is peculiar to that land of solecisms, Ireland, that, presenting a series of historic facts of almost dramatic interest, and of great

(1) The departure of Madame de Sévigné for Les Rochers. The details are taken from her own graceful and animated description of the scene.

philosophic importance, she should never have produced a general and well-digested history of her existence as a nation; that having, from her earliest times, possessed in her Seanachies, or genealogists, hereditary chroniclers of the highest local consideration and dignity, she should never have given birth to one eminent historian. Neither her ancient schools nor modern university have redeemed this reproach. (1)

Ireland, however, through her learned and patriotic antiquaries, has always claimed an almost superhuman precocity in letters, arts, and sciences. As a necessary cause for this miraculous superiority, a ready-made language has been assigned to her; and a lineal descendant of Japhet has been supposed to have presented to her his share of the plunder of the confusion of tongues at Babel—(a fact susceptible of a very malicious inference); while Phœnicia, through her Iberian Spanish colonists, bestowed on her letters, philosophy, and commerce, when contemporary and neighbouring nations were merged in the darkness in which the Romans, after the lapse of many centuries, still found them. So much for her Pagan times, as described by her modern Seanachies, Colgan, Keating, O'Flaherty, O'Halloran, O'Connor, Lanigan, etc., etc., etc.

But a brighter era was reserved for the Delos of the west—the Island of Apollo (2)—at a time when she became the chosen asylum of persecuted christianity, and, benefitting by its early lights, was distinguished by the higher appellation of the “Island of Saints.” Folios have been filled with the names of the pious and the learned, who flourished with an overwhelming fertility in this far-famed period. Eulogiums on the holiness and the acquirements of the Irish sanctology have been multiplied with religious emulation; and every thing has reached us concerning the saints and savans of Erin, except—their works. Still, the most erudite and enthusiastical of her modern ecclesiastical writers (3) has declared, that, “up to his own times, the history of the church of Ireland had remained unwritten for the long period of 1400 years:” and if the church could not write her own story, it is by no means extraordinary that she should not have troubled herself with that of the people. It is singular that the most eminent of the native Irish antiquaries stop short where fable ends and history begins—at the English invasion; and that almost all that has been written since that epoch, either of

(1) “After many inquiries and much research, I found, to my great surprise, that there was no tolerable history of Ireland extant, either in that country or in this.”—*Warner's Hist.*, Preface.

(2) Diodorus Siculus, quoted by Dr. Smith.

(3) Dr. Lanigan, author of the “Ecclesiastical History of Ireland.”

practical utility, or illustrative of contemporary manners, was collected by Englishmen, whose offices in the state afforded them the opportunity and means of examining with effect the political and fiscal details of the government and people. It is sufficient to mention the names of Cambrensis, Hanmer, Campion, Sir Richard Edgecomb, Morryson, Spencer, Hollingshed, Borlase, Sir John Davies, Sir William Petty, Camden, Boate, Usher, Harris, Ware, (1) Smith, Hutchins, Warner, etc., etc., etc.

Facts like these may well justify the application to Ireland of some portion of that historic scepticism which distinguishes the present age; when it is doubted whether Richard the Third was the greatest monster of his times, or Catiline an unprincipled conspirator. And it may be worth while to inquire whether Ireland was indeed superhumanly enlightened in Pagan ages, or supereminently learned in her Christian infancy; and, if not, whether it is for the advantage of the living generation to believe that she was so.

In modern philosophy, the wisdom and glory of the past is at a discount: and if the antiquities of the houses of Hapsburg and Capet, the contests of popes and emperors, the policy of conclaves, and the sagacity of aulic councils, afford but little to profit by, the Irish must allow themselves to be told, that there is less to regret in the Fes (parliament) of Temor, the wisdom of Ollam Fodlah, or the *faits et gestes* of Fin M'Cool. The true philosophy of nations is to be dissatisfied with the past, to approve the present, and to look for the best page of their history in the future.

The history of man in all times and all ages is pretty nearly alike; and the course of nations, from the rudeness of their origin to the decrepitude of an enervated civilization, is determined by laws derived immediately from the nature of the animal himself. At first, helpless, ignorant, timid, and ferocious—his instincts are all repulsive; and the earliest social communities are rarely extended beyond the ties of blood. The dawning consciousness of force first awakens the desire of plunder; and some individual of extraordinary courage and energy thus becomes the nucleus

(1) It would be difficult to which country to assign Sir James Ware: he was, by the mere accident of birth, Irish—but by descent, feeling, and the whole moral structure of his character, he was English. His family was Yorkshire: his father, a hanger-on in the court of Elizabeth, came to Ireland as secretary to the Lord Deputy, Fitzwilliam. He was himself made auditor-general of Ireland under Charles the First, and was called to the Privy Council by his friend and patron the Earl of Stafford, to whom he dedicated all his works, as well as those he compiled of Irish authors. He was a learned and impartial antiquary; and his *Annals of Ireland*, from the reign of Henry the Seventh, to Mary, leave it to be regretted that he did not undertake a general history.



of a nation. To the empire of brutal violence succeeds that of intellect, based upon superstition. The discovery that exclusive knowledge is exclusive power introduces the reign of dogma and opinion, the subtlety of the statesman, the craft of the diplomatist, and the wiles of the priest. The development of industry, arts, letters, and a diffusive knowledge of things practically useful, is a slower and more painful result of social action and reaction; and great and powerful nations have arisen, triumphed, and disappeared, without having attained to that step.

To this law, Ireland could form no exception. There's nothing in the known particulars of her early condition, nothing in her moral, political, or geographical position, favourable to a precocious civilization; nor does there exist a single monument of power, or of ingenuity, to attest her claims, or to counterbalance the improbability, that when the whole civilized world was under the control of one mighty throne, she alone should have been unrevealed to its scrutiny, and her superior lights of mind, and consequent riches, should have escaped its rapacity.

It was among the evils attendant upon Ireland's remote position, that she was rather guessed at than known to the ancients, while her very name sounded like a poetical fiction. The benefits conferred by the invasion of an enlightened and polished nation were denied to her. The Romans never visited her beautiful but profitless shores: and it was the consummation of her misfortunes, that the Anglo-Norman adventurers, who made the most permanent inroads on her soil, were almost as barbarous as herself. The Irish toparchs, and their foreign invaders, were too nearly on a par for reciprocal improvement; and the progress of Irish civilization was thus checked by the very means, which to many nations has proved the cause of their rapid prosperity.(1)

Ireland had also other impediments to contend with, arising from her geographical position. The early history of a people will always be influenced by its proximity to, or distance from, the centre of contemporary civilization. Of all nations, Greece was most favourably placed for a rapid progress in its national development: Ireland was the very reverse. I stood at the extreme verge of the old world, when the new was yet unknown; and it was lashed by those mighty waters, which were then deemed the ocean boundaries of the earth. The *ultima Thule* of the ancients was still *l'ultima Irlanda* of the middle ages. The Cæsars of ancient Rome never saw her; the Pontifical Cæsars of Christian Rome held little or no intercourse with her, because

(1) England thus profited by every successive invasion. The Saxons were a superior people to the Celts, and the Normans to the Saxons.

the popes communed only with governments; and Ireland, as a congregation of septs, had no government to commune with. She first became distinguished by papal notice through the English government; and Pope Adrian admitted that he gave the kingdom of Ireland to England, that Henry might extend the power of the Roman Church over that remote land.(1)

Neither were the accidents of *cælum* and *solum* (as Sir William Petty calls them) indifferent to the development of Irish civilization. A lime impregnated with the vapours and disturbed by the storms of the Atlantic was a fatal physical peculiarity. To this the soil stood indebted for the brightness of its verdure; but at the same time, also, for the luxuriance and boundless continuity of its woods—the natural fastnesses of incivilization. “The Irish could not be tamed,” it was said, “while the leaves were on the trees.”(2)

How far this humidity and severity of climate contributed to the convivial disposition of the people, and to their love of excitement, were difficult to determine; but, that they were the most hospitable and the most irritable, the most loving and the most quarrelsome, of any nation on the earth, is a deplorable truth. It was this intemperance of temperament that rendered every feast the precursor of a feud, multiplied the causes of domestic dissension, and prepared the way for foreign aggression: and the physical peculiarity forms the best excuse for “Erin’s days of old, *when* her faithless sons betrayed her;” when every invasion was successful, because every invader found an ally or an enemy, as private pique and personal interest determined. The chiefs of clans, whether under the name of Kings, Princes, or Tanists, lent themselves alternately to Danes or Saxons, as a prey of cattle, or a prey of wives, disposed them to seek revenge for personal wrong at the expense of their common country; and thus, says Lanigan, “while the infatuated Irish were fighting among themselves, the common enemy was making his way towards undermining them.” The abduction of Dervogal, wife of O’Ruara, prince or tiernach of Brefny, by M’Murrough, king of Leinster, and the application of the latter to Henry the Second,

(1) In 1151, about twenty years before the English invasion, Cardinal Paparo, accompanied by the Bishop of Lismore, came from Rome with the four palliums from Pope Eugene the Third.

(2) The peculiarities of the Irish climate were not, however, in all respects, unfavourable. The venerable Bede asserts, that the very smell of the land kills all venomous animals, and that the water in which the scrapings of books brought from Ireland (of course written by Irish authors) were infused, had the power of curing the stings of adders. In my own instance, I must confess that I have not found this assertion verified; though it may account for that virulent dislike which so many critical adders have displayed to Irish literature in general.

was the most important and fatal result of the native temperament. For this physical evil the Church had no religious remedy. It, however, discovered a temporal compensation; for M'Murrough founded churches and endowed monasteries, for the remission of crimes which the nation has never forgiven.

The pride of nations, like that of individuals, shrinks from the display of infirmities so purely physical; and communities, like invalids, revolt against even a cure which involves the too open display of the original malady. It is however by looking such facts as these in the face, that the remedy for long-existing evils can best be found. Knowledge on all points is the necessary forerunner of amendments; and though oceans cannot be drained, nor mountains moved, yet there is no natural combination over which science and civilization may not attain a mastery. The time is now arrived when Ireland should no longer be addressed in the language of faction or of fable. It is now treason to flatter, and it will not long be possible to deceive her. Malachi "with his collar of gold" is going fast out of date; "Con of the hundred fights" is but a type of the modern Cons of Donnybrook and Ballinasloe; and, to a certain extent, even St. Patrick's "occupation is gone;" or, if still evoked to administer the spirit to his votarists, it is under other signs than those appropriated to the church, and which, as signs of the times, are not wholly unworthy of observation. (1)

That a time should have existed—recently existed—when to call up such images from the vasty deep of doubtful story was not only patriotism, but sound policy, is as true as it is lamentable. Rhyme and reason, fact and fable, poetry and prose, were alike legitimate instruments to urge on the consummation of that event, without which no permanent good for Ireland could ever have been effected. That genius and inferior talent should have equally availed themselves of so rude and fanciful an agency, to revive the spirit, awaken the imagination, and cheer the enterprise of a gallant nation, was at once natural and laudable; but it is a proud and delightful conviction that other and wider spheres are opening to the native intellect of the country—that Erin's last best bard may, as far as her "days of old" are concerned, hang up his harp on the laurel, whose crowning wreath he has well won; and that, when again he strings it in his country's cause, he may find a fitting theme in the prospective ameliorations of her days to come. Even the wildest of her novelists may now close her volumes of idle

(1) Lord Anglesey and O'Connell shaking hands under the benedictory patronage of the Saint, was not long since a conspicuous invitation to Sweetman's beer and Parliament whiskey in the vicinity of Dublin.

Shanaos, (1) and seek in fact for better sources of national pride than she ever found in fiction. The actual condition of Ireland, no less than the progress of events and opinions in the rest of Europe, has decreed its eternal divorce from the past. It is no longer to restoration, but to reformation, that Irishmen must look; and the only useful lesson that can be read to them from the history of the "buried majesty" of their two thousand kings is, that while Irish valour preserved the nation from having been ever conquered, the Irish sin of personal pretension and misplaced jealousy has preserved it ever divided, feeble, and miserable.

But, without further preface, *passons au déluge*. In the earliest known epoch of Ireland, when druidism was the religion of the land, the memory of the intellectual class was taxed, it is said, to collect and transmit such public facts, as the then existing state of society (of which so little is known) originated. Their bards, "an inferior order of druids," says a learned and grave English historian, "were as well their philosophers and poets, as their historians; and, from the beginning of the Milesian monarchy, the public traditions were handed down in their sonnets" (2) —a compendious mode of writing history, now unfortunately obsolete. The early Irish, like the other Celtic nations, had no records but such as were embalmed in verse; for nations, like life, begin with poetry, and end with prose. Literary Greece started with Hesiod and Homer; and the Iliad was recited a century before the works of Pherecydes, the first Greek prose writer, were composed or known. The rhyming records of the bardic historians were delivered in a branch of the Celtic, at that time the language of northern Europe, "and which, at this day," says a modern Irish antiquary, (3) "is a living language in Ireland."

Although, with the destruction of druidism, the bards fell, to rise no more, yet the spirit of their order, and their hereditary profession of genius, was continued in the persons of the Filias and Seanachies, or genealogists, of succeeding ages—the historiographers of the pentarchy and their tributary princes; for, at feast or feud, in Fes or field, the Tanaist and his Seanachy were ever inseparable. In the sixth century, long after Christianity had diffused its light over the pagan altars of Ireland, Dirmod, the supreme monarch and king of kings, had a druid or pagan

(1) A series of Irish novels, beginning with "the Wild Irish Girl," and ending with "the O'Briens and O'Flaherties."

(2) Warner, History of Ireland.

(3) O'Connor, Dissertation on the Ancient History of Ireland. See Lluïd's Preface to the Irish Vocabulary, and Dr. Raymond's Introduction to the History of Ireland.



St. Patrick C.

Apostle of Ireland

Feast March 17

Philip A. Kemper, Designer.



bard in his train. "Paganism," says a sceptical writer,(1) "was still found loitering in the land, and sometimes maintaining its ascendancy in the highest stations." A more orthodox historian is, however, shocked at the slur thus thrown on Irish Kings and Irish Seanachies; and observes that "Dirmod, Monarch of Ireland, who was killed in 560, had, I know, his bards or poets, according to the custom of Irish princes; but those bards were Christians."(2)

Nearly contemporary with the Pagan or Christian bard of King Dirmod, flourished his much more celebrated compatriot, Oisín or Ossian—whose birth, parentage, and education, have been the source of so much quarrelsome polemics, down to the end of the last century. The name of Oisín belongs to the pagan history of Ireland, notwithstanding his supposed controversy with St. Patrick. That name has been very generally borrowed, to give illustration to the effusions of much more modern poets, whose works are as completely lost to posterity as those of their great prototype. Whatever is original in the English translation, once so noted, and now so little noticed, must belong to a still more recent time.

It has always been the fault of Irish antiquaries to make the antiquity of the country too antiquated. Even the English Spenser falls into this error, (so natural for a poet to adopt,) when he talks of "divers compositions of their bards, which he caused to be translated to him, which savoured of sweet wit and good invention, and were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural devices." He mistakes the written collections of the Filias or Seanachies, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, for the inspirations of bards of far remoter times.

The most learned writers on Irish literature, Colgan, Usher, Ware, Harris, etc., have not, I believe, been able to trace any writer before Sedulius,(3) a Christian priest of the fifth century, or more probably the eighth, of whom Lanigan says, that some of the most beautiful hymns that are read in the church have been taken from his poems. This is all that is known to them. Whether Sedulius was a Spaniard, an Italian, or an Irish priest, is not clearly proved. There was a Sedulius, abbot of Kildare, in 828, who was probably the Irish poet alluded to; for it is only in the ninth century that something like historical fact begins to dawn on modern inquiry.

(1) Campbell's *Strictures on the Ecclesiastical History of Ireland*.

(2) Warner.

(3) Colgan says, that the Latinized name of Sedulius was the Irish Seidhuil, or Shiel; and that there were eight eminent men of that name in Irish history. I leave it to Sir W. Beetham to trace the last and best of that illustrated appellation to the goodly stock.

In the tenth century, the bard of the gallant Brien Boromhe fought, it is said, and sung by his side, in the plains of Clontarf, against the Danes. The crown of the king, and the harp of his Filia, were found near each other on the field of battle. But, besides the bard of the heroic Brien, he is said to have had an antiquary or Seanachy of great eminence, called "one Mac-Lian, antiquary of Ireland;" his works, however, have not reached posterity. Mac-Lian is also said to have written "the Munster Book of Battles," in which the battle of Clontarf was authentically related.

In the same century, "called," says Ware, "the dark or unhappy age, from the scarcity of writers, flourished the royal author, Cormac Mac Culian, King and Bishop of Cashel, who fell in battle, anno 908. He writ an history called the Psalter of Cashel." A copy of a part of this Psalter, in an old parchment manuscript, it is said, was seen a century back in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; but the *on-dits* of tradition do but interrupt the march of authenticated facts.

Though these family genealogists, or poets-laureate of the Irish dynasts, rhymed and recited the feats of their patrons, and the glory and antiquity of their ancestors, yet they do not come forth as historians. The written civil history of Ireland must, therefore, be sought among her churchmen, said to have been the most learned of the then Christian world.

The introduction of Christianity could not fail to have a singular and improving influence upon the literature of the natives, if any literature existed at the time; for, with all due deference to Phœnicia and to Cadmus, it is proved that the use of letters in Ireland was due to the Christian missionaries. It is quite certain that the names of all literary arts and instruments in the Irish language are of Latin origin—to "read," to "write," "book," etc.; and St. Patrick is said to have introduced the Roman characters, for that the Irish, before their conversion, were utterly unacquainted with them: and the bishops considered the acquirement of this knowledge essential in their converts, to render them capable of reading the Scriptures and other books.

If, however, the Seanachies were in possession of a means of rescuing their records from the fragility of oral tradition, it does not appear that they availed themselves of it; and, to judge of their literary poverty by that of the ecclesiastical writers of the times, previous to the English invasion, they must have been very barbarous indeed.

The church, it must be owned, had a bad time of it in the Island of Saints. Down to the twelfth century she had not one stone edifice, (1) save those "puzzles of posterity"—the round

(1) Boate, Warner.

towers, (1) under whose protection she raised her rude cells and humble temples of wood and wattles. Those eternal forests, which anciently gave the name of "the woody island" to the country (for it appears that, as long as the island was in the possession of the natives, it was "full of woods on every side"), presented as great an obstacle to Irish saints as to English invaders.

The lives of the first missionaries must have been no less arduous and perilous than those of the early settlers and back-woodsmen of America. Obligated to clear the land, to become hewers of wood and drawers of water, in order to obtain shelter and safety in a land which, according to the old Irish saying, was "thrice under wood, thrice under the plough, and thrice was bare," they had also to submit to the violence and despotism of the most unruly sons of the church that her power had ever to contend against. (2) Whatever tenures they obtained from the toparchs, that were not foundations, were of a military nature; and monks and priests, headed by abbots and bishops, fought through every epoch of Irish story, until long after the period of the English invasion. No rank, or station, in the church, saved the servants of God from serving in the army; and, as almost all the Irish kings who died a natural death died under the cowl, so not a few Irish priests perished in military harness.

Dr. Lanigan, who laments that the practice "so fatal to ecclesiastical discipline, of compelling bishops and abbots to attend kings in their military expeditions," should have prevailed, relates that, in the eighth century, King Aidus having a quarrel with the people of Leinster, raised an army, in which the clergy were pressed to an almost universal amount, not even excepting the Archbishop of Armagh, or Fothadius (a most learned and holy lecturer and writer, called "Fothadius of the Canons," from his knowledge of the branches of ecclesiastical science). After a long march to the borders of Leinster, the clergy showed signs of insubordination, and, probably ashamed of their lay brothers in arms, vowed they would not "march through Coventry with them, that was flat." The spokesman was Fothadius of the Canons; and the army of saints was forthwith disbanded, and returned home to the bosoms of their families. (3)

(1) Attributed by modern sceptics to the Danes.

(2) Lanigan's Ecclesiastical History.

(3) Up to the twelfth century, the Irish bishops married; and the see of Armagh was long hereditary in a native family. Dr. Lanigan, in a great passion, says of the archbishop Donald, "that he succeeded to his brother in virtue of the pretended abominable right of hereditary succession;" for, he adds, "he was one of those lay pseudo-archbishops, who were a disgrace to Armagh, and to the whole Irish church."

But the Irish Church had only to contend with domestic evils, inimical to literary labour. The piratical invasions along the several coasts were attended with the plunder of her shrines and altars, and also with the abduction of her sons and daughters from their cells and monasteries; for it is certain, that a traffic in human beings was carried on to a most deplorable extent throughout the whole British isles, Ireland not excepted. (1) In the eighth century, a king of Northumberland landed between Drogheda and Dublin, destroyed all the churches and monasteries he found in his way, and carried off their inhabitants "as captives or slaves." The monastery of Bangor, the most powerful and wealthy of that epoch, was also plundered of its rich shrine of St. Comgall, and the abbot and all the monks murdered.

From all this it may be concluded, that at the time of the Danish invasion the state of written history, civil and ecclesiastical, must have been at a very low ebb; and the literary plunder, laid to the account of the barbarous but cognoscente invaders, seems to have existed only in the imagination of antiquaries; by whom it has been said, that the plunder of the monastic libraries of Ireland furnished every library in Europe, from the Vatican to Copenhagen, with valuable MSS. (2) The probability is, that the Danes brought more illumination to Ireland than they carried away; and, though succeeding ages have marked their horror of these northern warriors, it does not appear that the contemporary Irish, during the three centuries of their occupation, partook in any great degree of this sentiment; for from the great Brien Boromhe, down to the meanest of his tributaries, almost every native prince had, at some time or other, sought their alliance, and profited by their arms. In certain stages of society, a maritime invader must, in many respects, be superior to the remote islanders he attacks.

(1) Of this custom there are many records: one of the most curious is to be found in the old Irish MS., called "*Leabher na Gaert*," translated by General Vallancey. It enumerates slaves among other subsidies given in lieu of services due to the supreme kings from their lieges. Thus, "to O'Fogarty, king of Eile (a little kingdom in the county of Tipperary, north of Cashel, called '*Eile na Fhogartie*'), six men-slaves, six women-slaves, six shields and swords, according to the prose; eight coats-of-mail, eight horses, and eight cups." "In times past," says archbishop Usher, "the buying and selling of servants (which now is grown out of use) was a matter so common in this country, that, in an ancient synod in Ireland, a bishop's legacy out of the church-goods is proportioned by the price of a wife or a maid-servant, as may be seen in the ancient books of canons written about seven hundred years since; the one remaining in Bene't College, and the other in Sir R. Cotton's Library."—*Usher of Corbes, etc. etc.*

(2) Dr. Warner was induced, by this reiterated assertion, to apply to the English minister at the court of Denmark on the subject. All the Danish libraries, public and private, royal and ecclesiastical, were searched, but no manuscripts were found, "*qui eussent rapport à l'histoire ancienne d'Irlande.*"

To construct ships, and navigate unknown and boisterous seas, argues not only spirit and enterprise, but considerable progress in the mechanical arts. The northern wars of Charlemagne must have carried much comparative civilization in their train; but the military and political superiority of the Normans—a branch of the same race of sea-kings as that which invaded Ireland—is matter of record and notoriety, and replaces conjecture with acknowledged fact.

The native Irish were never either a commercial or a maritime people; (1) and, on the showing of their records and chronicles, they received their northern invaders with a deference not altogether due to military success. They called them “Loch Lannaghi,” (powerful at sea,) “Fionne Geinte,” (or white Gentiles,) “Fionne Gaill,” (the fair, or handsome strangers,) and “Gottaice” (at least some of their tribes were so designated); and the latter name was in such estimation, that it was assumed (says Vallancey) as a surname, by several Irish Princes. Thus Mulruna Got O’Maelscuchlin (O’Macklin) was the presumptive heir to the throne of Tara, in 977; Giolla Got was King of Carbury; and Donald Got M’Carthy was King of Munster in 1252.

All the great maritime cities were built by the Danes. Of these, the most important were Cork and Dublin. In the time of Henry II., the King of Dublin was a Dane; and the northern part of the city to this day bears the Danish name, (2) while the most cultivated part of the country is, to this day, called Fioun-gail, or Fingal. The language of the sea-kings still prevails on the coast of Wexford; and the barony of Forth is a living monument of their ancient power and supremacy. From their first invasion in 795, till the 12th century, they were called lords or kings of nearly all the maritime districts; their aid was perpetually sought by contending dynasts; and the battle of Clontarf, so valiantly fought on both sides, though it left 4,000 Danes dead on the field, did not deprive them of their long-possessed territories.

But whatever may have been the relative civilization of the Irish natives and their invaders, it is certain that the clergy, exposed to perpetual plunder, called on to arm on the occasion of every feud among the septs, (whose chiefs took the name of kings,) and engaged in an incessant warfare with the rude elements and ruder inhabitants of the unreclaimed island, contributed little or nothing to the civil history of their times. Whatever leisure or security they enjoyed, for intellectual pur-

(1) Sir W. Petty.

(2) “Oxmantown,” or Ostman’s town. This was the name (Ostmanns or Easterlings) by which the invaders designated themselves. Giraldus Cambrensis, Usher, Vallancey, and the other Irish antiquaries, have many pros and cons concerning this name.

suits, was given (according to the learned historian of the Irish Church) to the monastic and legendary lore of the age—to the study and institution of rules for orders, rituals, litanies, canons, the quotation of scriptural texts, and of passages from the Fathers—to the composition of hymns, and the lives and miracles of the saints then most in vogue.

To St. Patrick nothing is attributed but an epistle and a confession: yet what things might he have handed down to posterity concerning the state of Ireland, when, arriving on the coast of Wicklow, he took up his residence at Old Court, near Bray, whence he set forth on his mission to the court of the King of Leinster! A politico-historical work has, indeed, been attributed to St. Patrick, by some antiquaries, which they call “Seanchas Mor” (the Great Antiquity)—a work, in which he was assisted by three saints, three kings, and three bishops (called the Committee of Nine,) and which was approved by the Fes of Timor. But even Dr. Lanigan denies the authenticity of this book.

One of the earliest specimens of sacred biography was St. Patrick’s own life; a metrical memoir, by Fiech, Bishop of Sletty. It was written, I believe, in the seventh century, and is called Fiech’s hymn. In the eighth century, the “illustrious Adamnan” wrote the life of St. Columba. In the tenth, a life of St. Patrick was written by Coeneachor, (in Latin called “Probus,”) who was “chief lecturer of the school of Slane, which college was built by the Danes in that town.” The tripartite life, written by Jocelyn and Colgan, belongs to more advanced ages.

All the saints, it is said, had their own biographers; while a band of sceptics, called Bolandists by the orthodox, (from Father Boland, their incredulous master,) declare “that the whole Irish Sanctology is a compilation of fables of the eleventh century;” and Dr. O’Connor (an orthodox divine) seems not to differ from this opinion. In a word, the very existence of St. Patrick is now doubted; or, at least, is bandied about from age to age, till Dr. Ledwich introduces his first appearance in Ireland with the Danes in the ninth century. (1)

Up to the period of the Danish invasion, the church was more actively and usefully employed, than some of her defenders will allow. They were the only agriculturists. Their gardens, vineyards, and bee-hives, (2) opened an oasis in every desert in which they

(1) He transforms St. Senanus into a river, St. Kevin into a rock, and St. Patrick, the great apostle of the nation, into a nonentity.—*Ecclesiastical History of Ireland*.

(2) St. Domnach, who brought with him a swarm of bees from Wales, the first in Ireland, seems to have been amongst the most useful saints in the calendar. The monastic rules of Emly allowed a honeycomb, monthly, to each of the brothers.

settled; and, though the Danish clergy of Dublin and the native clergy of Connaught were in perpetual contest for nearly half a century, it appears that their "apostolic blows and knocks" were not dealt in the defence of a dogma, or converted to reciprocal martyrdom. The mildness and true Christian philosophy of the Irish Church is best proved by their having had no martyrology to write. (1)

Still it is asserted, by the "defenders of the faith," who mistake national subserviency for national devotion, that, even at this epoch of turbulence and discomfort, the overflow of learning and piety from Ireland was so overwhelming, that immense emigrations of the intellectual took place in the early part of the twelfth century, and carried their fertilizing influence to the less cultivated societies of other lands. A specimen of these learned emigrants is cited in the person of "one Dermot, an Irishman," who, on his journey from Ireland to Jerusalem, wrote a discourse entitled "Itineraria," (or "Exhortaria,") "in good Latin," says the biographer, who has rescued this Chateaubriand of the twelfth century from oblivion, "and showing that Dermot had studied the Fathers, or, at least, had read some of the works of St. Augustin."

If, however, the saints and sages of Ireland did appear at this epoch in any numbers throughout Europe, other reasons might be assigned for the fact. The church was in danger; the anarchical contests of the Pentarchy were daily increasing; and the Irish hierarchy, at all times the freest, the mildest, and the most independent in the Christian world, (2) were exposed to the perpetual encroachments of the refractory laity.

The decrees of the celebrated Synod of Cashel were neglected and laughed at; the church of Armagh, the seat of the primacy, was burned, with several other inferior churches in the province; and the courageous denunciations of the clergy, though occasionally productive of some effect, were for the most part

(1) In Ireland alone, Christianity was not propagated by blood. In a conversation between an Italian monk and the archbishop of Armagh, in 1185, the Italian reproached the Irish Prelate, "that the Irish had no martyrs." The Bishop replied, "It is true that our nation may seem to you barbarous and rude; the Irish have never stretched their hands against the servants of God: but now a nation is come into this kingdom which knows how, and is accustomed to make martyrs. Henceforward Ireland shall, like other countries, have them." (A prophecy fulfilled in the spirit, if not in the letter.)—See *Lynch's Cambrensis Eversus*.

(2) When Cardinal Paparo visited Ireland, in this century, he "ordered, in virtue of his apostolic authority, that the tithes should be paid;" but on this point he was very badly obeyed. It is certain that tithes were very little, if at all, exacted, till after the establishment of the English power. The Irish also refused the payment of the Peter's pence.

disregarded. (1) All the combinations of a society so rude and clannish were then breaking up by their own pressure. Every chief would be a king for life, and the brave, devoted, but infatuated people were the victims of this fatal ambition, and the anti-national disunion it originated. (2)

At length, Roderick O'Connor, assuming the supreme monarchy, and the several tributary princes taking part for or against him, as their interests or fancies dictated, plunged Ireland in a civil war but too favourable to a foreign invasion; and Roderick, deposing the King of Leinster, and seizing his province, (on pretence of avenging the injuries of his friend O'Ruara, Prince of Brefny,) drove the desperate toparch to seek restitution to power through the invasion of his country by the Anglo-Normans.

From that moment Ireland fell under the power, and was subjected to the cruel policy of England, though not indeed under the control of the English government (which, even in the time of Elizabeth, was scarcely respected beyond the narrow limits of the pale); while the Irish church became subject to the see of Rome. This was Ireland's first and greatest historical event, witnessed by contemporary nations sufficiently enlightened to bear evidence to the facts. It was an event beyond the rhyming records of the family genealogist, or the lyric Cronan of the bard: and it found an historian—a native historian—who, an eye-witness of the event he relates, gave its details with a simplicity, an impartiality, and a freshness, rarely found in modern historiographers, from the falsifying De Thou to the eulogizing Voltaire. This Irishman was Maurice O'Regan, surnamed “the Latiner,” whose own private story illustrates much of the peculiar state of Ireland at the time he wrote, and whose manner of transmitting his history to posterity is as curious as the story he relates. Some account of this author, and extracts from his works, may not be deemed out of place in a series of articles consecrated to the subject of Irish Histories.

(1) The Synod of Armagh had declared that the misfortunes then falling on Ireland were a judgment on the country, for the Irish purchasing from the English their children for slaves. The children were, it is said, liberated and sent back to their unnatural parents. Such were the good old times of “merry England” and poetical Ireland.

(2) “But, that the reader unacquainted with Irish history may not be startled at such a multitude of kings appearing in one province, (Munster had nineteen, ‘all alive and kicking,’ says an Irish ballad,) he is to know that every subordinate prince, or head of a large tribe or tract of country, amongst the Irish, carried the title of king, and did effectually exercise all sorts of sovereign power in his territories—even that of making war and peace, not only with his equals, but even with the chief king of the whole province, whenever he found himself able to form a sufficient party against him.”—“Dissertation on the Laws of the Ancient Irish,” by Gen. Vallancey.

No. II.

MAURICE REGAN, CALLED THE LATINER.

The state of Ireland, moral and political, at the close of the twelfth century—the epoch of the Anglo-Normand invasion—presents a page in the history of the middle ages, at once curious and little perused; and a brief reference to its more general outlines may not be here out of place, as an illustration of the only native lay historian which the ancient literature of the country has produced.

A population broken up into septs, distracted by rival chiefs, and divided into castes, marked in perpetuity by hereditary pretensions, or by transmitted disabilities, (for genius and divine grace, literature, and the Church, were the patrimonial properties of particular families,) could not be said to possess a political government. The worst abuses of feudality, which had crept into the institutions of the land by a process so slow and obscure as to baffle the attempts of antiquaries to fix the epoch of their introduction, assisted to strengthen the clannish influence of the toparchy, by adding the blind obedience of the soldier to the devoted submission of the follower. “Every rood” of Irish ground at this period maintained its “king,” whose petty but ruthless warfare spread desolation over the land.

At the head of this wild republic of kings, was the titular supreme monarch of Ireland, whose barren sceptre had been wielded for centuries successively by the O'Briens and the O'Connors, and was still held, on the arrival of Henry II., by Roderick O'Connor. But the power of the Ard-Riagh (or arch-king) was a mere abstraction: it never conferred on its fated possessors the means of curbing the excesses of the provincial despots, their tributary princes, or the toparchy at large. The personal genius or military prowess of an individual, as in the instance of Brian Boromhe, decided the substantial supremacy; but few even of the most powerful died a natural death. “Of two hundred kings,” (says a native and very national writer),⁽¹⁾ “one hundred and seventy fell prematurely, and by violence.”

The next in rank to the Ard-Riagh were the provincial kings, or chiefs of the seven provinces.⁽²⁾ These were the monarchs who reigned over a third class of little kings, each the petty tyrant of his own domain, who was paid by immense largesses for his military services to his superior.⁽³⁾ The King of Munster

(1) Peter Welch.

(2) Some historians say five, others seven.

(3) These form the subject of a census often quoted by antiquaries:—the “Leabhar-na-gceart,” or Book of Rights.

had eighteen of these rebellious *roitelets* to deal with, who acknowledged in him no jurisdiction over their own immediate subjects, while they themselves abjured their allegiance to him on the most frivolous pretexts.

The fourth rank included the tiernachs, or caenfinnies, or heads of clans,(1) the gentry of the realm, influential over their own septs by hereditary devotion, and by that tie so binding in Ireland—the tie of blood and fosterage. The most miserable and squalid, of the same name as the chief, was qualified by his gentility for idleness or war, and felt in common with him an utter contempt for mechanic labour.

The fifth class were the victims of soccage and villanage—the mass of the people, who were as “*taillables et corvéables à merci et miséricorde*,” as the French serfs or Saxon villains of the same epoch.

The sixth class were slaves: military subordination (tempered by the occasional interference of the Church, which maintained by its canons the privilege of giving shelter to the oppressed) was in full activity; while the laws of tanaistry and gavelkind (no longer applicable to the state of society) rendered confusion worse confounded, and were subversive of all order and peace; “so that no prince was safe in his little kingdom, no toparch in his rath: no man could enjoy his life or wife, his lands or goods, if a mightier than himself had an appetite to take them.”

In addition to this naked exertion of brute force, were many conventional and traditional institutes, which drove the people to beggary and despair, and made civilization retrograde. These were the well-known by-laws of bonnaght-bor, or free-quarters at discretion, for the toparch and his army, or an equivalent in money: bonnaght-beg, or a commutation of free-quarters by provisions, or payment in kind, sent to the chief: gilly-corn, or entertainment for man and beast gratis: cuddy, or bed and supper for the chief and suite when travelling; and lastly, coshering, or the visitation of progressing kings, and their *kernity* (or cavalry) horses, and horse-boys; with cuttings, and tallage, and cessing—the wasting and spoiling the property of the industrious at the pleasure of the chieftain.(2) It was thus that the standing army of Ireland, the “Kerns and Gallow-glasses,” were paid; while regular imposts were levied on the people four times a-year; the whole combining such a mass of oppression, as ren-

(1) Down to a very recent period these chiefs were known as the Clan-Brasil, Clan-Rikard, Clan-Boys, etc., etc., which have now passed into modern titles.

(2) Traces of all these customs were observable in Ireland as recently as the middle of the last century. Even now, every one of the terms are in use among the provincial peasantry.

dered not only the masses, but the majority of the toparchs, ready for the admission of any invader who might bring change, or disturb the "social order" then established.(1)

The "poor Irish" of the twelfth century, like the poor Irish of the eighteenth, consoled themselves by talking of their fine old brehon laws, of their heroic pagan times, and of the learning and piety of their first Christians; and they, too, like their modern anti-types, reposed upon remote epochs of historic greatness, though none could fix the period to which they referred, by contemporary authority, or by collateral proof.

The brehon laws, even at this time, were falling into abuse or desuetude; partly, perhaps, by their inapplicability to existing circumstances, and partly through the want of a key to the ancient or Pheneian dialect, in which they are said to have been composed. This dialect O'Connor states to have been confined to the brehons (or lawyers) themselves, and to have been lost to the community. A key for expounding the mystic tongue was said to have been in the keeping of a branch of the sept of Mac Egans, "who kept a law school" in Tipperary,(2) as recently as the reign of Charles I.; but even if the fact were so, the treasure was reserved for the profession; and the ignorance of the laity must have left the law open to every abuse.

In such a state of things, the useful and mechanic arts were necessarily unknown; and the fine arts must have been at a much lower ebb. Not one fragment of poetry or music remains, to attest the superiority in these sister studies attributed to the old times. From evidence supplied by the modern researches of antiquaries, it has been proved that the Irish had neither domestic nor religious edifices of lime and stone, until long after the settlement of the Danes, whose stone crypts (built by these Papal Catholics for the conservation of the relics which they first imported into Ireland) were called temples or churches. At a time of perpetual change, (3) when every thing was exposed to the deso-

(1) The Church led the way in submission; and in the famous synod held in King Cormac's Chapel at Cashel, the bishops of Ireland gave a sealed charter to Henry II., conferring on him and his heirs the kingdom. This charter was confirmed by Pope Alexander.

(2) The influence of the brehon law was maintained in this county almost to modern times; and even now the peasantry adopt by agreement some of its dispensations relative to the transmission of property. With respect to the language in which these laws were written, General Vallancey made a guess (but confesses himself unable to do more) at the meaning of some of them. O'Flaherty, who wrote in 1684, says there was then a MS. extant, called the "Brethe-Meme," or Celestial Judgments, dated 647; but he attempted no translation, though he was a pupil of the Mac Firbes, the last of the brehons known to exist.

(3) The ancient usage of Ireland was, that, on the death of any landed proprietor, the whole possessions of the family of which he was a member were

lations of incessant warfare, the taste for expensive though durable edifices could not well arise. There was then no trade, no corporate communities: the villages were scattered huts, irregular and remote, sheltered by an impending wood, or defended by a rampart of earth, with such barriers as felled trees might afford. The house or palace of the chief differed from that of his dependent, only by the superior solidity of its wooden frame, or its greater extent.

To men whose lives were spent in the field as hunters or as warriors, their wattled edifices sufficed, while their woods served them for fortifications. A few earthen forts, and lime-stone towers of Danish origin, were, in fact, their highest acquisition in military architecture. "Perched on lofty edifices, the forts of the Firbolgs resembled aeries of ravenous birds, and were well termed *nids de tyrannie*." In this state the Irish were found by their English invaders; and of the golden-roofed palace of Emania, (the Alhambra of the Keatings, the O'Flahertys, and the O'Hallorans,) not a trace even of the site remains. The "stone church of Bangor," then recently erected by the Archbishop of Armagh, was deemed a standing miracle of art. A very national and patriotic antiquary, John Lynch, who wrote in 1662, attributes to the Danes the erection of the round towers: these were called Cloch-Theah, or House of Bells. Peter Walsh is also of the same opinion; (1) which is further supported by Sir W. Petty, Dr. Warner, Ledwich, and most of the dispassionate writers on this obscure subject.

The principal towns of Ireland were on the sea-coast, and were in the possession of the Danes, by whom they were raised and defended. The Danes had "kings in every province of Ireland;" and as far back as 1033, Siteric, King of Dublin, was sufficiently powerful to erect his good city of Dublin (the second in the land) into a see; and the first bishop appointed was a Dane. On the arrival of Henry II., the chief of the Kavanaghs, the celebrated

put together, to be again divided among the survivors by the Caenfinny or chief. The justice of these divisions was often disputed, which gave occasion for endless feuds, and, like the "land-shifting" of the Germans, was the parent of many murders and civil wars.—*See Warner, p. 116.*

(1) It is to be observed that these two writers were Irish Catholic ecclesiastics, and highly national in their leanings and opinions. John Lynch was a secular priest, and titular archdeacon of Tuam. His most celebrated work is his "*Cam-brensis Eversus*," a violent contradiction of Gerald Barry; who, however, had the advantage of writing of his own times, and putting down what he himself saw or heard passing near him: whereas Lynch saw through the dim vista of five hundred years. Peter Walsh, a celebrated Irish writer of the seventeenth century, was a Franciscan friar. Among his numerous national works, his "*Prospect of the State of Ireland from the year of the world, 1756, to the year of Christ, 1172*," is the most curious.

Mac Murroch, was King of Leinster, and Mac Turkill, the Dane, was King of Dublin and of the north-east district of Fingal.(1)

The dress and personal appearance of the Irish, beyond all other circumstances of their social state, seem most to have struck "the gallants" of King Henry's army. It is, however, necessary to remark, that the needy adventurers, who are described by their contemporary historian as coming in "three skippes," were not of that simple and rude Saxon race, between whom and the Irish there had been considerable friendly intercourse and many common traits. They (the chiefs, at least, of the enterprise) were Norman soldiers of fortune, with whom the Conqueror and his successors had filled their courts and camps. The prefixes of Fitz, De, and Le, attached to their names, show that there was not one English family of note among them. The Fitzgeralds, with their long train of subordinate Fitz's, the De Courcis, the De Lacys, Le Gros, Le Despencers, and Monte Moriscos, were French in all their qualities and habits, and much more opposed to the native Irish than the neighbouring population of Northumberland, Scotland, and Wales.

The Normans are described as being "delicately fed and elegantly clad." Cambrensis says, they were "all gallant, with coats to the mid-knee, heads shorn, arm laden with bracelets, and faces painted;" a species of barbarous refinement that must have offered a strong contrast with the wild but manly and picturesque appearance of the Irish chiefs of half-naked sept, whose fierce countenances were shaded by bushy glibs and long coolins (mustachios and matted locks), and were surmounted by conic caps, or berets. The Irish were habited in many-coloured mantles of coarse woollen, with the short falla, or doublet, of the same material, and the close-fitting braccæ, or modern pantaloons. They rushed forth from their gloomy woods, armed with a spear or pike, which they dexterously wielded with their nervous grasp, while their high and lofty bearing in a first encounter showed them to be men used to power, and proud of undisputed control.(2)

(1) Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, who corresponded with Ireland to forward the interests of the Pope, addressed both the contemporaneous kings; styling Gothric "the glorious king," and Turlogh "the magnificent King of Ireland." This *imperium in imperio* seems to have been (in modern parlance) a great bore. The King of Leinster had a neighbourly hatred for the Danish "viceroy over him." In the time of Mac Murroch, it became a personal pique, through the wounded filial affection of the Irish king: "For his father being on a tyme at Dublyn, and sitting at the door of an ancient man of the city, they not only murdered him, but, in contempt, buried him with a dog."

(2) Two centuries later, when the provincial kings did homage to King Richard, Froissart says, "*ces roys estoient bien parïs, d'affubler un mantel d'Irlande.*" The king, displeased with their appearance, clothed them from his own wardrobe with "linen breeches, and gowns of silk furred with miniver and grey:" but the chiefs soon threw off their fealty and their foreign accoutre-

Of the state of literature at this important epoch, when the history of Ireland truly began, all that is known renders the work of Maurice Regan, the Communes of the Leinster dynasty, more precious and singular. If, at any period subsequent to the introduction of Christianity, the lay or profane learning of those dark ages had found its way into Ireland, and had been cultivated by the clergy with assiduity and success, it had totally disappeared under the discouraging state of things, produced by the frequent invasions of the Danes and the domestic anarchy of the native toparchs. The physical aspect of the country and its inhabitants, as betrayed in the few striking particulars enumerated in the preceding paragraphs, is perfectly incompatible either with the tranquil pursuits of civilization, or with the diffusion of such comforts and conveniences as a real progress of knowledge inevitably introduces.

It is possible that, on the dismemberment of the Roman empire, and the overflow of a warlike and barbarous population upon the south of Germany, Gaul, and Lombardy, many learned ecclesiastics might have sought safety in Britain and Ireland, carrying into the monastic establishments of those remote countries the lights of their age. In the seventh century, the barbarous policy of Rome was directed against all learning; and the burning of the precious Palatine library, by Pope Gregory, put the seal to this persecution. At this period, the mild doctrines of the Culdee monks of Ireland, the security of their wood-embosomed monasteries, and the freedom of the Irish church from papal dominion, would have rendered that country a desirable asylum for the free-thinking and literary spirits of the Continent.

It is further possible that, on the resettlement of Europe under Charlemagne, and the eruption of the north-men on the shores of Ireland, a revulsion of emigration might have brought Irish ecclesiastics of note back to the south. Amidst the shades of darkness a small flame shines far and bright, and the acquirements of these Irish exiles might have been highly estimated by their foreign contemporaries.⁽¹⁾ But the fame of this oft-cited epoch of Irish story, and of its literary heroes, has most probably been much exaggerated; for if any civilization, approaching in the ments together, and in less than half a century the descendants of the Norman invaders adopted, with Irish feelings and interests, the very dress at which their fathers had scoffed.

(1) Ware, amongst other instances, mentions Albin, a reputed Irishman of the ninth century, who forsook his country to avoid the horrors of war, and passed into France with his companion Clement, crying aloud to the inhabitants, "If any body wants wisdom, let him come to us and receive it, for we have it to sell." Herweek, a monk of St. Germain l'Auxerre, observes, that at this epoch almost all Ireland, despising the dangers of the sea, resorted to the French court with a numerous train of philosophers, to put themselves in the service of "our wise Solomon" (Charlemagne).



CHARLEMAGNE

Sardi sculp.

1-26-'87.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

slightest degree to modern notions of literature and the arts, had been made in Ireland during the eighth and following centuries, it is inconceivable that it should so totally have disappeared, and left no trace behind it in the twelfth.

Of the far-famed Irish literati of those days, Ware, arduous, credulous, and national as he was, has collected little more than hearsays; and the titles of their imputed writings, and his voluminous work, only prove that the Irish writers of the twelfth century, like those which preceded them, were confined in their subjects very closely to the learning of the Church. The Irish writers of note, whom the industry of Ware and his continuators has been able to rescue from the oblivion of time, were Congan, a monk, and afterwards abbot of Suir, who "is said to have written" (1150) the life of Malachi, Bishop of Armagh, and the acts of St. Bernard, "according to Thady Dowling;" Murry O'Corman, abbot of Knock, who wrote the Supplement to the Martyrology of Engus, 1171, "in most elegant Irish," says Colgan; Concubran, a learned ecclesiastic, who composed the life of St. Moninna, the Virgin, in three books, with two "alphabetical hymns" in her praise; Eugene, bishop of Ardmore, and suffragan to the Archbishop of Cashel, wrote the life of St. Cuthbert. Such were the principal literati, and such the learning, upon which the Irish authorship of the twelfth century expended its forces; and such was the bent, capacity, and extent of intellect at that period, all over Europe.

It was at this epoch that an Irish gentleman, or tiernach of the sept of the Regans, was driven by his necessities to become the secretary, or, as it was termed, "the servant and interpreter" to Mac Murroch, King of Leinster. That a layman should be so learned as to be capable of such an office, was a singular fact in itself. The King, his master, probably could not even write: it appears, indeed, that, in the absence of his secretary, "being lodged in the abbey of Ferns, the King commanded the abbot to write a letter, which he subscribed, and to deliver it to one of his monks to carry it to Murroch O'Beirne." But, whether this subscription were a sign manual, or, as is most likely, only a mark, is uncertain; and, in either case, it may be inferred, without much risk of error, that the King himself had not "the pen of a ready writer."

Maurice Regan was a person of rank in his country, descended from ancestors, who were chieftains of a considerable territory, called, after them, Hy Ryan, or O'Ryan's country, "which is now the Barony of Tennyhinch, in the Queen's County." (1) But, sharing the common fate of the petty chieftains of that age, he

(1) Sir George Carew.

was driven out of his territories by his “encroaching neighbours”—a mild phrase for one neighbour destroying another’s property by fire and sword.

The learning which proved so great a resource to the discomfited chief procured him the *sobriquet* of “the Latiner,” or one learned in the Latin tongue. Received into the service of his sovereign at that momentous conjuncture, when Mac Murroch was dispossessed of his kingdom by O’Connor, the supreme monarch, the secretary was raised to the importance of an ambassador. His first mission was to Wales, to solicit aid for the recovery of his master’s kingdom; an invitation which he readily accepted. His second embassy was to Asculph Mac Turkill, the Danish King of Dublin, to “command him to yield his kingdom of Dublyn to the English besiegers.”

Regan continued an eye-witness of all the facts of an event so inauspicious, yet so important, from that time till the death of his unfortunate master; and his manner of recording them has in it all that internal evidence which ever accompanies the truth. His chronicle opens with an account of the power and the wrongs of his hero, and details the incidents of the Anglo-Norman invasion, as they occurred, down to the first siege of the Danish settlement of Limerick—an interval of three years. He confines himself rigorously to what he saw passing around him, and rarely touches upon those circumstances beyond the evidence of his senses, which were afterwards given by Gerald Barry, the secretary of the Earl of Worcester.

The only languages then familiarly known were Latin and Irish. The Chronicle of Regan, it should seem, was composed in the former; but it was put into French (Norman) metre, by one of his new friends—the Norman adventurers. The account of the fact is thus given by the translator, in a dialect as curious as the subject itself:—

“ Par soen demande, Latinner
E moi conta de son Historie
Dunt far’ ici la memorie.
Morice Regan erat celui;
Buche à buche parla à lui
Ric et geste indita,
La storie de lui me mostra.
Je (dejà) il Morice erat Latinner
Al Re,—Re Murcher.
Ici livrai del Bachelier
Del Re Dermot vous vois il conter.”

Another curious specimen of this rare document is the description of Earl Strongbow’s gift of his newly-acquired lands to his daughter, and to her husband, his brother adventurer, Robert de Quincey:—

" La fille, la dite Marie
 La don à Robert de Quincy.
 I loe estoit le mariage
 Vicent (voici) fut le Baronage
 A Robert (la donat) de Quincy
 E lut le Duffer, altressi
 Le constabel de Leynstere,
 Et l'enseigne et le banniere." (1)

Next to the French translation (the French spoken by the Fitzgeralds, de Lacys, etc., etc., of the twelfth century,) the English version by Sir G. Carew is most notable. It is the good prose spoken and written in Queen Elizabeth's Court; and it is remarkable, that the orthography indicates a pronunciation of particular words, which is that of the ancient Catholic families, and of many of the remote provincial Irish, to this day. Camden has done the honours by the learning, the library, and the antiquarian acquirements of this accomplished statesman; and particularly praises him for the light he threw on the affairs and the antique lore of Ireland. (Brit. p. 506, An. 1340.) During his ministry in Ireland, Sir George is said to have collected forty-two volumes of Irish tracts.

The history of the invasion by Maurice Regan, with three other tracts almost equally valuable, was translated by Sir George Carew himself. The originals are said to have fallen into the hands of the Earl of Clarendon during the civil wars. From this family they were purchased by the Duke of Chandos; and they were again sold and dispersed, and have, perhaps, escaped from the eye of future inquirers for ever. Thus rendered doubly interesting by their translator, (like a relic in a precious shrine,) they recall two epochs most important to Ireland — the English invasion, when they were written, and the iron reign of Elizabeth, when they were translated. It commences as follows:—

"Dermond, kyng of Leinster, was a powerful prince; he invaded O'Neal and the Kyng of Meath, compelled theime to gyve hostages, and constrained O'Kerrall to send hym his son for a pledge into Leinster. At that tyme O'Rory, kyng of Lethevin, (2) whose country was woody and full of boggs, had to wyfe the daughter of M'Laghlin Mac Colman, kyng of Meath, a fair and

(1) The portion here mentioned was the Duffren, a tract of country still, I believe, so called in Wexford, and separated from the county of Carlow by the ridge of hills called Mount Leinster. The Duffren afterwards became the property of the Colcloughs. The "constabel" was the civil authority, the "banniere" the military government; in fact, the whole regal authority of the district, which was the original nucleus of the Pale.

(2) Lethevin, better known by the name of Breifne. The details of this story, and some of the names of the parties, are differently given by Keating, who wrote after the lapse of some centuries.

lovely lady, entirely beloved of Dermond, kyng of Leinster, who also hated O'Rory for an affront which his man Min had received at Lethnuth in his country. Dermond, by letres and messingers, pursued her love with suche fervency, as in the end shee sent him word that shee was ready to obey and yeld to his will, appointed hym a tyme and place where he shuld find her, and prayeing him to come soe strongly, as that he mought by force take her away with him.

“Dermond presently assembled his forces, and marched into the countrey of Lethevin; at Tirmbruin he found this lady, tooke her away with him, spoiled the countrey, and returned with victory and content into Fernes. O'Rory, full of grieve and rage, addressed hymself unto the Kyng of Connaght, complaining of the wrong and scorne done unto hym by the Kyng of Leinster, and entreating his aid in the revenge of so grete an outrage. O'Connor, kyng of Connaght, moved with honour and compassion, promised him succour; and presently he dispatched messingers to the King of Ossory—unto M'Laghlin, king of Meath—to Hesculph Mac Turkill, lord of Dublin—and Murrough O'Birne: wythwhome he too much prevailed, as they turned heads upon their lord king Dermond. The Kyng of Leinster, seeing hymself forsaken of his kinsmen, friends, servants, and principal followers, hauing sume more confidence in Murrough than in the rest, tooke horse and rode to speak with him. King Dermond being returned to Fernes, and lodged in the Abbey of Fernes dedicated to the blessed Virgin Mary, commanded the Abbot to write a letre whiche he subscribed, and to deliver it to one of his monks, to carry it to Murrough O'Birne, hoping thereby to perswade him to a meeting.

“The monke being dispatched, dischargid the trust imposed upon him soe well, as that he deliveried the letre to O'Birne. The King followid the monke, and at a wood-side saw Murrough O'Birne; who, beholdinge the Kyng, menaced him presently to depart, or else he would repent it. The distressid Kyng, almost distracted with greife and anger, returned to Fernes; and, fearing to be betrayed there, and delivered by hys people unto the King of Connaght, resolved to abandon his countrey; and instantly, without delay, he went to Horkesun, where he imbarqued hymself for England, having in his company no other man of marke then Awliffe O'Kinade, and about sixty persons. With a prosperous gale he arrived at Bristoll, and was lodged, with all his companie, in the house of Robert Harding at St. Augustin's; where, after some staie, he addressed his journey towards France, to speake with Kyng Henry, who then had warr in that kingdom with the French Kyng. (A.D. 1168.)

“ When he came to presence of Kyng Henry, he related at large unto hym the cause of his comyng, telling hym that his vassals had forsaken him, that he was forced to runne into exile, and beseeching hym to gyve him aide, whereby he mought be restorid to his inheritaunce ; which, yf it should plesse him in his goodness to graunt, he would acknowledge hym to be his lorde, and serve him faithfully during his life. This petifull relation of the distressed Kyng so much movid Kyng Henry to compassion, as that he promised him aid, and willed him to return to Bristoll, there to remayne untill he herd further from him; and withall he wrote to Robert Hardinge, requireing hym to receive Kyng Dermond and his followers into his house, and to intreat them with all the courtesie and humanatie he could ; whereof Robert failed in nothing.

“ Aftir that Kyng Dermond had remained more than a moneth in Bristoll, and seeing no hope of aide from Kyng Henry, weary of delaye and comfortless, he went to the Erle Richard, intreating succours from hym, and promising, that yf by his means he mought be re-established in his kyngdome, that he would gyve him his daughter to wife, and with her the whole kyngdome of Leinster for his inheritaunce. The Erle, tickled with so fair an offer, made answeare, that if he culd obteyne leeve of the Kyng his master, he would not fail to assiste him in his person, and bringe sufficiaunt aid ; but, for the present, he desired to be excused ; for, unless the Kyng would give his assent therunto, he durst not entertaine a business of that importance. This faire and discreet answer so well contentid the exiled Kyng, as he solemnly sware, that whensoever the Erle did bringe aide unto hym, he wuld gyve him his daughter in marriage, and, after his death, the kyngdome of Leinster. These conditions being agreed on either party, Dermond departid, and went to St. David’s, where he staid untill shipping was provided to transport hym to Ireland.

“ In the meane tyme, while the banished Kynge’s shipping was in prepareing, he was advised to goe and visit a king in Wales, called Rice, to desyre hym to enlarde out of his prison a gentilman callid Robert Fitz-Stephen, but how the said Robert was taken, or for what offence imprisoned, I doe not understand ; but that he was enlargid by King Rice at the request of the Kyng of Leinster, I am well assured. Having obteyned his request, he returned to St. David’s, carrying no more Englishmen with him than one gentilman, called Richard Fitz-Godabert, who had many good parts in him, but so slenderly attended, as they were of small use for King Dermond when he came into Ireland ; wherefore he licenced them to depart home,

“ The Kyng of Leinster, findinge it to be an impossibility for hym to recovir his kyngdome, and to prevaile in his designs, without aid out of England, dispatched his trusty servaunt and interpreter Maurice Regan with letres into Wales, and with auctority in his name to promise all souche as wuld come to serve hym in his wars in Ireland, large recompence in landes of inheritaunce to souche as wuld staye in the country ; and to those that wuld returne, he wuld gyve them good entertainment eyther in money or in cattle.

“ As soone as these promises were divulged, men of all sortes, and from divers places, preparid themselves to go into Ireland : first, especially, Robert Fitz-Stephen, a man of good esteeme in Wales, who had lately been enlargid out of prison by the mediation of Dermond, undertooke the imployment ; and, with hym, nine or ten knights of good account—namely, Meiler Fitz-Henry ; Meyler Fitz-David, son of the Bushoppe of St. David’s ; Maurice de Prindergrast ; Henry de Momorecy ; and others whose names I do not know ; being, in all, neere aboute the number of three hundredth horsemen.

“ This little army, transported in three ships, landed at a place called Bann, not far from the town of Weixford, from whence they immediately dispatched messingers unto Kyng Dermond to give him notice of their arrival ; who, without delay, repaired unto theme, and imbrasing theme with much joye, and rendering theime thainkes for their travile they had taken. That night they encamped by the sea-side. The next daye Dermond and the English marched directly to Weixford, and instantly gave an assault unto the toune, in the whiche eighteen Englishe were slain, and of the defaunts only three. Nevertheless, the tounsmen perceavinge themselves to be unable to make any long defence, demande parle ; which being graunted, they offered hostages to the Kyng, and to sware, from thince forward, to be evermore his loyal vassalls. By the advice of the English, the conditions were accepted, and the town of Weixford rendered ytsel unto Dermond ; which done, he went to Fernes, as well to cure his hurt men as to feast the English, where they rested three weeks.

“ Then Dermond called to hym Robert Fitz-Stephen and Maurice de Prinderkast, tellinge theme howe mouche they and their nation were feared by the Irish ; wherefore he had a purpose to invade the Kyng of Ossery, his mortal enemy, and to chastise hym ; but furste, he required their advise and consent : who answered, that they came to that lond to no othir end then to serve him in his warrs, and that they wuld not forsake him in any interprise whatsoever he would undertake. Dermond assembled with grete expedition all his forces, to the number of thre

thousande, besides the thre hundreth English, and marched towards Ossery. When he was entred into the countrey, they found that Donald kyng of Ossery plashed a pace, made large and deep trenches in the same, wythe hedges upon thim, and manned with five thousande men, through which pace his enemies of necessitie must passe. Dermond's troops gave upon the trenches: the fight indured from morninge until night, but at last, by the valour of the English, the trenches were forced, the enemye discomfitted, but with much slaughter on eyther side.

"Then Dermond's light men harissed and burnt all the country, and returned with a huge prey. Dermond, knoweing the strength of the countrie, and the danger they shulde meete with all upon ther retreit, called unto hym Robert Fitz-Stephen, Maurice de Prindergast, Henry de Momorecy, and all the English of qualitey, prayeinge theme to be well upon their gard; for, in their retreit, they were to pass a dangerause pace. Accordinge to his direction, the English prepared themselves to fight: the Kynge, for his safetye, put hymself into their battallion; his son Donnell Kevannagh he commanded, with forty-three Kinsellagh's men, to be in the forlorne hope: the rest of his forces, which were seventeen hundreth, mingled not with the English; for they mistrusted such as could runne like the winde. Donnell Kevenagh was no sooner entred the pace, but the enemye asseyled hym, and he was enforced to shelter himself undir the English. After the fight had continued three hours, Prince Donald's men (they of Ossorey) began to faint, gave ground, and roone away; nevertheless, in an instant they rallied againe, and made a newe head.

"In the interim, the English horse and foote were gotton into a lowe moorish ground, wherein Donald assured himselfe to have a faire day upon theme. Maurice de Prindergast, apprehending the danger they were in, with a lowde voice callid upon his companions:—"Let us," sayd he, "withstand our enemies, and free ourselves out of this bottome. We are well armed, and they are naked. If we may recover hard ground, we shall be freed from perrill, and there is no doubt but they be ours; or, at the least, we shall die with honour." Then he called upon one named Robert Smith:—"Take," said he, "fifty soldiers, and lye in ambush in yonder thichett, and move not untill the Irishe be past: if they will charge youe, we will come to your succour:" which direction was immediately obeyed.

"Donald and his men, whiche were about two thousande, conceavinge that the English began to faint, came boldly on, passed the ambush, (who, being soe fewe, dirst not stir,) and gave a furious charge. Dermond, then fearing that all was lost, prayed Maurice to have a care to succor those whiche were left in

ambush. 'Be not dismayed,' said Maurice; "when it shall be needful, I will have care to relieve theme."

"The Irish, with grete eagerness, continued the skirmish: continually chardged them upon thir retreit, untill they had recoverid hard grund. Then Maurice Prindergast, Robert Fitz-Stephen, Meyler Fitz-Henry, Miles Fitz-David, Henry Momorecey, with other English knights, turned upon the men of Ossery, and, in a moment, they were discomfited. All of them did admired-lye well, but Miles Fitz-Henry deserved the most honnor. When the Irishe that were with Dermond (who, all the time of the fight, for feare, had hydden themselves in the wood) sawe the enemy broken, they followed the chase, and fell to the executione of Donald's men. Two hundreth and twenty were slaine, whose heads were presented to Dermond; and manye also afterwards died of their hurts." (1)

The vicissitudes of a warfare so unequal form the subject of the remainder of this veracious chronicle of the royal historiographer. The alternate victories of the traitor Dermod M'Murroch over his unfortunate countrymen by aid of foreign arms; the resistance of some of the bravest of the Irish chieftains, such as the O'Tooles and O'Biernes of the county of Wicklow; the base or politic submission of others, King Dermod's own insolence on his success, "being growne proud of his victories, and giving discontents to the English, in so much that Maurice de Prendergast, with two hundreth soldiers, went to Wexford, with a resolution there to embarque;" all ended, less indeed in the defeat of the Irish party, than in their voluntary submission, given, like those of the Church, in sealed charters. (2)

The English adventurers established themselves in the fairest territories of the beautiful province of Leinster, the only part of the island which England really possessed, up to the time of Queen Elizabeth. Many owed their grants to Dermod himself, according to his secretary, who says, "King Dermod, in respect of good services done unto him by Robert Fitz-Stephen, gave him the town of Wexford; and the Carig adjoining unto it he bestowed upon Maurice Fitz-Gerald." But the greater portion were made by "the Erle," who gave back to the family of Murroch some of their own territory, for Regan says—

"Liquens le ad tunc grante
De o Kinshela la regne;
De Leinster, le pleis vaillant
O Dermot Kavanach le fils Dermot."

(1) Cambrensis relates, that King Dermotd searching among these heads for an enemy to whom he bore immortal hatred, found it; then, seizing it by the hair, he bit it with implacable vengeance.

(2) See Molyneux, Case of Ireland.

“The Erle, not being unmindful to reward those who deserved well,” gave to Moriaghoch (an Irish ally) the territory of the Kinshelaghs; and to Dermot Kavenagh, the son of the King, the plains of Leinster. To Maurice Fitzgerald he gave Naas and Philan, the territory of the Mac Kellas; while among the De Cogans, De Lacys, Le Gros, and the chief of his Norman captains, he divided the rest of the province. Of these, Cambrensis says, “they were presently called Kynges; the manner of Ireland being to call every lord of a countrie King of the same, whereas in truth there be but six Kyngs, Meath, Leinster, Desmond, Munster, Connaught, and Ulster.”

The frequent recalls of the Norman adventurers to England by jealousy of Henry II., and their frequent return to Ireland by the defection of the natives, filled up the first three years of this singular invasion, until the siege of Limerick in 1173, “when,” says Sir G. Carew, “ends the fragment;”—perhaps one of the most curious and best authenticated of any chronicle extant.

A WALK IN THE SNOW.

If the same trouble were taken to teach children what it is necessary for them to know, as to instruct them in what it is useless for them to remember, the happiness of their early years would be much increased, and the progress of their future education facilitated by the change. Instruction is generally begun at the wrong end. Metaphysical abstractions are presented to unformed intellects, scarcely able to comprehend the simplest facts. Ideas are obtruded, where images scarcely impress; and the flickering, fluttering attention of infancy,

“Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,”

is directed to subjects which may be inflicted on the memory by painful reiteration, but cannot form a part of the rational and intelligible complex.

I have attended at good ladies' schools, and been edified by their patience, while shocked at their simplicity. I have heard them inculcate propositions to rustic infancy, which have puzzled the profoundest casuists, and decide upon points which have set states at war, separated sects (for centuries undivided), sent the good to the flames, and consigned the wise to the block.

If the proper study of mankind is man, the proper study of childhood is itself, and the tiny world in which it lives and feels. The chase of its own butterflies is not more exhilarating, the song of its own birds more blithe, than this study might be made, were nature consulted in the process, and were facts presented

and arranged in the order in which they spontaneously offer themselves to the infant intellect.

The force of this truth was strikingly illustrated, on returning towards home, from a cold dreary walk, of which the following little incident made a sort of adventure. Dublin had been rendered particularly gay by the severity of one of the rudest winters with which the mild moist climate of Ireland is ever visited. Snow, many feet deep, filled the streets, the pavement was a glacier, and every roof sent down its avalanche, to the risk of the stupid heads which trusted themselves within its reach. Industry stood petrified, the poor perished, hospitality shut her door, and diners-out began to fear that they should not even dine at home.

But Fashion, who, like her twin brother, Folly, is in all weathers warmly wrapped in the mantle of her own self-conceit, found that which was death to others sport to her; and the streets, which, during the dark bitter days, were deserted and silent, were at night brightened by flambeaus, and resonant with the tinkling of horse-bells, the crack of the whip, and the shout and the laugh of youthful and excited charioteers. Sledges, guided by the gallant and the gay, and filled by beauties shivering and shining as polar stars, fled with meteor rapidity over the crisp and crackling snow, recalling the revels of Petersburg in the golden days of the most autocratic of all the autocrats of all the Russias. Pleasure then took a new course. The "chaste cold moon" shone upon orgies previously sacred alone to wax and gas-light; morning visits were paid at midnight, morning drives were taken while the sun was yet with the antipodes; the intoxicating waltz, over painted floors, was exchanged for the scarce less intoxicating transit over fields of snow; and love, powerless under the watchful eye of chaperoning prudence in the ball-room, obtained, like the Parthian, new victories in its winged flight.

Meantime, the sober, steadfast, and demure, who preferred the fireside to the iceberg, and keeping up the radical heat at home to being *glacés* abroad, remained hermetically sealed amidst the comforts of couches and hearth-rugs.

Among the first to enjoy, and the first to break through, the prudent precaution of this *quarantine*, was myself. Occupying an old-fashioned house, in a dull old-fashioned street (which owes its distinction to the former residence of the illustrious family of Ireland's only duke), (1) I was tempted to take advantage of its vicinity to Leinster lawn (the garden of the ex-palace of the Geraldines), in search of fresh air and blood-stirring exercise. Muffled

(1) Leinster House, the residence of the late duke, and Kildare House, that of the Duchess Dowager.

in furs, and plunged in snow-boots, I was floundering through its white and untracked space, when two black spots, at the further extremity of the grounds, near the gate which opens to the privileged who hold its keys, on Merrion Square, caught my attention.

They grew in size as I approached, and what at first I took for two crows, then for two black cats, and then for two little dogs with shining collars, turned out, on closer contact, to be two lovely children—twins, perhaps—a boy and a girl, of about four years old. Their black velvet dresses, and gold-banded feathered hats, bespoke them the children of gentility; but, since the days of the “babes in the wood,” never were children found in a more desolate and forlorn situation. They stood knee-deep in snow, each supporting the other by the twining of their fingers, hands, and arms. Their noses were blue, their cheeks purple, their lips swollen, and their tears congealing as they fell. They must have endured this painful infliction of cold and neglect for some considerable time.

When I had released them from their jeopardy, rubbed their limbs, wiped their bleared cheeks, and made them walk as fast as they were able, to restore circulation, I endeavoured to get them to prattle of their home, to which I was anxious to restore them, and from which I supposed they had strayed into the lawn, and had remained locked up. The dialogue which ensued struck me to be sufficiently illustrative of the modern system of infant education, to merit a record in the journal from which it is now extracted.

“Well, my little dears, what is your name? where do you live? tell me, and I will take you home to your mamma; don’t begin to cry again, but answer me—what is your mamma’s name?”

Both Children (in a breath). “Mamma’s name is mamma.”

“Yes; but she has another name.”

They looked perplexed in the extreme.

“What is papa’s name, then?”

The Boy. “Papa’s name is papa.”

“Papa what? Has he no other name? Is he not Mr. Somebody?”

Boy. “No; papa is Mr. Nobody. He is Mr. Papa.”

This nonsense in children, upon whose toilet so much more attention had been paid than on their personal safety, provoked me, and I could almost have whipped the little things for their mother’s fault. However, I tried again to extort the information I required.

“Well, then, as you don’t know papa and mamma’s name, can you tell me what is your own pretty little name?”

“Puss is my name,” said the little girl, smiling.

"And yours, my little man?"

Boy (*chuckling*). "Tom-tit."

"Yes, that is your pet name; but are you not Master and Miss Somebody?"

Girl. "No we ain't—mamma calls me Miss when I'm naughty, and Puss when I'm good; and Tom's name is Tom-tit."

"Then you don't know your own names, nor your papa's name?"

The little girl, who was plunging her arms elbow-deep in my muff, nodded her head significantly, and answered, "No, I don't."

"Well, then, who brought you here? you can tell me that!"

Boy. "John the butler, and Mary our maid, did."

"And where are they, my children? are they in this garden, or in that great house?"

Boy. "John is gone for a *drink of water*, John says."

Girl. "And Mary is gone to buy me a nice new doll, Mary says."

"Then, I suppose, I must take you home, for it is too cold for you to wait here longer for their return. Now, tell me, where is your house? in what street?"

They both compressed their lips, and remained doggedly silent, with that look of conscious and resolute obstinacy so provoking in children. They either did not know, or would not tell, the name of their street. How many macaws and paroquets surpassed these elegantly-dressed little creatures in development of intelligence and quickness of comprehension!

A short time before this *rencontre*, I had heard children, not older than those whose fatuity was now so provoking, answer glibly questions which might have puzzled Locke, and startled Malbranche, but which abound in the classics of the schools established by good ladies for the earlier perversion of the human intellect. Much, therefore, in the same wayward mood in which Sterne presented a maccaroon to the ass at the inn gate, I entered on some metaphysical queries proposed to infant minds in early lessons, and I found the little neophytes (particularly the girl) much more *au fait* to the distinctions of spirit and matter, than to the names of their parents, or the "*whereabouts*" of their home. Meanwhile, the little boy kept soliciting my attention with, "I know who the oldest man is—Mr. Methusalem is." But the little girl outstripped him in fluency, and was illustrating the "spirit and the truth," after the most improved formulas of primer theology, when another definition of "the spirit" rolled into the lawn, through the Kildare Street gate, in the persons of their flushed and heated maid, and of a muddled servant man—the attendants who had abandoned these spiritually-educated children to the

inclemency of the weather, while they had adjourned to a neighbouring pothouse.

The delight of the poor little creatures at the re-appearance of their profligate and untrustworthy guardians was extreme. With more indignation than prudence, I reproached them with their breach of duty, before I had obtained the name of their employer; and they, with the cunning peculiar to the class in Ireland, and with a humour that, under other circumstances, might have excused their insolence, foiled all my attempts at attaining it.

"If it's my masther's name you want, hadn't you better look for it in the directhory?" hiccup'd John.

"Lord save us!" said Mary, tucking up the little girl under her arm, while John seized on the boy, "I wonder that a lady, in such an iligant pellice, would turn informer. Come away, or it's the hue and cry we'll have afther us."

The next moment they had passed the iron gate, laughing vociferously, and hugging, in their atmosphere of whiskey, the victims of maternal ignorance and misdirected education, who were probably carrying home with them a malady, the future cause of misery to the mother's heart—and who were certainly on the point of initiation into a system of falsehood and concealment—for woe to the child who betrays the secrets of its prison-house!

To live is the first object of human existence; and the earliest ideas conveyed to the mind of infants should concern the means of forwarding the universal tendency. It is a matter of very premature consideration to the poor little being, surrounded by so many causes of danger and destruction, how long "Mr. Methusalem" carried his miraculous longevity; but it is matter of urgent, instant importance, that it should know as much as possible of its own position in nature and society, and that it should learn to exercise its faculties in the avoidal of evil, whether threatened by the elements, or incurred through the malice of its fellow-creatures. Its first ideas, therefore, should relate to those things and persons which concern itself; its first-taught habits should be those of self-control and self-reliance, within the limited sphere of its activity. The mother who neglects, as soon as memory and articulation permit, to supply to her child all the information possible, for guarding it against the commoner accidents and injuries of life, is the criminal really answerable for its multitudinous wrongs and sufferings: careless hirelings, depraved attendants, and professional kidnappers are but simple accessories to the fact.

But the book of motherhood is one of awful import. It contains in its pages the mystery of half the errors which prevail in

the moral and social system of the age. The little incident thus so carelessly registered is only one of the many illustrations of the fact which every day's experience presents.

THE CASTLE OF MALAHIDE.

Of the swarms which, at a particular epoch, rushed from the great northern hive, and possessed themselves of the fairest portions of southern and western Europe, the hardy and tenacious race which took the name of Normans evinced a superior organization over all contemporary barbarians. Whatever element they chose for their sphere of action, as the sea-kings of one age, or the land-warriors of another, they colonized with rapidity, held to their conquests with determination, founded dynasties, and established civilized communities; and, maintaining with valour what they had obtained by violence, they transmitted to their posterity, for a series of centuries, that firmness of purpose which is the sole secret of permanent success.

Of the Norman adventurers who invaded Ireland in the twelfth century, the greater number are still represented by descendants in peaceable possession of a part of their original lands; ¹ and nearly all the castles of the Pale, which mark its very limited boundaries, still show their sites with picturesque ruins, or dominate them in still more picturesque integrity. Of these two extremes, the best illustration will be found in the castles of Ley and Malahide.

The first Anglo-Norman invaders of Ireland protected by the sword what they had won by the sword. But Henry II., on his arrival, adopting the forms of feudality so recently introduced into England, conferred estates and dignities on the knights who accompanied him, to be held under the English Crown, in a country to which he was almost a stranger: and by subjecting the grantees to the conditional performance of military and honorary services, he strove, in this allocation of his principal officers in Ireland, to perpetuate their submission, and to secure the resources of their lands for the advantage of the English throne. In distributing provinces and principalities to a De Burgo or a De Boteler, ² the servants of his household, Henry still kept a corner

¹ "It is a remarkable circumstance that the ancient baronies of Ireland have almost universally been enjoyed by persons of the same surname and blood as the first founders."—*Lynche's View of the Legal Institutions, etc., etc.*

² The family name of the Butlers was Beckett; they were kinsmen of the martyr archbishop, and were created the king's butlers by Henry, in a spirit of penance. The De Burgos were the "sewers" in the royal household.

for himself, or for some of his personal favourites; who, inferior in power to the potent magnates, were more likely to preserve their faith to their master inviolate, and to offer central points for the maintenance of his authority. When he bestowed the province of Leinster on the Earl of Pembroke, to be held as a noble fief of the Crown, he thus retained for his "pleasure and esbattement" the lordship of Malahide, or Mulloghide—two cantreds of land on the sea-side, in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

It appears that among the young gallants who accompanied King Henry to Ireland was one Richard Talbot, second son of Richard Talbot, Lord of Eccleswell and Linton in Herefordshire. His paternal grandfather was the sturdy governor of Hereford Castle; his maternal grandsire was "the grete Earl of Arundel;" and his family was already historical in the annals of England. Henry II. had given the lordship of Eccleswell, in England, to the father; on the son he bestowed the lordship of Malahide, and the castle and town of Dalkey, in Ireland.

Malahide was an important maritime boundary of the Pale: wood-embosomed, sea-girted, it was well defended by the Dangan, or Danish rath, which crowned its impending hill. Its little port was much frequented, and the whole district formed a part of the most cultivated and civilized tract in Ireland—Fingal; then, as now, designated as the "land of the Fair Stranger." "The Pale itself," says that agreeable old chronicler, Hollingshed, "was the richest and civilest soyle in Ireland; and Fingall more especially, from tyme to tyme, hath been, so addicted to all the points of husbandrie, as they are nicked by their neighbours for their continuall drudgerie, *collennes*, of the Latin word *colonia*, whereunto the clipt English word *clown* seemeth to be answerable.

Such were the soil and population of Fingal from the twelfth century to the reign of Elizabeth, and such are they now; the habits, manners, and the very names, of the original Danish and English settlers, unchanged and unmixed at the end of six hundred years.(1)

Henry II. was well aware that the conquest of England by his grandfather had been greatly facilitated by the want of castles to impede his progress; and he had the sagacity to defend himself against the encroachments of the native Irish on this weak side, by granting licences to the new settlers for raising such edifices, retaining them however in his own custody in time of war—an uninterrupted possession.

A chain of rude, crenelated, square dungeons rose rapidly

(1) Sweetman (Swede-man), Seagrave, Russel, etc., etc.; not an O' or a Mac is to be found in Malahide or its neighbourhood.

throughout the Pale, and dominated the marshes “to fear awaie the Irishry.” Every Anglo-Norman lord had to build his tenure-castle, to be held in royal custody. English masons arrived with every tide at Clontarf, Malahide, or Dalkey; the poor Irish kearns threw away their skeins for the trowel, and their spears for the axe; and the Pale exhibited a scene of incipient activity and civilization, under the superintendence of the king’s deputy, De Lacy, which is thus quaintly described by an old chronicler of the times:—“Hugh De Lacie, the rather to mete with such hurlie-burlies as were like to put the state of the Irish countrie in danger, if the same were not the sooner brought to quiet, erected and built a number of castels and fortes in places convenientlie seated; well and sufficiently garnished with men, munition, and vittels; at which divers of the Irish praied to be set on work for wages. Lacie came sundrie times to further the work (his own castle of Durrow), full glad to see them in with anie such exercise, wherein they might have begun to have delight, and taste the sweetnesse of a true man’s life. He thought it no small token of reformation; for which cause he visited them oftener, and merrilie would commend his gentlemen to give the labourers example, to take tooles in hand, and to work a season, whilst the poor soules, looking on, might rest them. But this pastime grew to a tragical end; for on a time, as each man was busilie occupied, some toiling, some hewing, some plaistering, some graveng, the generall (the lord-deputy) also himself digging with a pix-axe, a desperate villain among them, whose toole the nobleman used, espying both his hands occupied, and his body inclining downwards still as he stroke, watched when he so stooped, and with his axe cleft his head in sunder—little esteeming the torments that for this traitorous act ensued,” an universal war between the Irish and the English of the Pale and its surrounding countries.

It was thus, like the gentlemen of the lord-deputy’s train, that the Talbots probably worked, axe in hand, at their first rude castle of Malahide, which they raised in a place conveniently seated, in the midst of a wooded plain, close to its port and sheltered by its rath-crowned hill.

To castellate now became a fashion: the monasteries of the Pale “sued for license to crenelate and embattle their belfries,” with a clerical foppery singular in those rude times. Thus, too, the strongholds of the Fitzgeralds, the St. Lawrences, the Plunkets, (Lords of Fingal,) the De Lacies, the Barnwells, etc., etc., rose on every side and bade defiance to the O’Moorees, the O’Briens, and the O’Tooles, who looked down in contempt from their mountain fastnesses, and impervious glens of Dublin and

Wicklow, on those *stone cages*, unworthy for brave men to depend on for defence.

Even in a later epoch, when the lord-deputy De Courcy, "a powerful man," had won the friendship of that wild toparch, Mac Mahon, and was bound with him in the strong and sacred tie of gossipry, he could not bring him over to the domestic comfort and warlike security of "lyme and stone." For, having raised him two castles on the boundaries of his country, for his defence against encroaching neighbours, scarcely had the deputy returned to Dublin, when Mac Mahon levelled them to the earth. Called to account for this breach of trust, he answered contemptuously, "I swore not to hold stones, but lands; nor is it in my nature to live between cold walls, when the woods are so nigh."

Here and there, indeed, the Irish raised a few piles "for the captains of their countrie, in imitation of the English settlers: but I will be bold to say," adds Sir John Davis, "that never any particular person (Irish), from the conquest to the reign of James, did build any stone or brick houses for his private use, but such as have obtained estates under the English law."

Entrenched within his tenure-castle of Malahide, Richard Talbot was soon bound in the galling chain of feudality, knighted, and obliged to go forth to battle whenever the deputy unfurled his standard. The Church, too, soon discovered the new and prosperous settler, and pounced at once on his conscience and his cantreds. The first act of the chatelain of Malahide was to make over "a grant of certeyne lands in Malahide Beg in pure and perpetual almes to the monks of St. Marie's Abbey in Dublin, for that they might praie for his soule, the soule of his brother Roger, and the soules of their ancestors"—a sweeping bargain!

This grant, in the reign of King John, Reginald De Wassanville Talbot, the son of Richard, piously ratified, with an addition of a few acres of his lands of Port Maonock, in part payment of his own salvation. So rapidly, indeed, did the organ of veneration develop itself in the heads of this family, that in the year 1250 they founded and endowed a monastery, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, at their sole expense. This monastery occupied the site, where far other rites were celebrated in aftertimes,—the site of the Royal Theatre in Crow Street, where the Mossops, the Barrys, the Woffingtons, and the Jordans, performed their noviciate. The ground is now about to be built upon for a Methodist Chapel.

Meantime, "to make assurance doubly sure," Richard Talbot, in 1259, obtained a re-grant of his estates from King John: and one Richard Talbot succeeded another in lineal descent, to the reign of Edward III.;—all valiant and comely cavaliers, as it

should seem, for they all married heiresses: and the rich and fertile cantreds of Cork Beg, Feltrim, Baalragan, and other smooth acres with rough titles, were brought into the rent-roll of Malahide, by the alliances of its worthy knights with the Lady Marys, Julias, and Margarets of the De Canetons, De Kenewricks, and other grim names, of then powerful import.

With all this accession of lands and honours, the Pale lords slept not on beds of roses. To defend their own castles, and to attack those of their neighbours, whenever they were not hunting an O'Moore to his woods, or an O'Beirne to his mountains, —to go forth an hosting at the lord-deputy's command,—to make a prey of cattle or of men, or to undertake pilgrimages through perilous ways to remote shrines,—and never to leave the protection of their own barbican without a well-founded apprehension of returning shorter by a head, (the Irish custom being to cut off the heads of the vanquished,)—formed the principal details of the wretched existence of these early settlers on the lands of the Pale.

The state of society in Ireland at that period, and even for two centuries afterwards, was without parallel in the history of the world; and all its elements were so anti-socially organized, that the wonder is not that the country should still exhibit traces of incivilization, but that it did not become wholly depopulated and wild. The invaders were in perpetual and universal warfare with the invaded, who would neither unite to expel the foreign enemy, nor agree to submit to the English authority. The English by descent at variance with the English by blood, the native chiefs in ceaseless predatory hostility with each other, and all alike in occasional rebellion against the government, were all equally ignorant of enlightened morality, of the blessing of good laws, and of the evil of those feudal institutes, which made every chief a despot, and every subject a rebel or a slave.

Thus, it appears, a Reginald Talbot of Malahide began to run restive, and failed to offer at the Exchequer his tributary goshawk, probably intending, like many others of his order then in Ireland, to set up for himself. When obliged to come in, he was had into Court for delivering into the Exchequer, as the rent of his estate, one goshawk, which, on inspection and examination, there, proved unsound, unfit, and of no value: and inasmuch as the delivery of the same was a fraud on the Court, and a grievous damage to the King, the said Reginald Talbot was fined.

In times so wild and barbarous, it is pleasant to see some faint ray of a dawning civilization breaking through the gloom. In 1315, Richard Talbot of Malahide was elected sheriff of

Dublin. (1) He was soon, however, called on to bring his faction into the field, and to march under the banner of his gallant friend, Lord John Birmingham, of Louth, against Edward Bruce, who, joining the "Irish enemy," had devastated the country, and deluged the soil with blood, carrying destruction to the castles of the Pale, most of which he levelled, to the very walls of Dublin.

The bloody victory obtained over the Scotch and Irish armies by the Anglo-Irish captains brought no peace to the conquering survivors. A feud broke out between the gentlemen of Fingal and Louth. Richard Talbot, with his friends and partisans, joined Lord John against the De Gernons, de Verdons, and others. A pitched battle was fought in the plain of Ballybragan on the vigil of St. Barnaby; and Richard Talbot, and his friend, Lord Louth, were slain, with two hundred gentlemen of their followers. This event happened in 1320.

The loyalty and worth of the father procured the protection of the English Government for the son, who, though a minor at his father's death, was knighted, and received a livery of his estate. In 1374 (Edward III.) he was summoned to the *magnum concilium*, or Parliament, by the title of Thomas Talbot, *miles*, and as one of the *melioribus et sufficientibus hominibus*, etc. In 1379 he was again summoned to Parliament by special writ. Thus, at the distance of five hundred years, began the parliamentary career of the Talbots of Malahide; and through that awful interval of time, and long sweep of events, it does not appear that one voice of theirs was raised against the honour or the interests of their native country: (2)

In 1414, Sir John Talbot, Lord of Furnival, and kinsman to the Irish families of that name, came to Ireland as the King's Deputy. He landed at Dalkey, and "made a circular progress round the Pale in a most warlike manner." It may be supposed that the Talbots lost nothing by the influence of their relation, who was succeeded in office by Richard Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin.

Some curious traits of the Vice-regal reign of this Deputy are preserved, illustrative of the times. In a Parliament held by

(1) In the genealogical account of the family, it is said that Richard Talbot was elected sheriff in 1315. It is more probable that the city dignity conferred was that of provost; for, according to Stanihurst, "the sword was not given to the city till 1409 (Henry IV.), when Dublin was ruled by a mayor and two bailiffs, which were changed for 'shiriffes' by a charter granted by Edward VI. (1547); but it appeareth by the ancient seale of the citie called *signum preposituræ*, that this citie was in old times governed by a provost."

(2) Mistaken, perhaps, in their opinions, they were never false to their ideas of patriotism. They fought against invasion or usurpation, against a Cromwell or a William of Orange, but still they fought for Ireland; and if they loved her not wisely, they at least consecrated their errors by their disinterestedness; for they were on the side of the weakest.

him in Trim, it was enacted that “cornonick, or protection of Tories, be treason.” It is a mark of the growing liberality of this age, that it was “licensed that any officer may travel by sea from one part of Ireland to another, without forfeiture,” or may travel any where with a license. Thus was Ireland, in the fifteenth century, in this respect, on a par with Austria, and some other European states, of the nineteenth, whose serfs of the highest ranks are obliged to obtain permission to travel or reside for a given time in foreign countries, under penalty of forfeiture.

In 1415, Robert Talbot, “a righte noble man,” close-walled the suburbs of Kilkenny, and departed this life.

In 1436, the castle and lordship of Malahide, with other lands in Dublin, Meath, and Kildare, were placed in the King’s hands (Henry VI.) during the minority of Richard Talbot, the King appointing four chaplains, or ecclesiastics, as guardians. On coming of age, this Richard Talbot brought to his castle, as its bridal mistress, the Lady Maud Plunket, daughter of the Lord Killeen, and sister of the first Lord Dunsany. The lady’s story was a romance; it being recorded of her, that she was “a maid, wife, and widow in one day.” Her first bridegroom, Hussy, Baron of Galtrim, having been called from the altar to head a hosting against the Irishry, was brought back to the bridal banquet a corpse, on the shields of his followers. The effigy of this lady is still to be seen, in the church of Malahide, dressed in the costume of the time.

It was at this epoch, that a new source of “feud and foray” broke forth in Ireland, which assumed all the fierce and bitter character of its own domestic origin—the struggle of the Houses of York and Lancaster. “Hence began,” says the chronicler, “the factions of the nobilitie and gentrie of Ireland, favouring divers sides that strove for the crown of England, for the Duke of York, while in Ireland, had by his conduct exceedingly won the hearts of the nobilitie and gentrie of that land. Great was the credit of the house of Geraldine, even when the House of York prospered; and likewise the Butlers thrived under the blood of Lancaster.”

The Talbots, always of the party of the Geraldines, which was ever that of the nation, became the most zealous of the Yorkists. The Lancasters were deemed their natural enemies; and to side with the House of York (the Duke of Clarence was born in Dublin) was the liberalism of that day. (1) “The faction of the Talbots began to get great,” says Coxe, “it being in the nature of mankind to be mutinous against an uneasy government, be the fault where it will; for the multitude consider what they feel,

(1) Within the memory of the present generation, the Yorkist rose was still to be seen in the pavement of the old church of Malahide.

and cannot penetrate into the cause or evil of their grievance, and therefore they fall upon the most obvious remedy, which is the change of the government."

The impressions which the Duke of York (1459) had left behind him, by his severe but even-handed justice, procured for him the most enthusiastic reception, when he took refuge in Ireland from the persecutions of the Lancastrians; for he was so well esteemed of the Irish, says Stanihurst, "that multitudes of his Irish subjects followed him to England, to assist him in the pursuit of his claims to the crown."

The adhesion of the Earl of Kildare, of the Talbots, the Birminghams, and other lords of the Pale, were well marked in aftertimes, by the unforgiving blood of the Lancastrian Tudors. The extermination of nearly the whole race of the Geraldines could not satiate the love of blood and vengeance, which distinguished that race, from Henry VII. to Elizabeth—the antitype of her father; nor was the crime of Yorkism in Ireland ever forgiven by the English sovereigns, till the house of Tudor became extinct.

In the reign of Henry VII. a deep and mutual hatred to the Lancastrians and to the Butlers, their Irish adherents, led to a strict alliance between Sir Peter Talbot of Malahide, and the great Earl of Kildare, which was cemented by a union of the tenderest nature; the Earl bestowing on Sir Peter his youngest daughter—the Lady Catherine Fitzgerald—who brought with her as a dowry the beautiful estate of Carton, lying under the very walls of her paternal castle of Maynooth. It was the grandson of this lady who founded the younger branch of the Talbots of Carton, which thus became the birth-place of the celebrated Richard, Duke of Tirconnel, and of his brother, the gifted and unfortunate Archbishop of Dublin. By this illustrious alliance, Sir Peter Talbot became the brother-in-law of his foe, Pierce Butler, Earl of Ossory, who married the Lady Margaret Fitzgerald, the most celebrated and extraordinary woman of her time and nation.

The reign of Edward IV., though it brought no remedy for the sufferings of Ireland, was eminently favourable to the nobility of the Pale. Many of their castles, which even in the time of Edward III. were going to decay, were now re-edified upon an enlarged scale. Among these, the Castle of Malahide, if not wholly rebuilt, was considerably improved; an effigy of the King was placed over the principal entrance; and its towers, its court, or bawn, its crenelated walls and ditch, exhibited all the stern and formidable characteristics of a baronial dwelling. A grant from the King conferred regal powers on its lords; and a prison, a gallows, and a church, within its circuit, intimated their privileges and their piety.

The arrival of Lambert Simnel; the honours paid to him by the deputy, Gerald, Earl of Kildare, and the gentry of the Pale; his coronation in Christ Church; his being carried to the castle on men's shoulders, "as he was sure an honourable child to look upon;" all these open symptoms of treason were not sufficient to displace the Lord Deputy, "so powerful was that mighty man."

When the plot (or just claim) of Lambert was defeated at the battle of Stoke, the earl's attendance at court was demanded by the King; but he, for sufficient causes, took leave to decline the invitation, on the plea that "he could not be spared from the government." This excuse was admitted; his pardon was granted for the nonce; and Henry remained satisfied with despatching his minister, Sir Richard Edgecomb, to Ireland, to take new oaths of allegiance from the nobility, and to hold them in recognizances, as the price of their pardon.

Accompanied by five hundred men-at-arms, Sir Richard arrived at Waterford after "a contrarious-voiage." Having taken the oaths from Lord De Courcy, and the loyal mayor and corporation of that city—all true Lancastrians (the Tories of those times) and good haters and calumniators of the Earl of Kildare—"the seyd Sir Richard," as his secretary and journalist calls him in his curious diplomatic diary, "continued his most perillous voiage, and set forth in his skippes to braven the wide seas, and expose hymself to great contrarious wyndes and tempests."

The chances of this adventurous voyage threw him on the hospitality of Malahide Castle; and he unconsciously became the guest of the sister and the wife of two men, whom he had orders to attaint of high treason, in case they should not make a confession of their faults, and an unconditional recognition of the House of Tudor. "The seyd Sir Richard, after great contrarious wyndes, fetched one island, called Lambay, off the coast of Dublyn, and sent, to inquire for the Bushopp of Clogher, Thomas Dartrass, the Kyng's porter, to have knowledge of him of the disposition of the people." Thomas Dartrass returned with the intelligence that "the redoutable Erl" was gone on a pilgrimage, and that it would be four or five days "ere he mought come again to Dublyn; and so desired hym to come to Dublyn and take his ease." For this purpose "the seyd Sir Richard landed at Malahide; and ther a gentilwoman called Talbot receaved and made hym righte good cheer: and the same day, at after-noone, the Bushopp of Meath and others cume to Malahide afore-said, well accompanied, and fetched the seyd Sir Richard to Dublyn. And at his coming thither, the mayor and substance of the citie receaved hym at the Black Fryers gate, at which Black Fryers the seyd Sir Richard was lodged."

The result of this visit, most dramatically related in all its details by "the seyd Sir Richard," was the obtaining, with much difficulty, the required oath of allegiance from the "redoutable Erl," the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishops of Meath and Clogher, the Prior of Kilmahon, Preston Viscount Gormanston, James Fleming Baron of Hume, Nicholas St. Lawrence Lord Howth, Christopher Barnwell Lord of Trimblestone, Sir John Plunket Lord of Dunsany, P. Birmingham (afterwards Lord Athonry), Christopher Bellew of Bellew's Town, Peter Talbot, Kt. Lord of Malahide, etc.

The oath of allegiance thus taken by the Talbots left them for some time in peace in their castle of Malahide, where, doubtless, in their beautiful hall, which at this moment presents the same aspect as it then did, they continued to dispense right good cheer to their neighbours the Howths, the Louths, the Barnwells, the Gormanstowns, the Bellews, and the Geraldines, all now, as then, their alternate guests and hosts.

During the reign of Henry VIII. the Irish nobility were marked out for the most sanguinary persecution. Of this, the house of Kildare were the most notable victims. The father of Lady Catherine Talbot died in the Tower of London of a broken heart; and her five uncles, with her celebrated and gifted brother, "the silken Lord Thomas," were delivered up to the King's vengeance, by an act of treachery, the vilest that ever disgraced the history of any government. Her half-sister, the Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald, an hostage and a guest at the court of the murderer of her kinsmen, became better known to posterity as the "more than celestial Geraldine" of Lord Surrey's Muse.

It was a remarkable circumstance that, while Sir Peter Talbot was suspected of treasonable practices, and called on for a formal recognizance for his loyalty, his son and successor, Thomas, was dubbed a knight-banneret on the field, by the Lord Deputy Grey, for his gallant bearing in a conflict against O'Neil. This circumstance, however, did not influence the feelings of the new knight against the House of Tudor; for the Talbots were ever good haters, as they were zealous friends: and when, in 1531, the King displayed his banner on the hill of Owenstown in the county of Dublin, Thomas, not obeying this summons, nor appearing for his barony, was processed by the Court of Exchequer.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the celebrated "celestial Geraldine," the Queen's old playfellow at Hunsden, had become the stately Countess of Lincoln. As cousin to Talbot of Malahide, she may have presented his learned and reverend kinsman, John Talbot, to the Queen. As a recent convert to her new religion, Elizabeth proposed him to the Archbishop of Canterbury for a

vacant bishopric. The Archbishop, in horror of a man who had Papist blood still hot in his veins, exclaimed, "Talbot a bishop! Marry, an it please your Highness, he is not even a Christian!" "An though he be not," replied the Queen, merrily, "he will do well enough for an Irish Bushopp." This John Talbot is cited as a "very good maker in English;" (1) English being then in Ireland nearly as scarce as Greek. It is probable, however, that his Latin oration in praise of Essex was the true cause of his elevation.

The accession of the House of Stuart to the throne of England was the millennium of the noble families of Ireland, as well Irish as of Anglo-Norman origin. As Catholics, they imagined that in the person of James they had found a protector; and the natives considered him as a descendant of their own kings. Many, therefore, posted to his court, to press claims or to extort favours by a prostration of personal dignity, such as Ben Jonson has immortalized in the exaggerated, insolent, and too melancholy satire of his "Irish Masque."

At this period, and during the reign of Charles I., the Talbots of Malahide remained at home; and, while the Talbots of Carton were pushing their fortunes at Whitehall, or fighting under foreign banners abroad, Sir John Talbot of Malahide, and his wife Lady Catherine, the daughter of the Earl of Fingal, (2) were still representing the honours and dispensing the hospitality of the family, when Cromwell arrived as General of the Forces in Ireland.

The Pale was then the focus of loyalty, and its castles were of great importance. Even after the republicans had obtained possession of Dublin, part of the royal army was encamped at Finlagh, a village close to the capital; and the battle of Swords was fought within gun-shot of Malahide. The siege and sacking of Drogheda, a terrible event, within fifteen miles of the castle, was followed by an attack on its own walls. Upon its surrender, it was instantly seized on by Cromwell for his own residence, being, as he observed, "the strongest castle in the neighbourhood of Dublin." To Sir John and his lady was given the gracious alternative of going "to Hell, or Connaught," and they chose the latter. Retiring to their estate of Castle-Ring, in the county of Roscommon, they took, as they believed, their last farewell of

(1) To "make well in English" was a great eulogium. "There liveth," says old Hollingshed, "one Wise, in Waterford, that maketh verrie well in the English." There still liveth one Wyse in Waterford, worthy of the same commendation. Another of the family of the Member for Waterford is celebrated as "one Andrew Wise, a toward youth, and a good versifier."

(2) Ancestor of the present Earl, whose ancient and beautiful Castle of Killeen is still among the most precious specimens of the historical architecture of Ireland.



619-85.

that ancient residence, where, for five centuries, their ancestors had "kept crock and pan," or had armed for field or foray, against king or subject, as they deemed the interests of Ireland may have demanded.

Whilst Cromwell took possession of Malahide, and stripped the Church of its lead to defend its walls, Colonel Ingoldsby obtained Talbot's Town, another of the family estates in Wicklow. On Cromwell's departure to play the greater part assigned him in England, Malahide Castle was given to his deputy Miles Corbet, who set up a brewery in the church, and kindled the fire under his boilers on the site of the great altar. The stains of the smoke are still visible; and tradition asserts, that, in consequence of his destruction of the twelve Apostles sculptured over this altar, the image of the Virgin Mary (who, from the foundation of the castle to that moment, had kept watch and ward over its inhabitants) disappeared from the black oak chamber. On the morning, however, of the flight of Miles Corbet in an open boat from the port of Malahide, he observed in passing through this chamber, that the Virgin was again enshrined in her ancient niche over the chimney-piece, and remarked it to some of the followers of the Talbots still retained in his service. From that moment to the present, she holds her place over one of the most cheerful and hospitable hearths in Ireland.

The restoration of the House of Stuart was the restoration of the venerable Sir John and Lady Talbot. The first act of this spirited lady was to order the demolition of the outworks and defences of the castle; alleging to her son and heir Richard, (1) that she was resolved Malahide should never again serve as a stronghold to invite the residence of an usurper.

There is no greater historical illusion than that entertained of the reign of the Stuarts, as having been favourable to the Catholics of Ireland. It was under James I. that a civil inquisition was set up for the discovery of disputed titles, which aimed at the forfeiture of the entire Catholic property. Sir Arthur Chichester, his deputy, is doomed to everlasting infamy for the prosecution of this scheme, which was recompensed by a share of the forfeited estates, amounting to ten thousand a-year.

The same inquisition was continued under Charles the First, by the despotic Strafford; who, in his determination to find the title for the king, proposed to have his inquisitors attended by five hundred horse, "as good lookers-on." Four whole counties in Connaught were thus found for the king.

But the loyalty of the Irish to this false and worthless race,

(1) This Richard Talbot married his cousin Frances Talbot of Carton, sister to Richard Duke of Tirconnel.

(whose hereditary temperament continued unchanged to its last miserable representative) remained unshaken. They brought the same devotion to the Court of Charles II., as they had evinced for his father in the field, and in exile. The Ormonds, the Ossorys, the Kildares, the O'Briens, the Fitzmaurices, and the Talbots of Carton, all hastened to exchange their Pale castles of Ireland for an apartment at Whitehall, or a lodging at Newmarket. Colonel Richard Talbot of Carton, (nephew of the Lord of Malahide,) and his brother the Red Peter Talbot, were among the favourites and boon companions of the king and his brother the Duke of York. Peter was made almoner to the queen; while Richard, in a fit of disgust or patriotism, left the court, and retired to Ireland. When he again presented himself at Whitehall, he appeared as the advocate and agent for the claims of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, more unjustly treated and oppressed by the Stuarts than they had been even by the Tudors.

It is curious to see the Butlers and the Talbots still opposed to each other in the Court of Charles the Second, as they had been in the reign of Henry the Seventh. The minister Ormond opposed the claims of the Irish Catholics advocated by Talbot; and the petulant and irascible advocate, in his expostulations with the ducal premier, conducted himself with such haughty violence, that he was committed to the Tower. Charles, in his mischievous love of fun, taunted the duke with his passive endurance of Dick Talbot's wit and violence, till, worried by the heartless pleasantry, Ormond turned shortly upon him, and exclaimed, "Odd's my life, Sire, does your Majesty then wish that I should doff my doublet at this time of day, to fight a duel with Dick Talbot?"

The succession of James II. converted the "Dick Talbot" of Whitehall into the Earl and Duke of Tirconnel, lord-lieutenant and commander of the forces in Ireland. But though the family of Malahide returned five members to the parliament held in Dublin, 1689, they seem to have derived but small advantage from the elevation of their kinsman. Edward III. by his letters patent, and Edward IV. by his grant, had given to the Talbots of Malahide royalties and privileges of the highest and most distinguishing character. With other far greater powers, were assigned the customs of the port of Malahide, with the right of sealing the cocket, or custom-house receipt, with their own private seal, without any account to be rendered to the king. If any of the king's officers should enter the manor to exercise any thing contrary to this privilege, it was made lawful for the Talbots to hinder and resist them.

But though at the Restoration the Talbots were declared "innocent persons," and by virtue of the Act of Settlement were restored

to their manor and lands of Malahide, with all the royalties thereunto belonging, the customs of their port were taken by the king's officers. Richard Talbot petitioned the king against this usurpation in 1678; and Sir John Temple, to whom the case was referred, admitted the grant and its exercise up to 1641, but recommended that the rights should not be restored, as being prejudicial to his majesty's customs; but that some such compensation for his pretences should be granted as his majesty shall be pleased to allow, as in the case of the Earl of Kildare for Strangford, and the Society of London for Londonderry, and thereupon the petitioner be obliged to release to his majesty all his right and claim, etc.

Notwithstanding the evident justice of this claim, and the near relationship of the family to the all-powerful Duke of Tirconnel, neither were the rights restored, nor any compensation made for the usurpation.

Of Richard Talbot, duke of Tirconnel, much ill has been written, and more believed; but his history, like that of his unfortunate country, has only been written by the pen of party, steeped in gall, and copied servilely from the pages of prejudice, by the tame historians of modern times, more anxious for authority than for authenticity. Two qualities he possessed in an eminent degree—wit (1) and valour; and if to gifts so brilliant and so Irish, be joined devotion to his country, and fidelity to the unfortunate and fated family, with whose exile he began life, and with whose ruin he finished it, it cannot be denied that in his character the elements of evil were mixed with much great and striking good. Under happier circumstances, the good might have predominated; and he, whose deeds are held by his own family in such right estimation, might have shed a lustre on his race, by the talents and heroism which gave force to his passions and celebrity to his errors.

Of the various conflicts which have influenced the fate of Ireland, the greater number have been fought within the boundaries of the Pale. The last and greatest was the battle of the Boyne, an event in which the destinies not only of Ireland, but of Great Britain and even Europe, were deeply involved. On the eve of that memorable battle, King James slept at Slane Castle, where he

(1) During his exile with the Duke of York, he was presented by Charles II. to Louis XIV., to whom he bore so extraordinary a resemblance, that Louis, mortified to find that any "mortal mixture of earth's mould" should approach so near to the royal model, demanded insolently of the young Irishman, "*La mère de Mons. Talbot a-t-elle été à la cour de France?*" "Pardon, sire," replied the Irish wit, "*jamais: c'est mon père qui y a été.*" Louis turned on his heel, while the courtiers bit their lips in vain.

had been sumptuously entertained by Christopher Flemming, Lord Slane. (1)

This Christopher was then scarcely eighteen. Devoted, like all his family, to the Stuarts, he saw the king issue forth from his gates armed for the fight. He saw the first onset from the walls of his castle, and hurried forth to mingle in the fray, from which he escaped a beggar, an exile, and an attainted traitor. Such are the lamentable consequences of the most glorious of victories, by which the liberties of a nation are rescued through the perils of a civil war. In such contests it is the noblest and best who suffer, and who fall. How deep then is the guilt, and how black the infamy, of the traitors, crowned or coroneted, whose selfish ambition, by trampling upon public rights, compels an injured nation to rise in its own defence, and to put its existence, political and civil, on the issue of a battle!

While James was arming in Slane Castle, another scene equally striking was enacted in the hall of Malahide. Before the dawn of day, the Talbots with their kinsmen, to the number of fourteen, assembled, armed to the teeth, round a breakfast-table, at which the sister of the king's lieutenant-general (Tirconnel), the Lady Frances, wife of the head of this loyal party, (2) presided.

Setting forth with the light to join their kinsman the duke, at the king's camp lying on the near shore of the Boyne, they found Tirconnel with the Duc de Berwick, James's natural son, reconnoitring the position of King William on the opposite side of the river. While William was mounting his horse, it happened that a man and two horses, standing near him, were killed by a cannon-ball. A second bullet, rebounding, glanced over the right shoulder of the gallant William, and inflicted a flesh wound: his officers crowded round him, and it was thought by the enemy that he was killed. A shout of joy rose from the Irish camp; and Tirconnel, prompt to avail himself of the great event, sent forth a squadron of cavalry to profit by the consternation. In this petulant attack perished the party of the Talbots, one only returning to the castle to tell the story of the eventful day. This one was a stripling youth, Richard, son, heir, and successor of the then Talbot of Malahide. The story he continued to tell down to the middle of the last century—and "many a time and oft" to one, from whose veracious lips the author of this sketch first heard its details. (3)

(1) Slane Castle, and its vast territories, forfeited by this lord's attainder, were sold, and are now the property of the Marquis of Conyngham, who, in 1822, entertained there another king. King William, on the night before the battle, lodged with Lord Howth.

(2) Richard Talbot, of Malahide, who died in 1703.

(3) The venerable mother of the present Lord of Malahide, to whom the late



Interior of

MALAHIDE ABBEY,

Co. of DUBLIN.

Engraved by J. G. Thompson from a drawing by J. G. Thompson.

2-24-87.

London,

In 1789, Richard Wogan Talbot, Esq., now of Malahide, succeeded to his father (the heir and nephew of "the old gentleman," (1) the Richard of the Boyne). He was called to represent the honours of his family, as heir male general of Sir Thomas Talbot, summoned to Parliament, 1374.

There are illusions, almost poetical, connected with the inheritance of a name so interwoven in the history of a nation, which, though they be not approved by sound philosophy, may be considered as splendid errors, when compared with the dogged pride of unillustrated races, whose blood "has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood," or with the *morgue* of a sordid ascendancy obtained by creed or party. The Talbots of Malahide had been Catholics and Jacobites, when in Ireland it had been deemed a virtue consecrated by persecution to be either : but the virtues of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries no longer belonged to the eighteenth. Richard Wogan Talbot took his place in the "great council," a representative of the reforming spirit of his age : a Protestant, he voted for Catholic Emancipation ; and an inheritor of six hundred years' aristocracy, his voice was raised for that great question of Reform, which was eventually to destroy much of the false prestige of privilege, and to substitute things for sounds,—personal qualifications for the accidents of birth. He did not "blush" that his ancestors "had been fooled so long," because such folly was the wisdom of their times ; they had gone successively with their age, he resolved to go with his. For twenty-four years he struggled for Catholic Emancipation and for Parliamentary Reform, and he has obtained his reward—the best reward of his political consistency—of seeing those long-withheld boons of justice granted to his country. (2)

Malahide Castle, or, as it was then called, "the Court of Malahide," is thus described by a tourist of the last century :—

"It is a large irregular building, of unequal height. It is nearly square, and has an area or court within. The entrance is on the east front, by a flight of black marble steps. The hall is spacious, and of most ancient appearance, corresponding with king restored the ancient honours of the family by the title of Baroness Talbot de Malahide.

(1) By this name he is known in the traditions of the family. Of his humour, oddities, and Jacobite feelings, many curious anecdotes remain. Entertaining, one day, a large party of his noble neighbours of the Pale, his near relative, Lady Alley Talbot, seated at the head of the table, he suddenly rose from his place, and hit her a violent slap on the face ; then, falling on her neck and kissing her, he exclaimed, "Forgive me ; you looked so like William of Orange at that moment, that I could not resist it."

(2) Since this was written, Colonel Talbot has succeeded to his mother's honours, and has been created a British Peer, by the ancient family title of Baron Furnival.

the antiquity of the exterior. There are ten rooms on a floor. The parlour is wainscotted with carved oak, in a curious and old fashioned manner. The lower stories are servants' offices. It is founded on a limestone rock, the situation lofty, and the whole commanding a fine prospect of the bay and town of Malahide, and of the sea on every side—the castle standing on a peninsula. It is surrounded by old woods of oak, ash, and beech, of great size : the manor is extensive, and the royalties stretch a considerable way along the sea-shore."

Since the epoch of this description, the rebuilding of one of the great towers battered by Cromwell, and other restorations, have considerably increased the beauty of the edifice, as a monument of antiquity, and its comfort, as a domestic residence. The entrance now is by a low-arched door, opening into a vaulted passage or hall, and winding stairs of black marble, coeval with the castle in the time of Edward IV. They terminate abruptly at the entrance of the black oak chamber, one of the most curious apartments in Ireland. This room is long, low, and narrow, and illumined by a single window of stained glass. The walls and roof are panelled and rafted with carved oak, so exquisitely worked, as to be worthy of the chisel of Gibbons ; and so blackened by time, that the whole has the air of a large and antique cabinet of ebony. The doors of the buffet, at the further extremity, represent Scripture-stories ; and "the chimney-corner" appears to have been literally the domestic altar ; for it is surmounted by a carved representation of the Virgin—the identical image which disappeared on the arrival of Miles Corbet.

The Virgin herself had, in a dream, commanded one of the Sir Richards or Sir Reginalds to build this votive chamber to her honour, with a strict order that it should be "garnished with ivory pillars." This order was a poser ! Ivory was not easily to be had in Ireland, and the votarist was driven to a pious fraud. The room was garnished with pillars of the oak of the celebrated *sacro bosco* of Fingal, painted white ; and the deceit passed muster for ages. When "the old gentleman" succeeded to the honours of Malahide, he declared the proportions of the little white pillars stuck over his oak room, gave it the appearance of a chandler's shop. The white paint was scraped off ; and if the Virgin took cognizance of the fact in a dream to the old gentleman, he never revealed the circumstance to his friends.

To the right of this chamber is the baronial hall, unchanged in its original construction, and presenting the same imposing appearance, as when it served the purpose of a court-leet (1) in

(1) In the Court of Malahide all manner of pleas, as well real as personal, were entertained before the seneschal, with power to arrest and attach the

the time of Edward III., or received the envoy of Henry VII. It is a spacious and lofty building, with a cathedral roof of black oak, flanked by two towers, and with a gallery at the lower end. It is lighted by three large Gothic casements, with embrasures of immense depth, and is warmed by two ample and open hearths, where, on dogs of the time of Louis XIV., blaze the produce of the neighbouring woods.

Among the interesting portraits that partly conceal the rather rude walls of this chamber are one of Mary Queen of Scots, by Holbein, or his school; a portrait of the amiable little Queen of Charles II., in the very costume so ridiculed in the "*Mémoires de Grammont*:" this, probably, came into the family through her *protégé* and almoner, Peter Talbot, who, after being made Archbishop of Dublin by Pope Clement, died a prisoner in Birmingham Tower, in the castle of Dublin. There is a charming picture of the little daughter of Tirconnel, not more remarkable for the peculiarity and richness of the dress, than for its likeness to the living beauties of the Talbot family, with portraits of the duke himself and his spirited duchess, "*la belle Jennings*," and other family beaux and belles of the time of Charles II. Opposed to these worldly representations of a courtly age, hangs a fine and very valuable picture by Francis Hals, of his own very ugly and primitive family. It was, probably, brought to Malahide by Miles Corbet.

The hall opens into a small antiquated room, in modern *parlance* called the library, but formerly devoted to the preservation of the records, plate, and other valuables—the accumulated relics and evidences of successive ages. It is lighted by three Gothic casements, and surrounded by bookcases, with an adjoining iron closet. Here is deposited the grant of Edward IV. to the Talbots, which was characterized by the late Lord Chancellor Ponsonby as being "the proudest record in the possession of any gentleman of the empire." It is a large sheet of parchment, beautifully engrossed, and curiously illuminated with a sketch of Malahide Castle as it stood in those days, with its keep, the present edifice, with two walls flanked by seven towers, a

bodies and chattels of those moved against within the liberties, to commit to prison for ever, and to make due execution. The lords of Malahide were also exempted from serving the office of sheriff, coroner, or escheator of Dublin, Meath, Kildare, or Louth, and from attendance on juries, etc. They were allowed to receive all fines, etc., arising out of their court, to their own use, without any account to the King. They had cognizance, too, of all pleas in Chancery, the Exchequer, and Admiralty, of any matter within the manor. The customs and dues granted to them out of the port extended over almost every importable article; the whole forming a mass of privilege and power greater than is at present possessed by most reigning sovereigns.

barbican, and a drawbridge. There is also depicted a stag reposing under a tree, guarded by a lion—the Talbot crest : this intimates a privilege of free warren. Further on are the Talbot dog *couchant*, the royal leopards, and St. George charging the dragon. The witnesses to this deed are Richard Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., and the Duke of Clarence of malmsey celebrity. The great seal of England is appended.

The next curious document is the instruction of King James II. to the Duke of Tirconnel, with the king's autograph and signet, and the ribbon with which it was tied after the fashion of those times.

This evidence-chamber was the favourite retreat of "the old gentleman," from which, in his latter years, no human influence could tear him. A few days, however, before his death, a superhuman agent contrived to dislodge him. The chamber for centuries had been the haunt of "Puck," who had accompanied the family from Eccleswell, and continued to torment the objects of his mischievous predilection, down to the arrival of Cromwell, when, like the Virgin, he departed. After the battle of the Boyne, he again took his place in the chimney corner. There are many anecdotes in the family which prove that Puck was a bore ; but the old gentleman endured him till he took to playing certain midnight pranks, to the great annoyance of the inhabitants. It was the wont of this imp to roll a little wheelbarrow filled with bones from the neighbouring churchyard, across the hall, and into the old gentleman's room. After submitting to this intrusion for some time, the old gentleman arose one night, took his clothes, fled to one of the distant bedrooms, and died, as he declared, of the persecution he had endured from Puck.

To the left of the great hall, is the drawing-room. But for the deep recesses of its window-cases, it might pass for a modern apartment. It is flanked by a round tower, fitted up with appropriate decorations by the present lady of Malahide, to whose judicious exertions and good taste in consulting the "genius of the place in all," the castle of her husband's ancestors stands deeply indebted. This room is most remarkable for the valuable pictures it contains. Among these is a fine altar-piece by Albert Durer, on three folding panels. This belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, and stood in her oratory at Holyrood House. Her son James brought it to England, and Charles II. gave it to the Duchess of Portsmouth. On her return to France, — having retired *pour faire ses pâques* to a convent of English nuns — she was struck with the beauty and grace of the grand-niece of her old friend "Dick Talbot," who had been sent there for her education ; and, conceiving an affection for her, presented her with this valuable picture, with other curious and rare objects of art, now deco-



THE BRIDGE.

1-25-02.
Barnstable, Mass.

rating the castle of Malahide. Here, also, are some portraits by Hals, a fine landscape by Hobbima, the Temptations of St. Antony by Calot, and a very curious representation of the ball at the Spanish Court, during the visit of Charles I. and Buckingham.

The second drawing-room, modernized in the last century with a bad taste that destroyed the harmony of the suite, contains some of the best pictures in the castle. Of these by far the most valuable is a portrait of Charles I., by Vandyke, one of the finest pictures by that eminent and prolific master. The portrait of Charles's mischievous and intriguing queen forms its pendant, but is much inferior in execution. Here, also, is the portrait of the Duchess of Portsmouth, missing, it is said, from the collection at Windsor, and probably given by her either to the Duke of Tirconnel, or to his niece. There is, also, a portrait of the little Duke of Richmond, her son, the founder of the present family : both by Sir Peter Lely. The portraits of the Duke of York and Anne Hyde, and of the Duke of Tirconnel in his robes and order of the Garter, if not by the same master, are from the same school, and are highly finished. There is a noble picture in this collection ascribed to Holbein, which might be taken for Henry VIII., if it were not inscribed as the portrait of John Talbot, the great Earl of Shrewsbury.

This handsome and comfortable room is flanked by a round tower corresponding to that in the adjoining drawing-room. On the left, it opens by a narrow passage cut from the depth of the wall into the black oak room, and thus continues the suite.

The upper part of the castle, in spite of its towers and passages, and nests of closets, has been so modernized into comfort, and reformed into accommodation, that the guest who leaves the hospitable board in Edward the Fourth's hall, or the sombre gloom of the oak chamber, to retire to rest, seems to have made a transition from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century : and, if the spirit of antiquarianism regrets the change, the philosophy of enjoyment finds full compensation for the discounts of the imagination.

The castle stands a short mile or less from its feudal appendage "the town or creek of Mullaghide in our land of Ireland," as it is styled in King Edward's grant to his dearly-beloved and faithful Thomas Talbot. The beautiful village of Malahide (for it is now no more than a village) is almost as curious a monument as its castle, presenting at the end of six hundred years the results of its first colonization, so praised by Hollingshed. It is a solecism among Irish villages, having neither pigs, paupers, dunghills, nor dirty children : its neat white houses, looking on the little bay, command a view of the woods of Portran, on the opposite shore,

the island of Lambay, Howth, and Ireland's Eye, terminated in the remote distance by the sugar-loaf mountains of Wicklow. Its extreme cleanliness, quietude, and sobriety, form a strong contrast with its flourishing rival on the other side the bay of Dublin — the Black Rock, that great metropolis of jingles and jingle-men, of *badauds*, and (till lately) of whiskey.

Situated within seven miles of Dublin, Malahide abounds in all the accommodations of life. It is principally inhabited by small annuitants, who occasionally let their neat domiciles for the bathing-season to lodgers as quiet as themselves, eschewing the noise and bustle of Kingstown, and feasting on the delicious Malahide oysters, gathered from the beds in view of their windows.

Of the ancient town, as it stood up to the time of Oliver Cromwell, nothing now remains but a dilapidated building by the water's edge, called the Old House. It is memorable as the retreat of "the old gentleman," when, under the infliction of family feuds with "Madame Frances," his mother, he was driven from the castle; for the sister of Tirconnel is by no means a popular subject in the traditions of Malahide.

PUCK OF THE PALE.

THE temperament of nations governs the character of their mythology; for what can man attribute to the creatures of his fancy, save the reflection or the exaggeration of his own sensations and desires? The domestic mythology of England is distinguished by a homebred agency, tinged by that bitter vein, which makes its fairies malignant, and its men morose. The Irish mythology is wild and weird, full of passion and pathos; its agents are more poetical, its apparatus more mysterious, its events more awful. The special interference of its ministers is announced by sounds deep and fearful—the eagle and its scream, the goshawk and its shriek, the death song of the Banshee, and the melancholy vibrations of viewless harps. The mythological impersonations of Ireland are all sympathy, sighing over wrongs they cannot remedy, and predicting events they cannot avert.

At the head of this melancholy and fantastic creation stands the Banshee, or white lady of sorrow. Her sweet sad song, breaking on the silence of night, is the certain harbinger of death to the family of her disconsolate protection. If heard, hope quenches its light; if seen, cheerfulness abandons the beholder for ever. The image is indelible, and the stricken fancy is incessantly haunted by the fair but fearful form, draped in a death shroud,

with hands wringing in agony, and eyes gleaming darkly and tearfully through long and golden tresses.

This "*madre di dolore*" of Irish faith is a tutelary deity natural to a nation, whose destiny it has been to suffer and complain; and it is also of universal credit and occurrence: but all the great Irish families have, in addition, their local and particular genii, who "watch over them, through good and evil report." They are also the harbingers of woe, and, by announcing fatal calamities, they lead their protégés to an implicit resignation, which approaches to the numbing influence of fatalism. The hawk of the Mac Murrochs, (O'Kavanaghs, Kings of Leinster,) was found by the followers of Strongbow in attendance upon the royal traitor, whose vices prepared the way for the Anglo-Norman invasion: at the distance of six centuries, the hawk of the O'Kavanaghs still fulfils its melancholy functions. When the late Bryan Kavanagh, the representative of that ancient and royal race, fell ill at David's Town, the seat of the Archibolds, and when he continued to linger after the physicians had given him over, he was wont to repeat that his hour was not yet come, with a confidence apparently inexplicable. It was, however, accompanied by a restlessness towards the close of day, when he earnestly desired to have his windows opened, and it was observed that his languid eyes followed the sailing flight of a hawk, which at that hour was accustomed to wing her way to her nest in the neighbourhood. One evening he was awakened from a deep sleep by an unusual sound, that resembled the flutter of a bird's wings; he drew back his curtain, and in great agitation asked what was that? The friend who watched him, and who stood near to the window, replied, "It is a hawk, with a wood-pigeon in its talons." "Then," said the descendant of the kings of Leinster, "my hour is come." His friend threw up the window to give him air, but when he returned to the bed-side he found him dead!

The eagle of the O'Briens fluttered over the bloody battle of Clontarf, wheeling over the spot where the heroic Brian Boru fell in defence of his country against foreign invasion, and then disappeared from the province, to seek the seat of the ancient dynasty in the south. The O'Donnells had their raven, which still croaks over their fallen grandeur among the beautiful ruins of their castle of Donegal; and every peasant clansman of the great families of Ireland has some *oiseau de bon ou de mauvais augure*: the lucky gull, or the brackett hen, which, if it "does its spiriting" less poetically than hawks and eagles, inspires equal confidence in its vaticinating and tutelary powers.

Shortly after the English invasion, the Irish bards superinduced an oriental imagery, brought into Europe by the Crusaders.

The fabling of the Saracens, founded on the physical facts of their favourite science of chemistry, is replete with transmutations; and the pilgrim monks, on their return from Palestine to the "Isle of Saints," opened to the Irish genius those sources, whence Ariosto in after times drew his Alcina, and Spenser his Arcadia, adding enchanters and enchantresses to the wild imagery of Irish fiction.

Old Hanmer, writing some years after the epoch of heroic story in Ireland, observes that "many giants and worthy champions there were in those daies, both of Irish and Danish birth."

An adventure ascribed to Fionne Mac Comhal, or Fingal, the father and the hero of Ossian, was evidently borrowed from the same original from which Trissino drew his magic tale of "the ring" in his *Italia Liberata*. Fingal, being present at a feast of heroes in the hall of Almhain, went forth (in the words of the Irish poet)(1) to breathe "the fragrant gale," when from an adjoining thicket a beautiful doe started forth and crossed his path. Fingal called his dogs, and pursued the animal to the mountain of Sleiv Gullin, when the doe disappeared, or rather was replaced by a beautiful woman, who was weeping for the loss of a ring which she had dropped into the lake. Fingal gallantly plunges into the waters, recovers the ring, reaches the shore, and finds himself in the presence of the enchantress, by whom he is turned (it does not very well appear why) "to gray and palsied age." Missed in "the hall of shells" by his band of heroes, he is traced to the cave of the beautiful magician, who is compelled to disenchant her victim; and the Irish tale winds up like the Italian canto, from which it differs only in names and sites.

In the twelfth century, the Anglo-Norman invasion excited an obvious influence on the national mythology, and the preternatural creations of Ireland's morbid imagination became enlivened by the fantastic and mischievous genii, which, under the name of "feadrée," or fairie, overran the English pale, and progressively extended their unseen but not unfelt influence, together with English arms and English power. This mythology had been but recently naturalized in England; of true French origin, (2) natives of the brilliant clime of Languedoc, the fairies are still represented as pert, as pretty, and petulant, as when they first issued from their flowery cells, on the banks of the Garonne, in the train of their queen.

Jervaise de Tilleberrie, Marshal of Arles, in the thirteenth cen-

(1) See Miss Brook's "Translations of Irish Poetry."

(2) Languedoc is the ancient seat of the fairyism of modern Europe. There is not a village in that beautiful province which has not some cell or cavern which boasts the honour of a fairy's residence, or at least some fount or spring where fairies bathed and sported.

ture, writing to the Emperor Otho the Fourth, says,—“It is asserted by persons of unexceptionable credit, that fairies used to choose themselves gallants from among men, and rewarded their attachment with an affluence of worldly goods; but if they married, or boasted of fairy favours, they severely smarted for such indiscretions.” With which of the Anglo-Norman knights Queen Titania came to Ireland—a Geraldine or a De Burgh, a Le Gros or a Le Boteler—does not appear. But whether her light capricious fancy fixed itself upon any of these, or upon an O'Donnell or an O'Connor, there are evident vestiges of her power and influence, and of her having possessed herself of every hill and vale, spring and fount, where heath-bells bloom and waters sparkle. The English pale became all fairy land, and Spenser found in Ireland those treasures of fairy lore, to which his poem stands so largely indebted.

Between the new settlers and the aboriginal genii of the land there was no similarity; the fairy, with her French characteristics, her love of dancing and proneness to coquetry, had either imbibed a bitter and mischievous disposition, during her residence in England, or was supposed to have done so by the harassed Irish. The fairie was always invoked in fear, and propitiated as a demon. Down to the present day, the lower Irish pour upon the earth libations of whatever they drink, as a sacrifice to fairy power; and an order of priesthood was early instituted, to mediate between the malignant little deities and the victims of their tyranny. Blights, blasts, mischiefs, maladies, were attributed to fairy influence; and their remedy was within the peculiar jurisdiction of the “fairy doctor,” or wise man, whose intercourse and mediation with “the good people” have never been doubted, and are still sought and purchased by the unhappy wight,

“ Who in their hour of fairy revel,
Or in their sacred paths dare tread in shape profane.”

Such luckless intruders paid their penalty by being waylaid and carried

“ Through brake and through briar,
Through mud and through mire;

sometimes also by the loss of health, sense, or cattle; or by undergoing such ludicrous persecutions from some particular “sprite, pitiless and rough,” as filled up the measure of his hatred against the *Boddagh Sassoni*, (1) who, in addition to their political injuries, had thus introduced “urchins, ouphs, and faerie,”

(1) *Boddagh Sassoni*, “English churls;” a term anciently applied to English settlers.

divested of the human sympathy, and superhuman dignity, which distinguish the spirits of Irish mythology.

In process of time, every physical calamity was attributed to the malicious intervention of the "good people" (so called, in fear, or in irony). Paddy Rooney's complaint of having been changed at nurse was one of common occurrence. Every fond mother, whose baby's "days were dwindled to the shortest span," believed that some night-tripping fairy had exchanged her own fine "lump of a gossoon" for the "donny poor cratur," whose wizzard eyes gleamed from the chimney nook, where it had been deposited during the parents' absence at wake or patron.

There was another species of agency exercised by the Feadheree, particularly obnoxious to Irish habits and Irish tastes. A nation of warriors and bards, whose lives were passed in battle or in song, had for ages indulged in a poetic licence, an epic negligence of domestic order and its prosaic details, which shocked the tidy deities of the conquerors. The little subjects of "the radiant queen, who hated sluts and sluttery," were accustomed to pinch "the unclear knight," who lagged behind in the march of dandyism—such as old Campion describes in speaking of the Irish gentlemen of his time—"cleare men of skinne and hue, but of themselves careless and beastiall, though they have now left off saffron, and learn to wash their shirts four or five tymes in a year."

The contest was obviously unequal; the fairies soon gave in, and "taking Irish order," fled to the hills; where, while Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed, amused themselves by blasting corn, infecting cattle, or "warring with red mice for their leathern wings," one only became domiciliated with man, who, assuming the attributes of the good old Celtic Leprehawn, displayed the malice of the "swart fairy of the mine," together with the tricksome fun of his own peculiar nature. This was Puck.⁽¹⁾

To the present day, Puck is supposed to exercise his ancient jurisdiction over the ruined castles of the English Pale, and to preside in the modern mansions raised on their picturesque sites. Puck never "degenerated to the mere Irishry," but continues a true member of the British demonology, and a spirit of the same local and domestic character, as he is described by Shakspeare. "A shrewd and a knavish spirit," he entered into all the *tracaseries* of a country-house life; but he seldom extended his operations beyond the bawn or park-paling of the castle, or mansion, which he had adopted as his residence; while his agency seems

(1) Puck is an old Gothic term, signifying fiend or devil.

to have been particularly directed towards the female departments of domestic economy.

“To skim milk, and sometimes labour at the quern,
Or bootless make the breathless housewife churn.
Those that hobgoblin call'd him, or sweet Puck,
He did their work, and they had sure good luck.”

Just such an imp as Shakspeare (the best painter of English manners during the middle ages) has described, was said to have accompanied the Talbots from their seat at Eccleswell to their Pale Castle of Malahide, in Ireland. His feats and pranks, in which the oral traditions of the family abound, were related over the winter fire, till the listener would

—————“Swear
A merrier hour was never watch'd,”

than that in which the Irish “story-tellers” related the humours of the Anglo-Norman demon.

In process of time, however, Puck and his homely tricks were voted a bore; and it is related that his perpetual interference in all domestic service, his fastidious love of order, and proneness to mischief, at length induced the Talbot family to leave their castle, for the sole purpose of getting rid of him. Palfries were saddled, sumpter-horses loaded, fair dames were mounted, and gallant knights were in attendance. The troop commenced their march, when, in passing the drawbridge, they heard a dabbling in the water, and a clapping of hands and rustling of linen, which indicated the avocation of a laundress of no common activity. “What can that be?” asked the Lady of Malahide. “It is only Puck,” answered a superhuman voice, from the bank of the fosse beneath, “bucking his linen to follow the family.” The ladies turned back in despair, and submitted for another half century to an influence which was regarded as a malediction.⁽¹⁾

When “the troubles” had banished the family from Malahide, and they took refuge in their seat of Talbot’s Town in Wicklow, they sought some consolation in the belief that they had at least left the family tormentor behind them, to annoy the Cromwellian invader, Miles Corbet, who had taken possession of the castle. It happened that the young ladies of the family, on some sultry morning, had adjourned to an old building to take the refreshment of a cold bath, in the only vessel appropriated to such a luxury, in times so comparatively rude and simple—a brewing-vat. The beauty of the circle, drawing off her silken hose of yellow, clocked with crimson, and admiring the veiny whiteness of her handsome ankle, exclaimed, “How white it is!” “Puck

(1) “Puck take you!” is a form of cursing still common in Ireland; and to “play the very puck,” is synonymous for playing the devil.

has a whiter," screamed out the well-known voice; and the imp, perched on a rafter of the roof, was seen exhibiting his spindle shanks and laughing, as imps only laugh, at the comparison. The ladies *gave in*, and shortly after by the "Act of Settlement," Puck and the Talbots were reinstated at Malahide.

At a much more recent period, and after a long interval of suppressed activity, Puck once more became the object of the most intense interest, and awful apprehension among the servants of the family. One morning, during the residence of some occasional visitors to the hospitable mansion, the housemaids, on entering the apartments for the purpose of commencing their accustomed task of cleanliness and order, were more than astonished at finding their work already performed to their hands. Carpets were swept, window-curtains drawn up, chairs and tables regimented in their proper places, and logs piled on the ancient andirons of the spacious hearth, as punctually and precisely, as if done under the immediate inspection of the most orderly of housekeepers. Eyes were rubbed, whose evidence could scarcely be believed; memories were taxed to revive a recollection of work done, *par extraordinaire*, after the family had retired on the previous evening; but no such facts could be recalled. And while the services of Puck elicited the promise of a new suit of clothes,(1) for on this point Puck was particular, his half-pleased, half-frightened protégés came to the conclusion, "that there are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in *their* philosophy."

The next day the same miracle was again worked, and for several succeeding mornings the especial office of the housemaids was, in like manner, rendered a sinecure. Old traditions were straightway ripped up, ancient stories were revived, till the whole household came to "an unanimous resolution" that Puck, and Puck alone should be answerable for the wonder.

The story spread from the servants' hall to the housekeeper's room, and from the housekeeper's room to the black oak chamber, and divers natural solutions were attempted of the supernatural manifestation. The housemaids were taxed with sleep-walking, the footmen with a hoax: each hypothesis was in turn received and abandoned, while the sceptical auditor (after *his* wont) cut

(1) Tradition speaks loudly of the little demon's attention to his toilette. His favourite dress was a suit of black, and it was a common thing to bribe him with the promise of one. It happened, however, at a particular period, when he was more than ordinarily mischievous, that it was suggested that if he would *leave his measure*, the castle tailor should instantly supply him with a propitiating dress. Puck took the hint, and, laying his full-length in the *lossit* of the bake-house, made so accurate an impression on the flour, that all difficulty of fitting him was removed.

the knot he could not loosen, and in spite of evidence, denied the fact altogether. Every thing, however, is known at last, and it was ultimately discovered that one of the guests laboured under a monomania of cleanliness, and that, impelled by this partial insanity, he was in the habit of rising during the night, to gratify the singular propensity of thus setting his house in order—a propensity which he had extended to the castle of his friend.

With this adventure, the implicit faith in the feats of Puck of the Pale ended in Malahide Castle, but not in its environs, nor in the general belief of the lower orders. Governments changed, revolutions came, the Stuarts were deposed, the houses of Orange and Hanover succeeded, even the Bill of Catholic Emancipation was passed; yet, amidst all these changes, Puck held his place, and flourished under each dynasty alike.

But the schoolmaster is at length gone abroad, even in Ireland; parochial tithe-meetings are superseding the legendary topics of the winter evening's fireside; Leprehawns are yielding to editors, fairy tales to leading articles, and Puck has found a more potent successor in the political agitator. Yet, ere such idle visions of the brain pass away, it may be good to put such scattered fragments of "fairy revelry" on record, as marking the spirit of the age in which they were influential. The present is an age of facts—of prose, not of poetry; and though many there may be, who still prefer the fanciful and brilliant combinations which peculiarly belong to periods of ignorance and superstition, yet that which is inevitable, and that which is inevitable must be *necessary*.

THE PUBLIC. (1)

"Tout le monde méprise les harangères; cependant, qui oseroit risquer de les offenser en raversant la Halle?"—CHAMFORT.

In the olden times, when the public was rarely addressed, save from a tub, a ladder, or the foot-lights of the stage, it was a modest well-behaved body corporate, as heart could desire. Setting aside an occasional *lark*, a sportive riot about a jew-bill, or the innocent burning of a Popish chapel, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, it kept the peace, as a discreet public should do. Since, however, it has become a power, and is consulted by cabinets and congresses, it has grown as capricious and tyrannical as other irresponsible autocrats. Puffed up with daily offerings of mouth-honour, administered by all who live by its patronage (from the Lord Chancellor on his woolsack, to Mr. Professor

(1) This essay, in the London Edition, appears the first in the work, but the circumstance of its having been deemed advisable to detach the essays of Lady Morgan from those of Sir Charles will account for its occupying its present position.—PARIS EDITOR.

Warren, behind his dingy counter, inclusive), there is nothing on earth, of which its *Dis æqua potestas* does not think itself capable.

“The public,” says Dumont, “is a tribunal worth more than all the others put together:” and the prevalence of this opinion probably is the reason why that body is constituted the great referee of injured innocents. Does an actress quarrel with her part, or her partner? Is a *Prima Donna* dissatisfied that the manager is not her devoted admirer? She straightway files her bill before the public, in the columns of the daily press. Does an author think himself regularly “cut up” by a hostile reviewer, he forthwith cites him to answer interrogatories before the same authority. Is a gentleman’s nose pulled, or his coat beaten “after the Connaught fashion,” (1) out comes his letter to the public, with “a statement of facts:” or, if a common swindler is roughly handled by the inquisitors of Bow Street, he intreats the public to suspend its judgment till the day of trial.

But, as if this were not enough, there is no end of the villanous cajoleries, in which such appeals are ordinarily enveloped. The commonest vender of the commonest article crams his advertisements with fulsome epithets, in all the hyperbole of oriental exaggeration. It is, forsooth, a humane public—a charitable public—a discriminating public—(God bless the mark!)—and, above every thing, a religious public; while the poor dupe, taking it all for granted, gives itself credit for every virtue under the sun, and *quemlibet occidit populariter*, hunts any man to the death, who presumes to think for himself, and bows not the knee before its self-arrogated infallibility.

That a writer of so logical a turn of mind as Dumont should have ranked public opinion above all other tribunals, is perfectly inexplicable. “Though susceptible of error,” he continues, “this tribunal is incorruptible. It tends perpetually to instruct itself, and it contains all the wisdom and justice of the nation.”

The compliment, to be sure, is but equivocal; and perhaps it was intended merely as a quaint and sly bit of irony. The public may surely come by its decisions more rapidly than the Court of Chancery, and yet not be *very* expeditious: it may be governed more closely by common sense than our courts of law, and yet not be remarkably intelligible; it may act with more wisdom than “the great unpaid,” without being justly set down for a conjuror. Then, as for its incorruptibility, is it not the same public which the strongest laws against parliamentary corruption cannot bind? and for whose benefit insolvent bills are framed with meshes that would let slip a whale? What, if a direct bribery of the public be not as easy as it was in ancient

(1) *Id est*, on the person of its owner.

Rome, when corn was distributed and games celebrated to purchase the voices of the people, ingenuity finds a thousand by-ways for arriving at the same end. Public opinion is notoriously self-interested. The very imputed excellence of its decisions rests on the supposition, that the sum of individual interests constitutes the common good; and that self-seeking, consequently, must be the safest basis on which a judgment can stand. Whatever parade parliamentary orators may make of the wisdom and justice of their proposed measures, they always take care to conclude with a show of something to be made, or saved, by the operation. In the same spirit, and with equal knowledge of the world, advertising tradesmen lay less stress on the beauty or goodness of their wares than on their cheapness; and they head their paragraphs, in well-leaded capitals, “full twenty *per cent.* under prime cost.”

On the score of self-instruction, it must be allowed that the public does possess a certain tendency, or velleity rather, to learn: but it is *αυτομαθής τὲ καὶ ὀψιμαθής*, that is to say, it comes at a truth when every body knows it, and not before: *videlicet*, some century, or so, after the wise have commenced beating the facts into its silly noddle, and have been fined, imprisoned, spit upon, and reviled for their pains. Hitherto, the public has very closely resembled that converted Catholic gentleman, who “renounced the errors of Popery, and embraced those of the Protestant church,” exchanging merely one set of prejudices for another; or if haply, at long intervals, it has enjoyed a lucid moment, the temporary gleam of light has been followed by a deeper plunge into the pristine darkness.

As yet, the public has very constantly been doomed to follow in the career of intelligence, to sit below the salt at the table of knowledge, and to feed on the scraps and orts of philosophy, which the more acute portion of mankind abandon, as no longer wholesome and digestible.

Then for the matter of “wisdom and justice,” the word “Public” is but the representative of a congregation, including all the fools and knaves of the community—a large dilution of the few persons whose opinion a man of sense would take on the boiling of a potato. How, then, can an accumulation of their several absurdities and rogueries be converted into wisdom and justice? All the first judgments of the public, indeed, are prejudices, adopted on the *ipse dixit* of some fashionable authority; and, if not always false, they are commonly used sophistically, to gloss over some political wrong; while a correction of the error lags haltingly behind, till the mischief is completed and rendered irrevocable.

“*Interdum vulgus rectum videt*,” says Horace, and it was a large admission from one so knowing; but the worst of it is, that the vulgar are not confined to a single grade of society. Vulgar errors are to be found prevailing in the first as well as the lowest ranks, and they are too often cruel, as they are false. Such, for example, is that vulgarest of the vulgar—the judging men and measures by the event.⁽¹⁾ Such, too, are the placing criminality in punishment, and identifying virtue with stars and garters.

It is another point of vulgar wisdom, that public documents, like gift horses, must not be looked in the mouth; nor any nonsense be questioned, that is delivered *ex cathedra*. To doubt that a wig is wisdom, a red coat courage, or a bar-gown wit, would consign the sceptic to general reprobation: but to deny that a well-stocked purse is a receipt in full for every virtue, would incur the risk of interdiction *ab igne et aqua*.

The judgments of the public being thus lightly formed, it is not surprising that its favourites should be as lightly taken up and let down again. Where now is the popularity of Dr. Johnson? where that of George the Third, “the good old king”? Blucher, if he were alive, might walk the streets unnoticed; and the sun of Brodum’s Balm of Gilead is outshone by the superior brightness of Mr. Morrison’s pills.

Can that public, moreover, be really wise, which is so easily led by the ears? Eloquence is its delight; and experience in vain declares that “fine words butter no parsnips.” Even foul words possess an unctuous quality, which causes things to be swallowed, of much harder digestion than that stringy esculent. The time is not so far distant, when, to carry the worst measures, nothing more was necessary than an energetic appeal to national antipathies, a rhodomontade of “British valour,” or “good old English feeling.” And though a bitter experience acting on men’s pockets (the shortest cut to their brains) may have since discredited these particular watchwords of party, *uno avulso non deficit alter*. The words indeed are changed, but the tune continues the same: the old formulæ may have fallen into disuse, but newer and more popular claptraps have inherited their vogue—*et voilà tout*.

If we estimate the opinion of the public by its overt acts, all history teems with traits the reverse of advantageous. Was it not public opinion that cast Manlius from his rock, for striving to protect the people against a tyrannical oligarchy? Was it not public opinion which became tired of hearing Aristides for ever

(1) Nullus est tum sapiens, mitis, et formosus,
 Tam prudens virtutibus, cæteris famosus,
 Quin stultus reputabitur, et satis dispectus,
 Si Fortuna prosperos evertat effectus.”

These verses are attributed to King Edward the Second.



GL. von BLÜCHER,

*Königl. Preuss. General. Feldmarschall
und Generalen Chef der Cavallerie.*



called the just—that administered the cicuta to Socrates—or (to come nearer to our own times) that shut Gilbert Wakefield in a prison, and burned Priestley's house over his head, because they lifted their voices against a mad and unprincipled war? Cobbett, who must have known the public to a nicety, having *exploited* its credulity through the greater part of a long life, first by humouring the loyalty and *altarity* of the times, and afterwards by abusing kings, ministers, and “the old woman of Threadneedle Street,” never made a better hit than in his sarcastically calling us a thinking people—the people, whose penal code is written in blood, a thinking people!—the eaters of taxed bread a thinking people!! It shows little power of thought to found morality upon station, and to take philosophy from party reviews—to bite at every commercial bubble, to uphold every established abuse, simply because it is established, or to take alarm, whenever the political shepherds amuse themselves with crying wolf in broad daylight.

It may perhaps be objected, on the strength of the change in watchwords, already noticed, that the errors of the public are not immortal, and that opinion is ever on the advance. True: we are old enough to have outlived many well-conditioned absurdities; and that, too, in spite of the strongest efforts to sustain them. But what are these among so many?

“Quid te exempla juvat spinis e pluribus una?”

Are no new sophisms rising into vogue? Are no efforts making, and favourably received, to revive such as are defunct, or to bolster such as are falling to ruin? Who shall say that humbug does not fully maintain its ancient rule, or that plausibility has lost any of its prescriptive right to pass for reality? Society seems capable of bearing only a certain quantity of truth at a time; and those who strive to overdose their contemporaries do little more than hurry them prematurely into some new absurdity.

If the public, then, be such an hospital of incurables, why, it will be asked, set about curing them? The question is a smart question, but rather hastily put. Who said that any such design was on foot, or that the Essays now offered for perusal have any such *arrière-pensée*? Books in this age (and it is their distinctive merit) are written, as Peter Pindar's razors were made—to sell; and the author who risks his peace of mind in the vain attempt to make mankind either wiser or happier than they choose to be, is a mere philanthropic Quixote.

It is all very well to talk of these matters, *en thèse générale*, and, in a half-jesting way, to notice absurdities, which each reader may lay to the account of his neighbours; but to sit down doggedly to prove yourself more knowing than the mass of mankind,

and to disturb social order, by making folly discontented, or roguery distrustful, is a sort of Curtius-like proceeding, at which the very children would scoff. Never was it more necessary than now to chatter with the apes, (1) and howl with the wolves. Think with the wise, if you can; but keep your thoughts to yourself, if you don't like being stoned. Let your opinions be concealed even from the brother of your love, and the wife of your bosom. But, in mixed societies, fail not also to add a strong touch of the hypocrite, to boot, if you would not be the butt of every paltry knave, who desires to derive profit or pleasure from gibbeting all those who "wear their hearts upon their sleeves for (the public) daws to peck at."

In publishing, an author of course desires to be read. But to be read, he must humour the mass of purchasers, and not simply consult the select few. Hannah Glass is a much better-thumbed author than Babbage or Bentham; and Sir Walter himself would have been infinitely less popular than he is, had he set up as a teacher or reformer of mankind. He who would see his volume on every club-table, the ornament of every boudoir, must flatter and encourage every fashionable vice and reigning folly; must support every interest on earth but that of mankind. Let such a man write religious novels, record the experiences of hysterical spinsters, and celebrate the conversions of bedlamites, or the election of rope-sanctified sinners; but let him not touch the sacred landmarks of Gothic ignorance, nor lift the veil through which his great great grandfather viewed law, physic, divinity, and the nature of things.

If possible, let him indeed make it a rule in writing to confine himself to those "airy nothings" *qui ne tirent pas à conséquence*. Twaddle is your only wear; and common-place, which disturbs no one's complacency, has the readiest market. Among all the favourites of our times, Byron was perhaps the only original thinker, and the exception admirably proves the rule.

Such are the principles which steer an author safely over the rocks of criticism; and the reader is earnestly requested to believe that by them the pages here offered to his notice will be squared.

It is a monstrous abuse which has crept into fashion among readers of a certain class, "*qui entendent finesse, et qui n'entendent pas raison*," to be discontented with what lies on the surface of the page, and to exert a perverse ingenuity in prying into the author's concealed doctrines, and that, too, for the worst purposes of malice and detraction. A true and faithful reader will take an author on his word, and will not indulge in any superfine

(1) *Εν Θηρίοις δὲ καὶ πιθηκοῖς ὄντα, δεῖ εἶναι πιθήκων.*—*Lucian.*



W. B. 10

interpretations ; but, even when he cannot seize the drift of an argument, will rather suspect his author of trifling than of mischief. It is hard, indeed, because a man deals in manuscript, if he may not sometimes be simple without deceit, or silly without malice. Against such *nasuti homines* as these, it is as well, once for all, to enter a protest ; and to request all who amuse themselves with fishing for under-currents of meaning, and in hunting for mares' nests, if they must poach on this manor, at least to remember that the mischief is of their own making.

“ Non me ne fate autore, io non vo' guai.”

If Socrates, as the great Frederick said, preferred the poison cup to holding his tongue, that is no precedent for other people. No imputations, therefore, of felonious wisdom, if you please, good gentlemen : stick to the simplicity of the text, and keep your quibbles for a better occasion.

On the other hand, there is a class of persons mightily given to the enthusiastic, by their own chimney-corners—great admirers of public devotion in others—flaming patriots when it costs nothing ; but deplorably complaisant when there is any thing to be got by subserviency. These will open upon us like a pack of foxhounds, with an out-cry about moral cowardice, dereliction of duty, base compromise of principle, and all that sort of thing.

According to these persons, if the world goes wrong, the fault is with its instructors. The fanatic and persecuting public are honest in their cruelty and blindness. They know no better ; and if writers will but teach them, they will be equally eager to defend the right. If society has grown up from its nonage, to the point of civilization at which it stands, there can be no reason why it may not be still further corrected. The people come into the market of knowledge and lay down their pence freely for such shreds and patches of truth as their schoolmasters are willing to afford them for their money. Instead of grumbling, then, at the public, of which you yourself are but a component atom, open your budget manfully, take out a handful of the truest truths, and boldly fling it in the face of mankind. Yes, and be held up to ridicule as the scapegoat of honesty ; to be kicked, and cuffed, and disfranchised, and disqualified for one's pains.

It is no such pleasure to forfeit the sympathies of society. Worth, itself, may be

“ but a charter,

To be mankind's distinguish'd martyr ;”

and “ *vitam impendere vero*” is certainly a very dignified and respectable position ; but not “ all alone, Proudly”—not to no earthly purpose. There can be no manner of doubt, that if all who hold sound doctrines would manfully own them, and would

“keep together in their chivalry” as steadily as the wilful teachers of error, they are numerous enough to win public opinion, and force the perverse to respect their liberty of thought and speech.

It is certain that the partizans of moral truth betray their cause ten times a-day, not only by an unworthy timidity which prevents them from openly displaying it, but what is infinitely more infamous, by joining in the outcry against honest and bolder men. *En attendant*, however, it is rather too much to expect from an individual that he should risk his eyes and his cheeks, in a solitary and unaided effort to “bell the cat.”

A popular writer has well observed, that “though those coarse correctors of honesty, the gibbet and the stake, are gone out of fashion, yet the ingenuity of power has invented other methods of enforcing silence or belief, not quite so effectual, but more painful to the mind of the sufferer.”

The chain may be broken and the thumbscrew may rest in the cabinets of the curious, but influence and detraction are instruments of torture no less effectual; and these, thanks to the slavish readiness of the masses to compromise their own interest, and to join in the cry against those whom they ought to protect, are still in the fullest activity. Like the Irishman in the water, they will be drowned, and nobody shall help them. The utmost mercy to be expected at their hands by the man who would do violence to this amiable propensity, and would enlighten the public, whether it will or no, is to be shut up in Bedlam, with the other categories of lunatics, who are insane in a different way from those of their fellow-sufferers who are permitted to go at large.

Once more, therefore, and once for all, “notice is hereby given” that this volume is a volume in the queen’s peace, a volume with no offence in its mouth; that it is desirous of enjoying its own sense or nonsense, without let or molestation to the sense or nonsense of the world at large. Those who delight to imagine that “*les vessies sont des lanternes*,” are welcome to their whim, provided they will leave other folks alone, and not cry *haro* against all whom in their wantonness they may suspect of being suspicious.

Nay, if, in spite of such protestations, some reasons in behalf of forbidden truths should by accident have crept into these innocent pages, such reasons are at once admitted to be of no avail, against any lawful or customary authority to the contrary. Those in possession are hereby acknowledged to have a plenary right to make fair and foul weather at their pleasure, and to place the heart on whichever side of the body it seems good to them. Whenever it is asserted that such a thing “must be,” that “such a consequence flows from such and such undisputed premises,”

this is intended as a simple declaration of the historical fact, that such is the case with respect to the understandings of those who know no better—of those obstinately free-thinleing logicians, who will have a will of their own. It is not pretended that such consequences are theologically true; nor is it meant to force any to believe the evidence of their own senses, if their instincts or their interests (which are often one and the same) happen to point another way.

A FIRST LESSON IN READING.

“Oh, reader, if that thou canst read!”

“If that thou canst read?” a strange question, that, for the nineteenth century, amidst tract and education societies of every faith and form. The doubt, however, it implies may be justified. True it is, we have schools of all calibres, Bell’s schools, Lancasterian schools, infant schools, and schools “for grown gentlemen,” Bible schools, with note and comment, and Bible schools without note and comment, Sunday schools, evening schools, etc. etc. Even polemics have become the handmaids of literature, if not for mutual instruction, for mutual annoyance,—for making the gospel of peace the medium for evolving all manner of sectarian hatreds and dissensions. But, all this notwithstanding, there is no going beyond statistical fact; and the Parliamentary commissioners have a field before them, of which in our patriotism we cannot think without a blush.

Our meaning, though, goes a little deeper, and looks further into the national condition than concerns mere primary instruction.

It is not every one who has overcome the difficulties of Dilworth and Lindley Murray, that needs not a literary go-cart; nor are all emancipated from the necessity for additional tuition, who might laugh at the poor Welch curate, of whom it is related, that, making no hand of the Hebrew names of the Old Testament, he told his parishioners that “hard name went unto hard place.” The art of reading is by no means so mechanical a process.

Montaigne, who in many particulars got the start of the age in which he lived, has placed this matter in its proper light, and will, without further detail, explain the meaning of the enigma. “*Jay leu,*” he says, “*en Tite Live cent choses que tel n’y a pas leu: Plutarque a leu cent, outre ce que j’y ai sceu lire; et à l’aventure, ce que l’auteur n’y a mis.*”

Scarcely any two people read the same book precisely alike; every one spelling and putting it together after the measure of sense which nature and art have stored his mind withal, as Whittington read the ringing of the church bells. Of this we

need no further proof, than the various and contradictory meanings which the several party reviews contrive to pick out of the same volume. There is many an S. T. P. who has gone half through his college library, without having mastered the contents of a single volume, not to speak of the "*ce que l'auteur n'y a mis*," which the man who knows how to read would infallibly have discovered.

As for the mass of everyday readers, they run over the type, pretty much like the compositor, without even perceiving that it has a meaning; and there is scarcely one in a hundred of them ten paces in advance of a wight, of Cambridge celebrity, who, having diligently perused the entire volume of Euclid, declared that it was an amusing book enough, but that he could make nothing of the pictures; for so he called the diagrams.

It cannot, then, but be considered a wise ordination of Providence (all the ordinations of Providence are wise in man's presumptuous imagination, when they happen to chime in with his comforts, and jump with his interests) that men should in the course of nature buy books first, and set about reading them afterwards. What between the books which are above the average reading powers of the public, and those which are too easily understood, and speak unpleasant truths too plainly, by far the best and most serviceable volumes would remain unsold, if the order of things were inverted, and purchasers were not compelled to deal for a pig in a poke. Still worse would be the fate of that very numerous class of publications, which are positively without a meaning; "for true no meaning" puzzles more than the most abstruse sense. What, then, would become of the race of those who live by their pen? Nature, however, is kind; and bibliopoly has not wholly gone to the dogs.

The art of reading being thus imperfectly understood, and its knowledge thus narrowly diffused, it is no more than common charity in the bookseller to assist his customers in their difficulties; and this, probably, was the "moving why" that first tempted the trade to dabble so largely in reviews—a class of publications expressly adapted to the service of those who cannot read for themselves. A review is to the intellect what a pair of spectacles is to the eyes; and without its assistance printing might as well be confined to the advertising of Macassar oil, or giving circulation to Burgess's fish sauce. Between the ignorance, the wilfulness, and the preoccupation of readers in general (the present company always excepted), a book may be thumbed till its pages are reduced to dog's ears, without the student becoming "any the wiser," if the way to the interior and mystic sense of the author be not macadamized, made straight in the desert, and cleared from verbiage, by the lucubrations of a professed critic.



Gianetti's
Dante.

5/12/87.

Boston.

There are many books of the greatest celebrity in literature, concerning whose readings the world is far from being generally agreed. There is, for example, Machiavelli's "Prince," which OEdipus himself could no more develop, than a spaniel can unroll a hedgehog. One half of mankind say, that it is a most nefarious manual of tyranny, a cold-blooded estimate of the ways and means of despotism; while the other half understand it as a lesson of tyrannicide, a jacobinical denunciation of the cruel practices, by which social order is maintained in half the churches and states of Europe. Then, there is the "*Divina Commedia*" of Dante, which statesmen, scholars, and philosophers, have spelled, generation after generation, from the hour when it was first written, without suspecting that it was a political satire, till Signor Rossetti flashed the truth upon them, in his learned and very ingenious commentary: a sure proof, that "*in diebus illis*" there was no Attorney-general, or Constitutional Society in Florence, to "teach the boys to read."

The ancients were much more modest than we are, in their estimate of their own powers of reading. Pliny tells us, that Appian, the grammarian, (in his despair, probably, of mastering the art by his own unassisted powers,) applied to the devil to teach him to read, evoking spirits, and compelling them to aid him in his critical studies. It is probable, however, that having, by means of the father of lies, got at the truth, he was afraid of a state prosecution; for he kept "the ghost's word" scrupulously to himself. (1) If all that has been said of ancient authors be true, there is nothing so strange in this diffidence of Appian.

The works of Homer, we are told, contain all the principles of all the sciences;" (2) and this throws some light upon Jacotot's child-killing dogma, that all things are implicitly contained in Telemachus, though that far-famed volume is indeed but a flat parody of the Odyssey, and Calypso, *qui ne pouvait se consoler du départ d'Ulysse*, was not half so *ennuyée* as the schoolboy condemned to wade through its insipidity.

Not, however, but there are cases in which the moderns are as much at fault as the darkest of the ancients. Is there any man, sufficiently single-hearted to believe that he can read all that is enveloped in the nothingness of a king's speech? or can comprehend the elaborate profundity of an harangue on the state of the nation? Who, unpossessed of second-sight, would pretend

(1) Plin. lib. xxx., cap. 2. The text says, "seque evocasse umbras ad percontandum Homerum, quâ patriâ, quibusque parentibus genitus esset;" but this could not have been all, for he adds, "non tamen ausus profiteri quod sibi responsisse diceret."

(2) Blackwell's Life of Homer.

to read (in the proper sense of the word) the thousand expositions of the Apocalypse, or the protocols of modern diplomacy?

This discovery of the difficulty of reading throws a light on the quotations, so frequently occurring in polemical works, which tell directly against the argument in hand. It cannot be presumed that such passages have been cited at second-hand; first, because it would be uncharitable, and, secondly, because it would be unfair—*hanc veniam petimus, damusque vicissim*. On the other hand, people never argue, like Mrs. Malaprop, against themselves, if they can help it. When, therefore, so much only of a sentence or paragraph is taken as may appear convenient, and the hostile clauses are omitted, we are not to set it down as bad faith, and to a foolish confidence that the reader's idleness will prevent his consulting the original, but loyally believe that the author has misread his authority.

There is not a more palpable mistake than the imagining professional criticisms to be written with a view to enlighten the authors whom they castigate. An author is the natural prey of a critic, and a reviewer cares no more for the whole race than a fox does for a hen and chickens. Their vituperation has another motive, to instruct, namely, their subscribers how to read, and to lead them (by the nose) to those conclusions to which, if left to themselves, they would never arrive. This is one of those "*vérités véritables*" of which Napoleon spoke, and of which there are so few in the world.

It is, moreover, the difficulty in reading, the inability of penetrating the mystery of things, and discovering on which side one's bread is buttered, that has thrown certain governments on the necessity of hiring, at such exorbitant prices, sensekeepers for the nation, over which they rule. The restored dynasty of France employed a countless host of Jesuits, both of the long and the short robe, as a literary *gendarmerie*, for cutting down all passages above the level of public comprehension, (as if ideas were of no more value than simple citizens,)—for extinguishing such "lights" as "lead astray,"—and for explaining to the people the manner in which they should read those few books which are not absolutely forbidden.

If in this art we English are comparatively behindhand, it must be either for the want of a few Jesuits and censors, or because we are a nation of shopkeepers, and have no time for study. Ledgers must be posted; the main chance must be looked after; and we are glad to make use of ready-made interpreters, upon whose sagacity we may pin our faith, while we are paying an uninterrupted worship at the shrine of Mammon. Unluckily, these our teachers are never all in a story. If conspiracy comes, as an Irish

barrister once asserted, from "*con*, to breathe, and *spiro*, together," they must be acquitted of the charge altogether. A consultation of lawyers or physicians could not *ex luce dare fumum*, more distinctly.

The people, therefore, unable to read for themselves, and deprived of instructors to give them any certain and fixed direction, are blown about by every wind of doctrine, and are the dupes of every one who finds it worth his while to mystify them. They pore over the pages of a volume with great earnestness and zeal, and swallow the words straight on, without spelling or skipping; but when they come to "*finis*," they know no more of the essence of the subject than Mrs. Shandy. Accordingly, they are constantly at fault, and lapse into such signal errors, as are no where else to be met with among civilized communities.

In putting forth these opinions on scholarship, nothing is intended with reference to the great cause pending between the biblicals and the establishment. Let the expert decide whether religion be more degraded by the licence of the fifth monarchymen and the modern Southcotians, or by the arrogant intolerance of the partizans of an infallible authority. One may have one's own leanings, no doubt, like other folks, and yet let the milkmaid kiss her cow, if "Heavy Ralph," the ploughman, or some other more acceptable biped, be not at hand to attract her preference. If there be those who think that they can read, and not only read, but "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the dark words of the book of the law, without note and comment, they have free permission to indulge in the conceit;—provided they do not make a precedent of the case, and, pretending to more knowledge than they possess in lay literature, set up for teachers themselves. In other words, they are welcome to take the "primrose path" to the other world, if they please; but let them not knock down the funds, blow up the orthodox, and turn Noodledum out of windows.

So, too, of their opponents, if they insist upon it, that the essence of the law is too refined for ordinary intuition, they have full leave to "compile and compile" for its illustration, provided they will let others do the same, and not insist on cramming their own expositions down the throats of the unwilling, as exclusively trustworthy.

Having disposed of that very ticklish subject, modern polemics, the law of the case requires, also, a paragraph, in order to satisfy the world that there is nothing in it hostile to the fundamental and sapient maxim of British jurisprudence, "*Ignorantia legis non excusat*." This maxim is no authority for any presumed facility in the art of reading, because the longest life would not

suffice for the mere manual operation of perusing the statutes, while not even the most learned of the profession pretend to have thoroughly read them in our sense of the word. Besides, the unwritten law, constituting a floating capital of pains and penalties too subtle to be permanently funded in black and white, has nothing whatever to do with reading, and can only be known by an especial grace, and a regular course of Temple legs of mutton.

The meaning of the dogma, then, is this, that divine Providence, having bountifully provided society with attorneys and counsel learned in the law, any man may, at the small charge of 2*l.* 2*s.*, and a bill of costs, be duly advised on the speciality, as often as he may choose to exercise his free will, by putting his foot beyond the castle walls of his own house. To be ignorant of the law, in any particular, with such facilities for acquiring information, is wholly inexcusable. The law is, indeed, the perfection of human reason; and nothing can be more reasonable than such a decision!

The purposes for which books are consulted are various and the art of reading varies accordingly. Some persons read only to propitiate sleep; and with them the whole art of reading lies in the choice of the books; a circumstance that may safely be trusted to instinct. Baker's Chronicles will answer as well as the best.

For those readers who, in Hamlet's phrase, seek nothing in books but "words, words, words," and who never arrive at the idea of a complete sentence, there are a number of prettily-printed highly-illustrated volumes, which will occupy their time perfectly and pleasantly. The market being large, the supply is abundant; and the purchaser has only to complain of the *embarras de richesse*. But for those readers who, in the act of perusal, think that they are thinking, who have a propensity of looking into mill-stones, and who will not be contented with less than the essence of things, reading is a very serious concern; and, if they mean to win the race, they must be careful not to bolt at the starting-place.

Let such be duly convinced that the value of every book rests upon the intelligence of the reader, and that unless the author's ideas are already implicitly in his mind, he will not read the book with effect.

"*Ce qui fait,*" says Champfort, "*le succès de quantité d'ouvrages, est le rapport qui se trouve entre la médiocrité des idées de l'auteur et la médiocrité des idées du public.*" Such works find an echo in almost every bosom. The ordinary reader feels himself in his own element. He does not meet with a mystery in every sentence, and a conundrum in every paragraph. He is not

obliged at every page to "give it up," and run to a commentator for an explanation.

Let every reader, then, who desires to understand, examine carefully "*quid valeant humeri*," and not venture out of his depth before he has learned to swim. The neglect of this rule leads to much unprofitable reading; as in the case of that mathematician, who, after perusal of the *Paradise Lost*, discovered too late that it "proved nothing." Let not the unsuspecting Whig, therefore, meddle with the columns of the *Standard*. Let not Theodore Hook commit flirtation with Jeremy Bentham, whose works he will assuredly find no joke. Let the Moores and the Campbells eschew all treatises on the steam-engine, and let every man of sense avoid the transcendentalists like a pestilence.

But the choice of books is not always, alas! in our own possession. Accident, fashion, the absurd zeal of a patronizing friend, are constantly thrusting volumes *mal à-propos* down an unwilling throat; or the necessity of answering objections may lead to the same disagreeable result. A second rule, therefore, is necessary to meet these cases, and that is, ever to read such books rigidly and uncompromisingly in your own system. All facts militating against your own opinions are to be disbelieved, explained away, or disregarded; all deductions, hostile to your preconceived ideas, are to be set down as illogical; and the plainest and most obvious sentiments of the author are to be construed as containing a concealed and mischievous meaning.

No book, more especially, can be read with effect till the politics of the author are known. He is no good workman who finds it necessary to express in words all that he means to convey; and the subauditions and inferences of a clever writer are so much the more important, because they sink into the mind, without passing through the eye; and, therefore, they betray the judgment, without touching the conscience. But the politics of the author, like the subdominant and dominant in music, determine the key in which he is playing, and decide the harmony of the piece. Without this key, the reader will certainly mistake the meaning of many and many a passage.

Thus "piety," with a Sacheverel, means hating a dissenter; with a Fenelon, it has a more primitive signification. Thus, also, when a country squire talks of social order, he is to be read as meaning the game laws. "Good government" not long ago meant Gatton and old Sarum; and "loyalty" was equivalent with place and pension.

In more modern times, the difficulty of reading has been vastly increased by the unsteady application of words in different senses, on different occasions, and at different places. A speech deli-

vered to constituents, or at the Goldsmiths' company, is not to be interpreted as if the sentiments were uttered in a cabinet council; and an oration which is perfectly innocent *pro populo*, would be irrational and dangerous if delivered with closed doors *ad clerum*.

If the reader happens to belong to the same party as his author, let him take all equivocal expressions in the Johnsonian definitions of the words; but, in the other case, let him incontinently translate them into their opposites: for piety, read superstition; for social order, read oligarchical tyranny; for good government, understand the six acts; and, for loyalty, read slavish submission to the predominant faction.

Furthermore, by well weighing an author's position, you may penetrate still deeper into his more recondite philosophy, and understand not only his book, but himself, into the bargain. Thus, if the author of a red-hot pamphlet be a parson, you may be sure that, in publishing, he looks principally to church preferment. If a young physician write on some particular mineral spring, the object of his book is clearly to monopolize the practice of the place where the water is to be drunk. If a briefless barrister publish an essay on finance, he certainly is endeavouring to prove that he is the fittest man in the world for a place under government. If he writes a commentary on Burn's justice, he intends to become a county chairman.

Another rule, never to be neglected in the reading of any work, is to bear in mind that a certain considerable portion of all is dedicated expressly to the decencies of society; such are the tirades on virtue, patriotism, and religion; on the excellence of our glorious constitution and the wisdom of the aristocracy; on respect for the liberty of the press, or the liberty of the subject, hearts of oak, and the battle of Waterloo. It is a great and a frequent *balourdise*, in inexperienced readers, to dwell upon such ornaments of the Corinthian capitals of polished literature, as if they were intended for the solid substratum of a powerful argument. They are, in fact, but so much "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," meant to fill the ear, and to soothe the reader into an unsuspecting and dozing reception of the real pith and marrow of the discourse—no more.

Nothing can be so silly, and, at the same time, so unfair to the author as, in such a case, to tie him down to the letter, and to expect from him a precise and logical application of the passages in question. Whenever a writer has something to propose more than usually startling to the public, if he be wise, he commences with a double dose of this material. Newspaper editors are especially aware of the worth of the method; and they have sets of

sentiments and phrases preliminary, ready cut and dried, to preface all manner of hardy or unpalatable assertions. They are never so loyal, as when on the eve of writing treason; never so pious, as when making an attack on the establishment; and never so much in love with freedom, as when advocating a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

The knowledge of this secret is turned to a good account by the older quidnuncs, whose experience enables them to scent these *placebo* passages, at the first word; when they unceremoniously cut the whole tirade, and let the eye fall perpendicularly down the column, till it comes to the pith, cream, and quintessence of the matter really in hand.

A candidate at an election, be it then remembered, may, in his addresses to the county, profess the most profound esteem for his constituents, without compromising his right to purchase his return at five pounds a-vote, if they cannot be had at a cheaper rate. To understand him in any other sense would be cruel. In like manner, the diatribe against quackery, the boastings of honour and secrecy in the puffs of an advertising surgeon, must not be mistaken for a pledge not to poison the patient.

The mystery of diplomacy lies very much in a judicious use of these figures of rhetoric; and, if that science has fallen into some discredit, it is because lawyers, divines, country justices, publishers, and even tailors and cheesemongers, have become such adepts in the application of its terms of art, as to have deprived statescraft and ambassadorship of half their dignity, grace, and imposing solemnity.

By the application of the rules here laid down, there are few books which he who runs may not read; and, when a reader fails, let it be a hint to him to suspect whatever he cannot thus understand. That "what we cannot understand is nothing to us," is the maxim of a latitudinarian; for an honest meaning can lack no cloak of verbal obscurity.

A poet has said contemptuously, "*tutti applaudir, niun comprendere*:" and he was right: for there is no greater "mark of the beast," than the "*omne ignotum pro magnifico*;" and thus to be done, is perfectly plebeian!

Forget not, then, that there is an universal Freemasonry abroad; that every party endeavours to speak a jargon of its own, which shall only be understood amongst its own members; and you may rest assured that whatever is unintelligible at first sight is no production of a friend, and must be the language of deceit. Besides, what you do not comprehend must be contrary to what you do comprehend; and, on that account, contrary to common sense, and as absurd as it is dangerous.

Self-contradiction, be it also understood, makes nothing against the arguments of a writer of the true sort. "Cæsar does never wrong, but with good cause;" and, if such a one should change from black to white in the same breath, rest confident he has a sufficient reason for so doing. But, if the rogue writes for the enemy, the matter is *toto cælo* changed: in that case, read him as Milton read Salmasius. Should he even agree with you in trifles, think that, like his coadjutor, the devil, it is but to betray you "in deepest consequences;" and set it down boldly that he speaks in any other than the obvious sense. Recollect well what St. Augustin says, "that you may safely praise or blame, without reference to general principles, by imputing intentions at pleasure, and availing yourself of the circumstances of the conjuncture." Remember that in hostile writers no trifles are unimportant; and, if you allow one word that they say to be true, you are never safe from being tossed on the horns of a dilemma.

It must, by this time, be sufficiently evident, that there is a very large class of authors who address themselves exclusively to such readers as cannot read; and whose value depends altogether on the density of the public intellect. This class includes not only the mediocre, who live by addressing the mediocre, but all those who, by their cunning, contrive to feed the babes of literature from the pap-bowl of plausibilities. Civis and Vindex, and Junius Secundus, and a long list of paragraph-grinders of the same calibre, write very principally for the non-readers; and they are lost if they fall into the hands of one that can read. Such, too, are the writers of Fast sermons, judge's charges, and the royal proclamations of the celestial empire; whose occupation would be gone, if their riddle were once expounded.

Against writings of this sort, an honest plain man cannot be too much on his guard; but incomparably more dangerous are the works written exclusively for such as *can* read: for they are stuffed from beginning to end with that inflammable matter, which none but the expert can understand, and which, therefore, is the quintessence of disloyalty and infidelity.

Having established these points, enough has been done for "a first lesson." The tocsin has been sounded, and the world put on its guard against its own *bonhomie*. Fore-warned is fore-armed; and after this notice, whoever is duped will be the unpitied victim of his own self-conceit, and deserves to be dogmatized out of his senses.

It is lamentable to have been thus obliged to disturb the calm complacency of so many ignoramuses, in whose philosophy these refinements were never dreamed of; but something was necessary to be done, in order to remedy such crying abuses. Meantime,

if the reader be desirous of further instruction, he is referred to "*Les Quinze Vingt*" at Paris, "*lieu où les hommes gagnent leur vie à ne voir goutte, comme aussi en plusieurs autres lieux.*" (1)

THE ABSURDITIES OF MEN OF MERIT.

"Que les gens d'esprit sont bêtes!"—MARIAGE DE FIGARO.

SOCIETY is, proverbially, intolerant of merit. Other aristocracies are cheerfully acknowledged; rank is allowed, because it is an ancient and time-honoured convention; wealth, because it is a diffusible good, and repays the sycophant; but for personal endowments, there is no mercy. An acknowledgment of the supremacy of merit is extorted from the crowd, in spite of spite; and the world, compelled to admit the wide difference between itself and the man of genius, on his own particular ground, is perpetually on the search after collateral weaknesses and failings in his deportment, as a compensation for this provoking excellence, and as a means of re-establishing something like equality between the parties.

The French, who, with all their admiration for talent, are at once intolerant of inequality, and susceptible of the ridiculous, are especially prone to this species of levelling: and the jealous rivalry of their *savans* and *beaux esprits* has largely fed the malignity of that nation with scandalous anecdote. There are few of the eminent wits of their Augustan ages of science and of literature, who have not thus contributed their full quota to the history of the littleness of great men.

Geniuses of the highest order are not more exempt from human infirmity than their neighbours; and there are few, even of the wisest and the best, who, when closely examined, will not, like the diamond, exhibit some flaw or stain, to detract from the purity and lustre of their water. Nor is this very difficult to explain. We are apt to speak of the human intellect as of a simple unity; whereas, the intelligent and voluntary powers of the mind are complex aggregates of many independent faculties, each existing in its own degree of development, which has no obvious connection with that of any of the rest. Genius, wisdom, and virtue, are each the result of its own peculiar combination of these faculties; and they are so far from being necessarily yoke-fellows, that no sure inference can be drawn from the presence of any one concerning the probable expectation of the other two. "*Un cœur faible,*" says Voltaire, "*peut subsister avec un esprit fort, car on peut penser fortement et agir faiblement.*"

In point of fact, merits are almost ever specific, and what is called a great man is not unfrequently a very little man, great upon one point. A great musician may be, and often is, a great fool; a great mathematician may be a great rogue; and it is possible for an admirable Crichton to be so lamentably deficient in some one element of character, as to excite the risibility of the dullest dog that ever tired the patience of a listener. Even madness is a partial, not a general malady; and, as there are monomaniacs, who (as the word implies) are lunatic only on one subject, so there are monoelithiacs, who unite strong general powers of mind with a vein of folly that extends only to a single particular. Rousseau, quarrelling with his best friends, and Pascal indulging in the superstition of an ascetic, are by no means phenomena so rare in the literary and philosophic world as is commonly imagined.

But it is not alone through those weaknesses which genius inherits in common with flesh of inferior endowment, that merit lies open to the ridicule of mediocrity: the very qualities which lead to eminence are apt to expose their possessor to the world's contempt. The poetic temperament, or that constitution of organs, which engenders a susceptibility to the beautiful and the sublime, is in itself almost a disease; and it affects with many obvious peculiarities the whole round of thought and action. With a keener perception of externals, and a nicer susceptibility to moral relations, prompt sympathies and fiery passions, the poetic mind reacts upon nature and society by other laws than those which govern the movements of ordinary spirits: sometimes really disturbing the moral fitness, or the wisdom of conduct; and sometimes merely producing whimsical results, which the world, for want of a key to the mysterious workings of genius, wrongfully censures as vicious or absurd. The man of genius, governed by feelings and desires which the world cannot appreciate, neglecting and despising interests which the world adores, and acting from impulses of which even himself is scarcely conscious, becomes, in the estimate of his contemporaries, a miracle or a monster of waywardness, inconsequence, and caprice.

Between the man of real endowment, and the mere commonplace drudge, there is an infinite variety of shades. The combinations of particular faculties, in various degrees of development, are almost endless, and produce characters of various utility, respectability, and consistency. A great number of these intellectual complexes may suffice (especially when favoured by external circumstances) to lead the possessors to distinction, or, at least to notoriety, without affording them a pretence to the higher order of celebrity.



- 26' 87.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

In some, a vein of genius shows itself in the mere animal aptitude to combine and invent, without the perseverance, judgment, and taste necessary to the production of a great work. In others, talents for some particular arts, holding a powerful influence over the human imagination, exist, without any concomitant intellectual power. In others, strong passions and a determined volition supply the place of genius, and generate imitative excellence, which passes current with the world for originality.

In the estimate of the mass of mankind, all these powers are taken as equal; for all incomprehensibles are equal, in an imagination too narrow to embrace them. By this mistaking mere aptitude for genius, this confounding a particular talent with a comprehensive intellect, the world at large is betrayed into forming a lower estimate of the moral value of intellectual excellence than is consistent with truth, and genius suffers for the sins of its spurious imitators. If due exception be made of the operation of accidental causes, it will be found that the really great men, who, in their respective lines have distinguished themselves by works of indisputable originality and value, are very generally remarkable for the respectability and morality of their worldly conduct.

It cannot be denied that talents of a high order are sometimes led astray by that enthusiasm, that "*foco animatore*," so necessary to the perfection of the imitative arts. Benvenuto Cellini, Caravaggio, and Spagnoletti, are instances in point: and Salvator Rosa, though he deserves not to be placed in the same category with these wild artists, was yet sufficiently *bizarre* to afford scope for the petty sarcasm of vulgar minds.

It is chiefly, however, among the geniuses of the second, third, and fourth rate, that either great vices, or striking absurdities, very notably detract from personal respectability. To give consistency and *aplomb* to character, a sound judgment is essentially necessary; but no work of genuine worth, even though it be a work of mere art, can be produced, without the exercise of a severe judgment. In the fine arts, it is true, feeling alone may produce striking effects; and, when these arts have been long cultivated, even a mere imitative power in the fingers' ends will suffice to make the trading professor a name; but the *capi d'opera* in painting, sculpture, and music, are not created without intellectual effort; and they who are capable of deep thought have generally a wholeness and unity of character, well calculated to inspire respect. Michael Angelo, Leonard da Vinci, and Titian, were no less remarkable for their personal excellences, and the vast scope of their mental powers, than for their ability as artists.

Glittering, however, as is the eminence assigned to poets, painters, and musicians, the highest intellectual honours are attained by persons whose energies are of a very different character, and seem to guarantee the utmost gravity and decorum both of thought and action: these are the scientific and the learned, mathematicians, philosophers, and statesmen. In minds of this class, concentration, or the aptitude for labour, seems to be the predominant characteristic, and accuracy and precision the prevailing excellences. Slow, painful, deliberate, the march of their ideas is almost necessarily determined in the narrow right-lined path of integrity and moderation. Yet it is in this class, most especially, that those ridicules are usually discovered, which furnish the armoury of small wits with their pop-gun sarcasms against the merit they are sure to envy, and cannot equal.

The learned and the recluse are, above all others, liable to certain obvious and fantastic defects, which are dependent on a neglect of social forms, or on acquired habits, which the dull are careful to avoid themselves, and are apt to take note of in others. The man of intellectual labour commonly lives apart from what is called the world, and thus escapes from a social discipline, very necessary to rub off the asperities of selfishness, and to correct the whims and caprices that constitute *originality*, in the bad sense of the word. Rugged with the rust of a college, recluse students afford a thousand little salient points of humorous absurdity, which the microscopic eye of folly can measure with a fastidious accuracy. Their coat, perhaps, is unfashioned, their gait awkward, their manner in society bashful and embarrassed, or, haply, (from the want of something wherewith to measure themselves,) presuming and overbearing. They are also not unfrequently conspicuous for some ungainly motion, some ridiculous *tic*, which gives them an air of imbecility in the eyes of those who are utterly incapable of appreciating their solid excellence. Every blockhead could quiz the enormity of Dr. Parr's *μικρα θανατα*, the extravagance of Johnson's outward demeanour, or the coarseness of Paley's northern dialect; but their intellects and acquirements could only be estimated by their equals.

In the scientific departments, which so frequently develop lowly and self-educated merit, genius is often marked by a simplicity and a confiding frankness of exterior, which the world accounts as folly; and the individuals are almost always guilty of a neglect of fashions and of observances, which is charged against them as vulgarity. What chance could an Emerson or a Watt stand of being respected in a mixed company, if he ate with a knife, or

wore worsted stockings? The plainness of Roland's dress excited in the French court as much ill-will as his politics. "*Voyez donc,*" said the master of the ceremonies, "*pas même de boucles à ses souliers! tout est perdu.*"

A large harvest of ridicules is also furnished by a class of celebrities, whose merit is often of a very questionable quality—the men of mere learning. Learning, without judgment, is pedantry, and pedantry is a fault obvious and obtrusive. On the revival of letters, a multitude of blockheads and coxcombs arose to distinction, by dint of a parrot's memory, and an acquired knowledge, whose rarity was its only title to distinction. The Gaspar Scioppiuses and the Julius Cæsar Scaligers still continue to furnish a laugh against literary eminence, by many a tale of their egregious vanity, or of their insane vituperation of rivals. The absurd importance which such men confer on their own trifling pursuits, and the exaggerated price they set upon themselves, lead them to dispense with the merits of a decent exterior, or even of common honesty in their intercourse with society; and the more absurd they are in conduct, the better they imagine themselves to have asserted their claims to extraordinary endowment.

In these various infirmities, abundant matter may be found to justify the reproaches against real excellence, by which everyday personages indemnify themselves for the want of that "*digito monstrari,*" in their fancy so enviable a distinction.

But if all is not gold that glitters, all is not dross which shows no metallic brilliancy. A great deal of what the world imputes against men of merit as anti-social or whimsical is less referable to bad qualities in the individuals than to the imbecility of those with whom they are obliged to live. Agreeability is a mutual relation; and harmony may be as effectually destroyed by an excess, as by a deficiency of tone. If the man of true genius is sometimes reputed a bore, or a dealer in paradox, it will be necessary to gauge the quality of his society, before acceding to the judgment.

Is it the fault of the man of high intellectual powers, that, in every mixed society, he should encounter so few who can relish or comprehend any subject that is not either political or licentious? Is it his fault that, in contemplating things from a more elevated point of view, he sees many particulars which escape the cognizance of those below him? As justly might a foreigner be accounted dull, because he cannot speak the language of the country, as such a man be taxed with moroseness or singularity, because his associates cannot rise to the level of his ideas.

He who is above the intellectual level of his company is like the writer who has gotten the start of his age. Both are despised and neglected, because they are misunderstood and misrepres-

sented. It is a heavy misfortune, but it is no fault, that they address a circle which cannot, or will not, perceive its own deficiencies; that, abounding in ideas which are peculiarly their own, and thinking justly where others are in error, they are compelled to cast their pearls before swine, or, in Goldsmith's happy phrase,

“ To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.”

But it may be said that the man of genius loses nothing by condescending to the level of his company, and by stooping to trifle with those whose nature or habits are unfitted for graver matters. To trifle agreeably, however, is not an every-day talent, and he who attempts its exercise in a circle of dullards is deficient in tact, and will inevitably be set down as a fool. It is a good rule ever to be sure of your company, before venturing a joke, or hazarding a refined observation, even on the most familiar subject.

A mathematician would be justly blamed, who should strive to introduce his diagrams into general society; and genius, in every department, has what may be called its *shop* conversation. To introduce this, *mal à-propos*, is an impertinence altogether intolerable; but, in avoiding the error, the mere stooping to commonplace subjects will not suffice. To descend to the level of an inferior person, is to enter into his mind, and to be aware of the full extent of its poverty—a power of no easy acquirement. The ideas and associations with which we are ourselves familiar, we naturally imagine to be held in common with others; and it is not until a man feels that he has puzzled, shocked, or scandalized his audience, that he discovers how far he has left his hearers behind him, and that he has suggested a very different train of ideas by his language, from that which it represents in his own mind. What he puts hypothetically is haply taken affirmatively; or, when he uses a word in its strict technical meaning, it is perhaps received in some lax and popular sense, which disfigures the sentiment; or, it may be, that when he is humorous, he is understood as serious, and when he is sarcastic he is translated into literal matter of fact.

Thus is the pleasantry of the polite scholar constantly mistaken for offence; and the simplest remark deemed dangerous or impertinent, because the company cannot fill up the sub-auditions, familiar to persons better instructed, or of quicker apprehension. Much of the truth or falsehood of conversational propositions depends on their connection with something expressed, or implied in the preceding discourse: the greater, therefore, the *finesse* of the remark, the greater is the chance of its passing with block-heads for a paradox or an absurdity.

Who is there, among the class of readers to whom the subject of the present paper affords an interest, who has not, on many an occasion, found himself thus awkwardly situated in a circle of dull, matter-of-fact persons, ignorant of his most familiar quotations, inapprehensive of his imagery, insensible to his allusions, and construing every proposition into its direct contrary—until he has felt convinced that they have one and all convicted him in their own minds of blasphemy and treason, or at least set him down as a driveller and an idiot?

If the fool answers according to his folly, it is because he understands according to his folly. The wise speech, for the same reason, sleeps in the foolish ear; the fault lies in the *ratio recipientis*. A Newton or Bacon would come off but second best in an encounter of the wits with the members of the "Free and easy Foxhunters," or the "Eccentrics' Club;" yet the club-room is but an exaggeration of the dullness too common in what is ordinarily considered the very best company.

A few experiences of this species of disappointment will drive a modest man into silence, and reduce even the highest endowments below the conversational level of those who have little besides impudence and garrulity to help them. Despairing to make himself intelligible, or of entering into the nothingness and inanity which form the circulating medium of ordinary society, the man of merit seeks a refuge in abstraction; and gives place to more flippant speakers, from a disgust, which is at once attributed to superciliousness or incapacity.

The greater the intellectual superiority of the individual, the greater is the probability of his falling into one particular species of practical error—an over-refinement of conjecture upon motives and probabilities. Over estimating the intelligence of those with whom he has to deal, he becomes the dupe of his own superiority. "Let us search this house," says one of a party in pursuit of a thief, "for the sign announces it to be the house of call for his countrymen." "No," replied the other; "he will hardly take refuge where he must expect to be looked for." "You are wrong," said a third; "he will calculate on our coming to your conclusion, and will hide in this very house, because he must think that we shall suppose it the last place where we should expect to find him." The house was searched on this refined speculation, time was lost, and the thief passed uninterrupted on his journey, for a reason all had overlooked—he could not read.

No one is less capable of foreseeing and guarding against the silliness of others than he who is not silly himself; exactly as the loyal-minded are the least protected against the plotting of trai-

tors. If *la méfiance est la mère de la sûreté*, none are in such danger as the worthy and the wise. He who separates himself from the world, though it be by rising above it, becomes proportionately weak, and (in as far as he is dependent upon opinion) miserable. It is not every Democritus who finds an Hippocrates, possessed of the public ear, to protect and encourage him.

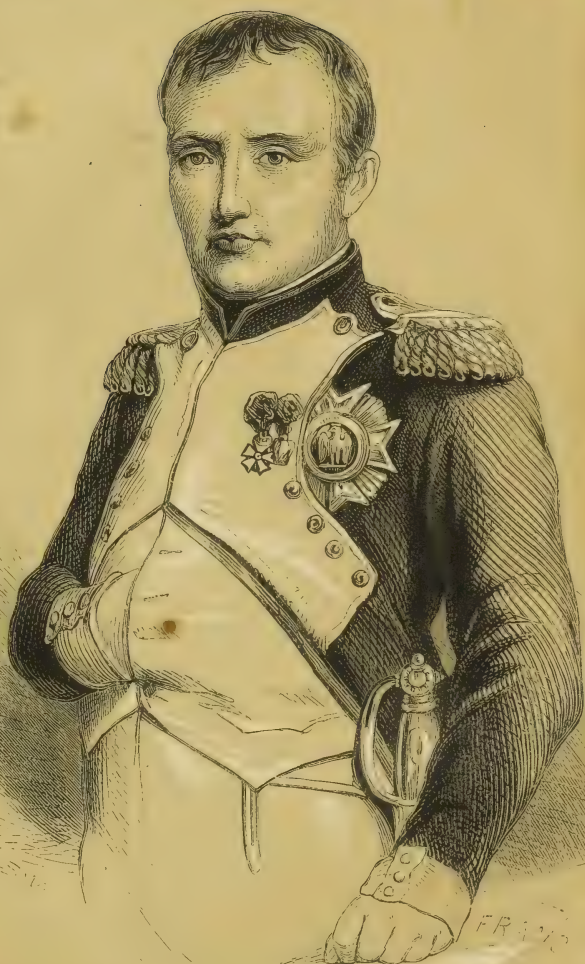
In private life, men of real merit are seldom found to err widely through inequality of character. If they do not possess an absolute wholeness and unity of disposition, they have sufficient self-command to preserve the decencies. Whartons and Rochesters are rare exceptions; and even their showy qualities are of a nature too equivocal to be taken on trust. The bare fact that they have not turned their excellence to a useful purpose is presumptive proof that it was not what it has been supposed.

It is in the conduct of public affairs, that men, in many respects superior, are most likely to break down, and to become the wonder and the reproach of their age. Duclos, in his treatise on the manners of his own times, attributes some of these failures to a want of agreement between the character and the wit; that is, to speak more precisely, between the will and the intellect. If there are many varieties of intellectual power, there are as many dispositions and tendencies to various action; and if a man's impulses are not in harmony with his powers, he cannot succeed.

A decided passion for public affairs is not unfrequently combined with a capability only for abstract reasoning, inapplicable to the complex relations of real life. Thus a statesman may have extensive views, and form grand designs, and yet be baffled and disgusted with the commonest obstacles in the details of business. He may want the promptitude to encounter unforeseen opposition, or the adroitness which wields at pleasure the wills of others, or he may be destitute of that perseverance and firmness of purpose, without which great masses are not to be moved.

Often, when the character and the intellect tend to the same point, their forces are still unequal. The volition is often the feeblest, where the intelligence is the most piercing; and ministers of undoubted talent, with liberal views, honest intentions, and great powers of combination, for want of a strong passion to energize volition, have been found incapable of conducting a continuous action to a successful issue.

This deficiency has sometimes been attributed to the Liberals, as a party, of whom it is said, that they see what is right, and desire to effectuate it; but removed by aristocratic influences above the people whose good they seek, and without the corrupt interests which bind their opponents into a phalanx, they want that intensity of purpose that should give efficacy to their designs.



ROTHSCHILD & CO. SOLE

Such men are easily turned aside from their purpose. They are the victims of minor considerations. Even their ambition is fluctuating and intermittent, and it alternates with paroxysms of indolence, of pleasure, etc., etc., etc.

Of still more frequent occurrence are statesmen in whom the most unbounded ambition, the strongest passion for affairs, the firmest purpose, and the most undaunted courage, are united with absolute mediocrity of talent and narrowness of conception. Those who are not admirers of the late Lord Castlereagh will very probably place him in this category; and it is one of the most mischievous to a country that a minister can stand in. In such a character, failure inspires no self-doubting, and demonstrated error begets no hesitation. The will is exalted, not checked, by the show of opposition, and perseverance degenerates into obstinacy.

There are occasions in which the greatest statesmen have become the victims of some accidental circumstance, acting on slight inequalities between the intellect and the will. The volition of Napoleon at Moscow thus obscured his judgment, and betrayed him into the deepest consequences. His extraordinary powers of combination, which had hitherto never failed him, could not triumph over the preponderance of one idea, rendered prepotent by its coincidence with his intense passion. In the campaign of 1814 and 1815, the two forces were in the strictest harmony, and the results were the most brilliant of his eventful life. After the battle of Waterloo, his voluntary power, subdued by repeated misfortune, wholly failed him. His mind was crippled, nay, palsied by despair; and when he had no longer the energy to avail himself of his remaining resources, he fancied that he was actuated by a respect for human life, and a patriotic regard for the welfare of his country.

Talleyrand, with the highest intellectual powers, was but "*un grand homme manqué*," for want of a character sufficiently energetic to have placed him at the head of events. With a mind capable of directing the energies of France, he had a will fitted only for playing second fiddle; and his ambition was ever placed at the service of others.

Louis the Sixteenth had, perhaps, the full average intellect of his family, and he had ten times their average heart. He perished, the victim of an utter incapacity for forming a decided volition. Louis the Eighteenth died on the throne, because these faculties, without being eminent, were in equilibrium; and because, united, they were equal to the circumstances in which he was placed. Charles the Tenth lived in exile, because, with the weakest of intellects, he was the most obstinate of mortals.

In politics, the greater the genius, the more fatal are the consequences of this species of inequality; and "*magnis tamen excidit ausis*" might be the motto of some of the greatest men who have filled thrones, or directed the affairs of powerful nations. The more extensive the intellectual grasp of a public man, the more he is placed at the mercy of circumstances. In politics, and in war, much must be left to chance; but a happy union of intelligence and firmness can alone determine how much should be trusted to events; and decide when an object should be pursued to all lengths, or safety be secured by a timely retreat. The world judges in these cases exclusively by success; and it places the leader, who has not failed simply because he has not attempted, before the most daring spirits and penetrating geniuses, whose designs fortune has not seconded in the execution.

There is a foolish question agitated among moralists, whether talents are desirable—whether a parent should wish his child to be a genius. The question, if it merits an answer, is easily decided. Genius is but an instrument, and its influence upon happiness depends on the nature of its employment. Increase of power is valuable only as it is swayed by a regulated will; and any intellectual endowment which only enables its owner to give more effect to his caprices places him in a false position, and must become the source of misery. To virtue and to vice, to wisdom and to folly, mere talent is in itself indifferent: an intellectual education, unaccompanied by moral development, is a discord that cannot produce sweet music; but when the two go together, intellectual power in all its modifications is good; for intellect is power and power, well directed is happiness.

There is, however, some truth in the notion that great endowments, and more especially a decided excellence in the imitative arts, affect our relations to society in a way not always favourable to happiness, by originating ideas and associations at variance with our fortunes. With the mental, as with the bodily functions, whatever is gained in extent of mobility is lost in security and precision of action; and as the shoulder is more liable to dislocation than the hip, so a susceptible temperament is exposed to accidental displacements, when coarser minds are secured in their inefficiency.

But then, it must not be forgotten, that with such liabilities, men of genius have chances of success far beyond those of ordinary characters. If life be better than death, and wakefulness be preferable to sleep, genius must (every thing considered) be more desirable than mediocrity and dullness.

AN ESSAY ON COALS.

“*In-grate-um si dixeris, omnia dixeris.*”

IN commencing an Essay on Coals, two very opposite prejudices stare an unfortunate author in the face. First, there is that commonest of all presumptions, which induces men of little calibre to imagine that nothing exists in nature, or in art, beyond the very narrow sphere of their own comprehension. “Coals,” quoth the representative of this faction, with a contemptuous twist of his nose, “what on earth has the man to say on that subject? Is he going to rip up the disputes of a late lord mayor, and to call the monopolising owners of the great mines of the north over their own commodity? Surely there is nothing new or interesting to be said on that matter.”

Opposed to this opinion are the trembling susceptibilities of him who knows the full extent, the wide encyclopædia of learning embraced by the theme, and who foresees in the opening of such a mine nothing less than a very great *bore*. “To do common justice to the subject of coals, what a question” (he will say) “presents itself at the very starting-place, in their disputed origin and geological history. Why, the very fossil Flora, connected with this singular formation, would alone occupy a life of ordinary labour and industry. The chemical and economical department of the inquiry, too, what a field is there! to say nothing of the very intricate and very essential episode concerning smoky chimneys and smoke-consuming furnaces, and a *réchauffé* of the history of the musical “Small-coal man.”

Between the dilemma of these hostile conclusions the essayist is shut in, nut-cracker-wise; or, to speak without a metaphor, stands a fair chance of losing a large part of the good-will of his proposed readers, who will either “skip and go on,” in search of something which promises better sport, or lay it by for a more convenient season, when there shall be sufficient leisure to enter upon so weighty a matter.

If the subject adopted for this paper had been of what Swift would have called a more *tritica* nature—had it concerned the old lady of Babylon, or her twin sister in iniquity, the other old lady of Throgmorton Street—had it proposed for discussion the way in which Shakspeare spelled his name, the authenticity of Ossian’s Poems, the Catholic Question, or Napoleon’s quarrel with Sir Hudson Lowe—had it, in short, touched upon something concerning which everything, to the purpose and from the purpose, had been repeated *ad nauseam*, no such doubts would have arisen. Readers of all dimensions would have found themselves

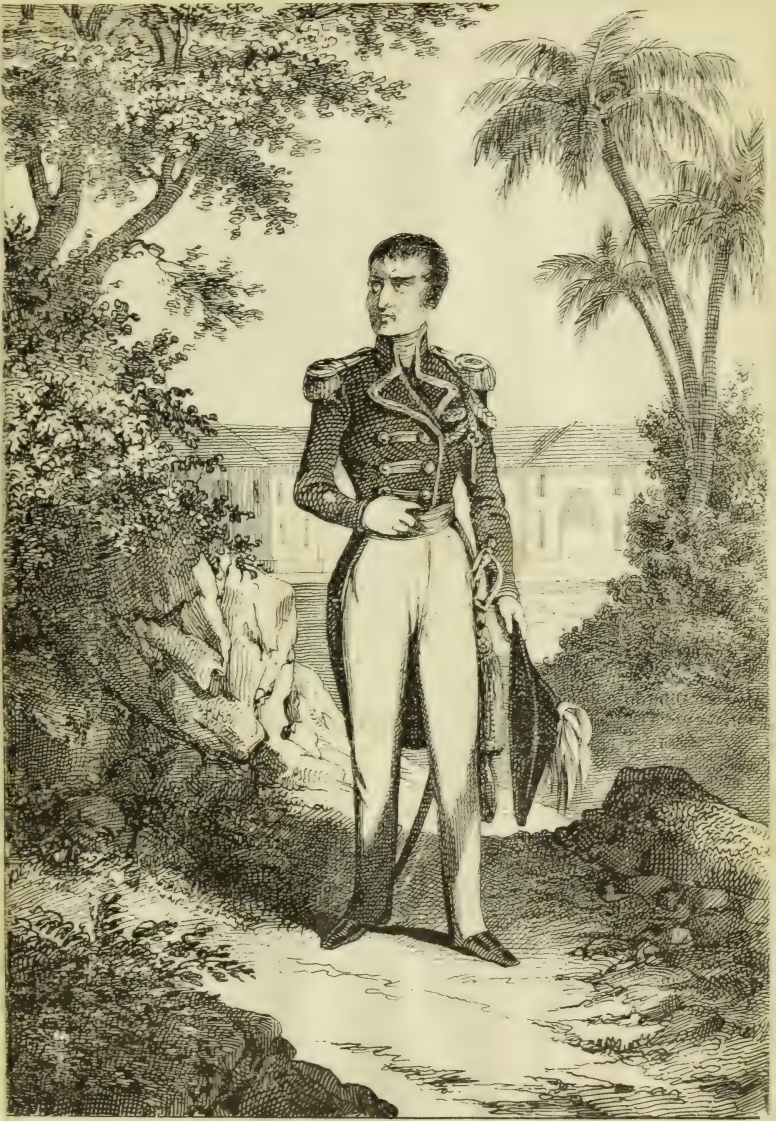
en pays de connaissance, and have fallen-to like French falconers : but coals ! that theme untouched of all essayists in prose or verse ! it will be as forbidding as the first attempt to swallow an oyster !

This is a great disadvantage, and discouraging enough, Heaven knows ; but *le vin est tiré*, and it must be swallowed. Nothing, therefore, remains but to adopt the practice and language of show-men, and to courteously request all whom it may concern to walk in and “ see what they shall see ; ” promising, for our own sakes, to be as original, and as little tedious as possible, and expressing an humble hope that curiosity will not be wholly disappointed.

There is, *per contra*, one merit connected with the theme, which will afford a considerable set-off against its novelty, and ought to remove from it a large weight of that suspicion which falls, in this country, on every thing unbacked by precedent—it is a truly English question. Coals, however new to literature, are as matters of fact amongst the most familiar objects of an Englishman’s experience—an object of which, if he does not boast, as of the crowning excellence of his fortunes, (especially when he shall have read what is here to be advanced on that head,) he will be more ungrateful to nature and to Providence than it becomes a good Christian to show himself.

Poets in general, and all dealers in figure, have taken a fancy to couple Old England with the watery element ; and historians and political writers (adopting the notion on trust) have attributed the national superiority in every thing feasible and cognizable to the circumambient ocean, by which the people are insulated from the less gifted races of human beings. From Horace, with his *divisos orbe Britannos*, to Dibdin’s “ Go patter to lubbers,” and “ England’s best bulwarks,” the sea has been assigned on all hands as the Englishman’s element. But this is a great mistake.

An Englishman’s true element (and it is strange that the fact should have escaped the whole ballad-making crew) is fire. The English soldier is steady under fire, the English poet writes with fire, the English merchant is famous for the many irons he has in the fire, and there are more fire insurance offices in London alone than in all the rest of the world. In one word, no nation exists that has so completely obtained a mastery over every department in which fire is brought into action. Chemistry, metallurgy, dyeing, brewing, distilling, cotton-spinning and weaving, horse-shoeing, gas-lighting, and steam navigation, are the distinguishing excellences of our happy land ; and it cannot be doubted that men will “ think ere many days are gone,” that



Sir Hudson Lowe

1-27-'87.
New York.

the high-mettled racer himself must ultimately yield the *pas* in the Meltonian field to fire, and get his supersedeas from a tea-kettle.

If the Irish antiquarians are right, and if it be true that the Druids worshipped the fire-god Bel, there must have been something more than accidental in the coincidence; for fire has become to the Englishman what Socrates prophetically said of it in the general, "his fellow-workman in every art." (1) Even theology in these days is based on a due application of fire; and if we do not still worship it in the same way as our Druidical ancestors, its agency as an instrument of morals and happiness is very universally invoked. But on theology politics rest as on a pedestal, and fire enters still more largely into our statescraft, as presiding over the three great engines of policy, "killing, burning, and destroying."

Let people therefore talk as they will of our glorious constitution, the right-thinking will be more inclined to celebrate our glorious coal-mines. Great Britain is more indebted for all that renders it "the envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the world," to Mulciber, than to Minerva; and Venus was not so much out as some have thought, when she preferred the sooty divinity of Lemnos for a husband, to all the smarter but less serviceable gods of Olympus. The steam-engine, indeed, the latest born but greatest of the sons of Vesta, has become a fourth estate in the realm, and is fairly worth the other three. It is the vivifying principle of taxation, and is a more powerful conservator of the peace than an army of new police, or a host of vice-suppressing associations. The instant it stops working, the people become turbulent and discontented, and when it resumes its activity, the agitator's "occupation is gone." The steam-engine is the real and effectual balance in the state; it maintains the credit of the national debt, it is the thunderbolt of war, and the fruitful olive of peace.

Even the people themselves (for whom alone wrong-headed radicals maintain that government exclusively should subsist) may become too numerous, and may thus prove more burdensome to the state than an extravagant court, a grasping aristocracy, or a greedy church; but there is nothing *exigant* in the nature of the steam-engine. When it cannot work, it does not jacobinically insist upon eating; and, like a good and pious machine as it is, takes no thought wherewith it shall be clothed. When pressed too hard, it may, like those living machines the mob, haply make "a blow-up;" but its safety-valves are much

(1) *Επικουρον δε σποτους, συνεργον δε προς πασαν τεχνην, και παντα οσα αφελιας ενεκα ανθρωποι καλασκειυαζονται.*—*Xenoph. Mem. Socrates.*

more easily managed, and are more to be depended upon: besides, the burst once over, the steam-engine becomes as tame and harmless as a child; whereas the people go on thundering at the door of the legislature with accelerated impetus, and at every rent they effect in the coercing medium, acquire fresh force for a renewed explosion, till institutions are cut into ribbons, and order is utterly subverted.

Steam-engines are, therefore, better subjects than men; they have many advantages also over the aristocracy. They never combine to make corn dear; they have no younger children to quarter on the public; nor do they insist upon making their tutors bishops; they never rat for a ribbon, nor sell their country for an empty title. In the hands of Perkins himself, "with all appliances and means to boot," they indulge not in murderous *battues*; nor do they fortify their preserves with laws which exceed the atrocity of a Draco.

As to the first order of the state, we must refrain from odious comparisons; but it is no treason to assert, that steam-engines, when well used, can really, and without figure of speech, do no wrong. The world has never yet heard of one that was a jesuit, like Charles X.; or set itself against learning, like the Emperor Francis; or was as absurdly tyrannical as a Miguel or a Ferdinand. A steam-engine may be as indifferent to human suffering as a Nero or a Henry VIII., and it will assuredly chop off the best head that ventures to thrust a nose across the career of its humour; but, then, it never goes out of its way to do mischief, being contented to leave those alone who let it alone; and, as kings in general go, that is no trifling advantage to the subject.

It is unnecessary to remind the reader (such being the case), that coals are to the steam-engine what mind is in the microcosm. Hippocrates, indeed, carried this analogy one point further, when he declared pure fire to be the moving principle of life, which sets the piston of the heart in motion, and opens and shuts the valves of the arteries, as the grosser element does those of the steam-engine.

Whatever good has been predicated of the engine, is implicitly predicable of the fuel, which gives it activity. On this account, it is a little unreasonable, perhaps, to object to the political influence of the Lowther family; for, as lords of the coal-mines, and possessors of that which is the *primum mobile* of the state, the *summum bonum* of our national being, they ought to have some finger in the pie.

This is a question of national import; not so the objection which foreigners make to the smoke of London—an objection as impertinent as it is infelicitous, smacking, at least, as much of envy as



Francis 1.^{re}
Empereur d'Autriche.

4. 5. 87.

Boston.

of dislike. That majestic canopy of rarified soot is rather to be regarded as the regal diadem of

“Old King *Coal*, that jolly old soul,”

more typical of the wealth and power it overshadows, than the richest jewels that were ever *hired* for a coronation.

The crystallized carbon, which, under the name of diamond, sparkles on the brow of royalty, is but a childish bauble, estimable only for its rarity and inutility; it mitigates no human sorrow, it cuts no pains (*panes*), except in the hands of the glazier. Barren and unproductive, it shines rather as a pharos, to warn mankind, than to attract them by its glitter: but the black diamond warms, and cherishes, and protects. It is the raw material of industry, ingenuity, and order—the first cause of diffusive wealth, comfort, and respectability. More powerful than destiny itself, it annihilates both time and space. Mastering the winds of heaven, it enables Britannia, without a metaphor, to rule the waves; and, in the mightiness of its strength, it reduces the fable of Briareus to a cold and trifling conceit.

Coal likewise triumphs in the moral world. It has added fresh wings to the press; and, by diffusing knowledge with increased rapidity, it rules the intellects, as it presides over the physical welfare of nations. Coal is, moreover, the concentrated essence of democracy, the supremacy of the people, the only effective antagonist of the conqueror's sword, and of the statesman's craft. Stretched on its dark and dingy bed, from the depths of its cavernous palaces, it gives the law to the “Sophy on his throne;” and says to the emperor of half the world, “thus far shalt thou go, and no further.” Coal armed the coalition of European kings, and was more fatal to Napoleon than the snows of Moscow.

It is not without reason that the Englishman takes for his motto “*pro aris et focis*,” for his domestic fires are his wealth, and his wealth is his religion. If the children of the East were excusable for worshipping the sun, that splendid type of creative power, the Englishman is still better justified for honouring his coal-mines. What is the sun (of England)?—less glorious than the moon of Naples, it is wrapped in clouds, and shrouded in ungenial mists. Coal is the Englishman's sun; its fostering warmth never deserts him, amidst the rigours and inclemencies of the fiercest summer. It lights his dreary path in the long nights of winter, while the sun is coquetting with the antipodes; and it ripens his grapes and his cucumbers, when the celestial luminary churlishly refuses to bring to maturity a potato or a cabbage.

Coal does not exhale the pestilence of the marsh, inflict a

dysentery, nor strike down a Hercules, like a *coup de soleil*. Unlike the balmy skies of the south, the atmosphere of coal speaks not of sloth and slavery; nor does it tell of burning passions, of implacable hate, causeless jealousy, and murderous revenge. The cheerful glow of a sea-coal fire is the very spirit of domesticity, and of conjugal faith; it kindles the torch of Hymen, and preserves its fire pure and eternal as the vestal flame.

Seated in his chimney corner, the father of the family feels his heart dilate with affection for his wife and children, as the benign influence of the fuel sends its efficacy from the feet to the centre of the circulation. If the imagination of his chaste moiety should for a moment roam towards the false splendours of the world, one ray from the cheerful hearth brings back the wanderer, by recalling it to the comforts of domesticity.

The aspect of nature in its summer smiles provokes a meditative and anti-social feeling, inspiring independence, and therefore coldness; but the blazing hearth produces more expansive impulses, awakens sociality, kindles philanthropy, and knits the affections of mankind in the closest union. Who will doubt that England alone could have produced that effusion of tenderness and sensibility, "Home, sweet home;" or attribute its inspiration to any other cause than the abundance and excellence of the national fuel? Matrimony may be as gloomy, cold, and churlish, as satirists and comic writers pretend; but it cannot resist the expansive sympathies of a cheerful grate. Wisely and prudently, then, do our daughters, in their selection of a mate, give the preference to him who is best able to keep the pot boiling, and is least likely to live in the fear of a coal-merchant's bill.

Of all the distinctions known to English society, the title of housekeeper is the most respectable. To "keep crock and pan" is the Irish phrase for respectable incumbency, because in that country the abundance of turf makes a hearth no distinction; but in England, housekeeping, which is the assurance of maintaining many hearths, is the proper test of virtue, and of aptitude for public functions. It is not, therefore, without political wisdom, that potwalloping has been made a cause of elective franchise in the British constitution; for he who cannot afford to boil a pot must be incapable of maintaining those far more expensive things, "the relations of amity and social order," and therefore he ought not to be entrusted with the liberties of the country.

The influence of coal on the head is not less striking and extensive than its power over the heart. Coal expands the intellect, develops genius, and contributes largely to the quickening of the march of mind. Apollo, assisted by the nine Muses, and mounted on his winged nag, Pegasus, whose feet naturally run

into metres, never performed half the deeds in literature, which are daily effected under the inspiration of the best Wall's End. That leviathan of learning, Dr. Johnson, bore ample testimony to the virtues of a coal fire, and of the influence upon bright thoughts which it exercises through the medium of the tea-kettle.

But we need not individual testimony of this truth. Take away fires, and the reign of the blue stockings would be as defunct as that of Nebucadnassor. Let the muffins be "cold and neglected," and let the coffee cease to steam, and the Royal Society would be completely *à sec*. If the tea-tables of some half-dozen literary ladies were overset, half the gorgeous poets and sermonizing essayists in town might hang themselves "in their own garters;" and without the same exhilarating beverage, the religious zeal of Cælebs-hunting young ladies would fall below zero.

Even now, while sitting by a snug comfortable fireside, surrounded by books, with curtains closed, the urn bubbling, with the Argand lamp brightly trimmed, and (above all) the Cannel coal shedding its not "intolerable day," the very symbol of enjoyment—one feels the kindling god within, while thoughts come skipping with an alacrity which sets the raging snow storm at contemptuous defiance. How different from those ancient times, when the student buried his knees in a basket of straw, for want of a peck of coals to thaw his ice-bound genius!

Coal is not only the cause of talent and of virtue, but the instrument which gives utility to much of human action. Vain were the hospitality of the most generous Amphitryon, if unseconded by a good fire. The richest and most epicurean fare goes away unenjoyed, if the guest freezes in the north-east corner of the dining-hall, near an ever-open door, and half a world away from the glowing hearth. Vainly, also, would the sun of France ripen the grape, to cheer the heart of man, to cultivate friendship, and to beget good-will to all, if coal did not conspire to the same end, by forming the light and transparent glass, which betrays the brilliance of the wine, and commends it to the lip.

But why dwell thus upon particulars? The simple want of fuel strikes whole districts with sterility, and stamps the foreheads of their population with the hardened characters of guilt, where the discovery of a coal-mine would at once diffuse honesty, industry, and happiness, as if by the wand of an enchanter.

"*Virtus*," says the poet, "*laudatur et alget*;" which is as much as to declare that praise is a sufficient reward for the virtue which is not warm; and it would be difficult to assign a good reason why the lower regions should be paved (as they are said to be) with good intentions, if it be not in the hope that the warmth of the climate may thaw them into overt acts.

It is a matter well worthy the consideration of the Right Reverend the Bench of Bishops, how far the spread of sectarianism may depend on the chill damp of our churches, and on the larger economy of fuel in chapels and gospel-shops. An eloquent preacher is thrown away upon an auditory whose piety is frozen in their fingers' ends; whereas the most frigid of sermons may kindle a religious fervour in hearers surrounded by an atmosphere not below 60°.

Talk not of warm hearts! warm feet are the sources of genuine benevolence; and the hand of charity will not be extended to less purpose, for being cherished in an Angola glove. Hearts, indeed, cannot be warm, when the extremities are cold; yet are the cold-hearted proverbially selfish. The man whose nose turns cold when he is angered, is to be feared as he is hated; his vengeance is deadly. But the hot-tempered opponent, whose countenance glows when he is enraged, is a generous and a forgiving enemy. We call a man of wealth a "warm fellow," to indicate that he possesses that which all men esteem. The flame of genius, in like manner, is a phrase which marks our instinctive notions concerning the source and origin of intellectual endowments; while our detestation of death is exhibited in the distasteful epithet of a "cold" grave. Money, therefore, is well and facetiously called "the coal," the phrase being perfectly "germane to the matter." To be physically without fire, is to be divested of all that makes life worth having; while to be spiritually so, is to be without virtue, genius, or courage, without sensibility to beauty, or resentment for wrong. Even in the burning deserts of Arabia, a peck of coals would be a blessing; for, if the pilgrim sometimes perishes there for want of a draught of cold water, he is also compelled to eat his food uncooked, from the total absence of any thing combustible to dress it withal.

If love, then, "is heaven, and heaven love," coal is equally virtue, and virtue is coal. With infinite veneration, therefore, should we behold the heavily-laden waggon working its slow and painful course up the steep of the Adelphi, or emerging from the purlieu of St. Clement Dane's. With reverence should we make way for the broad-flapped long-whipped dispenser of oaths and "whoey's," who conducts it! Slumbering in its charge, lie the unwrought elements of an infinity of excellences and utilities—or (if abused) the first cause of a thousand crimes, follies, and woes. There repose unconcocted hearts'-ease and hilarity, or, it may be, the serpents of discord, and the artillery of war;—the untasted sweets of the sugar-baker, or the condensed form which gives explosiveness to gunpowder;—the possible cannon that is to defend the country, or the unborn pike that is to overthrow

the state ;—the razor which may shave a beard, or cut a throat ; the lancet which may breathe a vein, or insert a deadly poison.

Those panting straining horses, the pride of London, labour in their convulsive efforts to transport an inert mass, which contains a motive energy sufficient to carry the largest vessel to some far-distant port. More awful still, murder and violation may ensconce themselves within the tarred and sooty bags, awaiting their hour to escape upon the world, through the incendiary worm of a spirit-still. In the dark and dingy load is concealed a load which may develop the most important truths, or baffle the deepest conspiracy of crime ; or perhaps, as chance directs the devious conduit-pipe, may “waste its sweetness” upon the idleness of a ball-room, and set forth to advantage the charms of the lady-killing Adonis ! It may second the madness of the new light, or illumine the collective wisdom of a Reformed Parliament. It may melt the wax which shall seal the liberties of an empire, or temper the blade which shall redeem nations from oppression. Unmarked of the heedless multitude who pave the well-trodden pavement of Fleet Street and the Strand, it may perchance dress their bridal dinner, or weld the spade which shall dig their unthought-of grave.

The coal-waggon is the Thespian car of life’s drama, the ambulant encyclopedia of human interests, the brief abstract of all our sayings and doings, the little cause of mighty effects, the embryo destiny of immortal souls ! As it wends its predestined way to the theatre, or the conventicle, to the gaming-house, or the hospital, it may become the instrument of eternal wretchedness, or of happiness everlasting. It may help luxury to waste the body and enervate the soul ; or it may aid charity in benefiting the earth, and winning heaven.

Wretched, miserable humanity, of what trifles art thou the creature ! Let but that unconsidered and unmissed mass of matter be now annihilated—let all its consequences be swallowed up and annulled, and the fate of the remotest generation that shall live and suffer to the fullness of time may be changed in its minutest particulars.

Go, then, proud presumptuous man—boast of your faculties, vaunt your free will, triumph in your immortality, chain down Omnipotence to your narrow conceptions, and make your petty thoughts the measures of eternal wisdom ! what are you, after all, but the sport of an accident—the unconscious victim of a chaldron of coals !

CURIOSITY.

"A pretty general belief is entertained that curiosity is the strongest in the rudest and least cultivated stages of society. All my experience goes in the other direction."—HALL'S SOUTH AMERICAN VOYAGE.

THERE are few readers of the present day, it may be presumed, who have not paid their visit to Paul Pry; and, while offering an involuntary tribute of inextinguishable laughter to the merits of a great actor, have not likewise indulged in a complacent comparison between themselves and the curious impertinent, whose anxiety in other people's concerns brings him into so many scrapes.

This self-gratulation is very natural; but it is not very just. The desire of knowledge is innate in human nature. We are all born more or less of a Paul Pry, and inherit a good dash of the temperament of "our general mother." But what of that? There is nothing to be ashamed of in this much-decried propensity. Knowledge, as Lord Bacon and the prospectus of every new magazine reports, is power; and power is a very valuable consideration, and a rational object of desire. But, without curiosity, there could be little or no knowledge; for knowledge is a fruit which no longer grows upon trees: on the contrary, it partakes more of the nature of the truffle, and must be dug for by those who are desirous of tasting it.

The distinction which is so improperly set up between laudable and idle curiosity is altogether untenable. No one is curious about that which does not interest him; and on that point every one must be left to judge for himself. To be curious, no matter about what, is to be moved by the passion which led Newton to the discovery of gravitation, and enabled Franklin to disarm Jove of his thunders. In what did La Place, when taking measure of a comet's beard, as it wandered in the extreme bounds of space, differ from Socrates calculating the length of a "flea's hop?" Or in what does the member of a Linnean society, who pries into the secrets of cryptogamic love, exceed "Peeping Tom of Coventry?" Homer has made it a matter of boast concerning Calchas, that he knew the past, the present, and the future:—

Ὅς ἦδ' ἐ τὰ τέοντα, τὰ τέσσεμένα, προ τέοντα.

But if this was the case, he must have troubled himself with a vast many things which did not in the least concern him, and must have indulged in as much idle curiosity as the arrantest Paul Pry in Christendom.

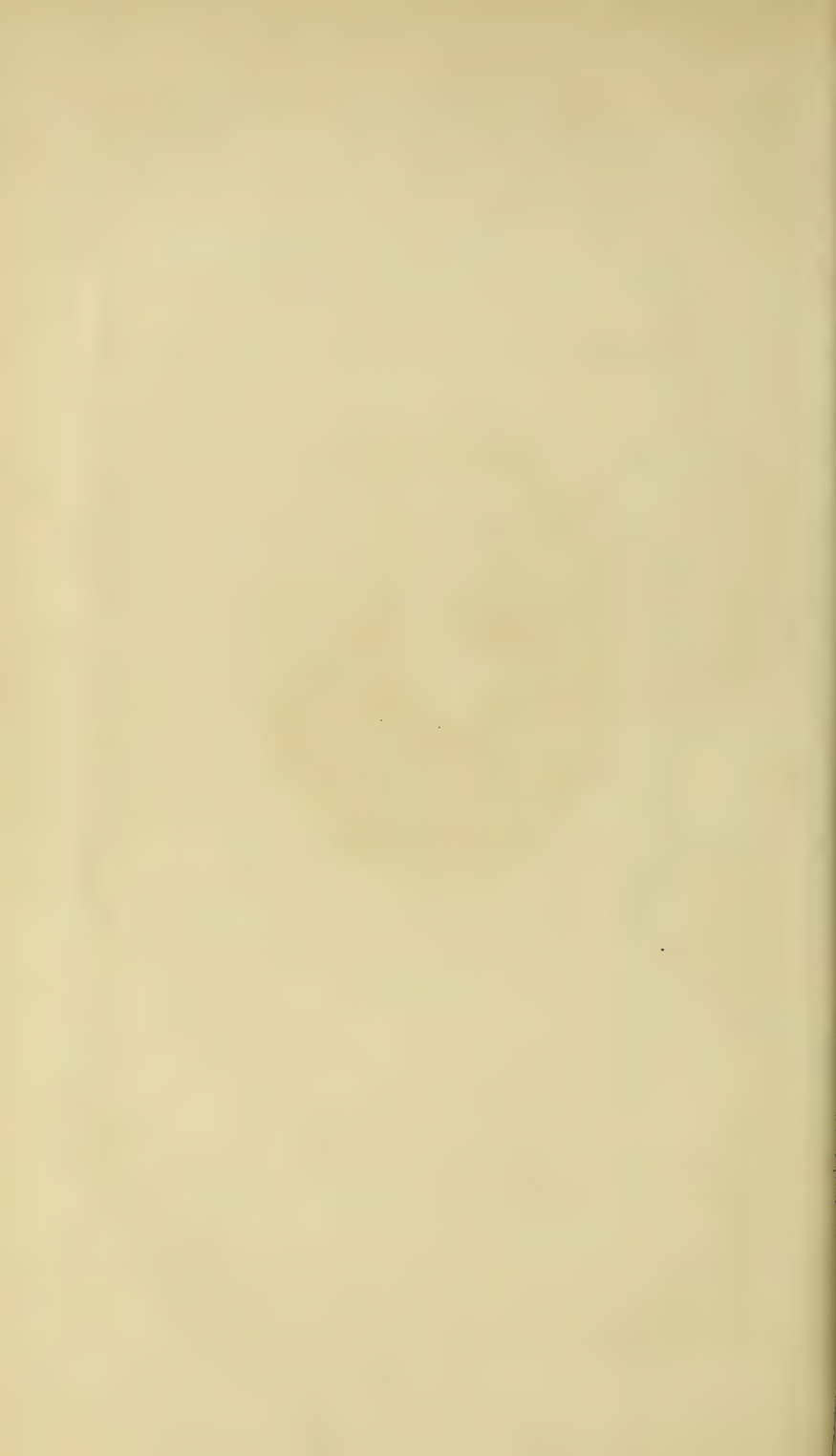
No matter, then, for the subject of investigation, the curious are all alike entitled to take rank as philosophers; and it cannot but



Sir Isaac Newton

Born Dec^r 25th 1642. - Died March 20th 1727.

Emporium of Arts & Sciences



be accounted strange, considering the prevalent conspiracy amongst literate and illiterate, to give the moral world a decided pre-eminence over the physical, that those ethic philosophers who employ themselves in investigating family secrets, and watching the conduct of their neighbours, should have been selected as especial subjects for ridicule and censure. What can be more noble than the scope of their inquiries? The "*quid verum atque decens*," of which Horace makes such a fuss, is their especial care. The former they carry into the minutest particulars; and the latter they never suffer to be violated by any man or woman within the range of their inquiries, without duly denouncing the fact to public opinion.

To have thoroughly studied any one subject is sufficient praise to ordinary talent: a conchologist, or an excavator of tumuli, is, by courtesy of England, qualified as a learned man; but the inquiries of a Paul Pry embrace nothing less than the whole field of morals, the "*quicquid agunt homines*," from an intrigue in a garret, to a pudding on the kitchen fire.

Nor is this range of intellectual exertions more praiseworthy than the expansion of sympathies, which interests the curious in matters that afford them neither personal advantage, nor subject them to personal loss. An incurious mortal is, *eo nomine*, of necessity selfish. He reads the name of his nearest neighbour in the papers, and pauses not to inquire whether it stands recorded among the births, the marriages, or the deaths: "*cela lui est égal*." Intent upon his own affairs, he looks to the price current, or the advertizing columns, and leaves Mr. Spriggins to marry, have children, or go to the devil, as destiny and the three learned professions may decree. The curious man, *per contra*, is not only diligent in discriminating these particulars, but he is miserable till he learns the colour of your child's eyes, the marriage portion of your bride, and whether you have been buried in a patent coffin, or have not received a vestment of lead.

The love of fame, so dear to the noblest and the best of the species, is but the desire of occupying the attention of mankind: valuable, then, is the curious neighbour, without whose aid the majority of mankind would live unobserved, and die unheeded. By his assistance, the humblest is at least assured of one friend, whose thoughts are fixed on making his words and deeds as diffusively known as the widest sphere of one man's energies will admit.

Neither is it a trifling merit in the minutely curious, that they give daily bread to an infinity of pressmen, type-founders, paper manufacturers, compositors, readers, and penny-a-line men, who would starve, but for the laudable desire of the Pry family,

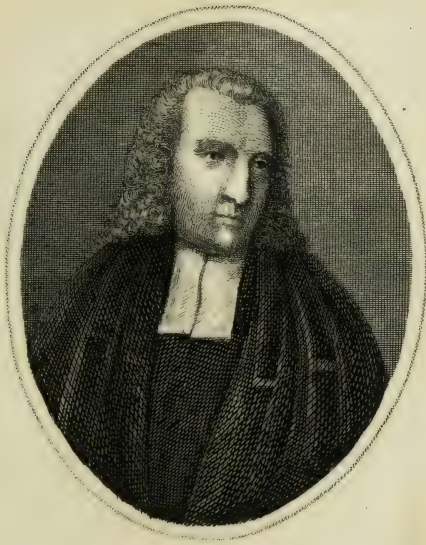
to know every thing of every body, from the king to the cobbler. Without the exemplary patience which enables so many of this class to wade through the parliamentary debates, the two houses might as well shut up shop: for, except in the indulgence of what is called idle curiosity, it would be difficult to assign any other motive, to induce any mortal man's undertaking so laborious a course of action.

The English who have acquired the reputation of being a thinking nation, are yet the most curious people of Europe; mixing themselves in the private affairs of the most distant nations, intriguing with the Turk, watching the Russian, and setting spies upon the Shah of Persia, going every where, and seeing every thing that is to be seen wherever they go.

So innately anxious for knowledge is a true John Bull, that his whole conversation is made up of interrogatories: when all other matter fails him, he finds full employment for his time and faculties in incessantly repeating three questions. "How do ye do? What news? and what's o'clock." Some are still alive to remember when the *élite* of the land spent whole mornings in the streets watching the goings and comings of old Blucher, and following the motion of the Emperor of Russia. Thousands, likewise, put themselves within danger of being crushed to death, that they might see the passage of the Duke of York's funeral. Nay, there is not a spectacle, from a coronation to a cock-fight, from a burning mountain to a burking establishment, that does not congregate its mob of English spectators.

No one, then, with a grain of patriotism, will presume to speak ill of curiosity. Great authorities, it is true, may be quoted against this passion; but where is the absurdity which great authorities have not sanctioned? Lot's wife was certainly a melancholy monument of a salt itch for the indulgence. Poor Mrs. Bluebeard, also, narrowly escaped paying with her head for inconsiderate peeping; and Psyche's misadventures have been said or sung in all languages. But, in these cases, the punishment was more directed against the disobedience of the parties than against their abstract thirst for knowledge. As for Lot's wife, every body runs to a fire, without sustaining greater penalties than the loss of a watch, or a pocket handkerchief: Mrs. Bluebeard ought to have been acquitted on the plea of self-preservation: and, with respect to Psyche, it was most unreasonable to suppose she could lay her head near that of her husband, without some desire of seeing what was the colour of his whiskers.

Besides, these examples prove too much; for in every recorded instance of such cruel injunctions, against the indulgence of a natural propensity, from Eve to Orpheus, and from Orpheus to the



YOUNG

7-5-85-

aforesaid Mrs. Bluebeard, the command has uniformly been broken; which shows to demonstration that the passion for prying is *plus forte que nous*, and that we are not accountable for its workings. If curiosity be really a heinous offence, God help Belzoni and Dr. Young, who could not even let the Pharaohs rest quiet in their graves; and God help all residents in country towns, where curiosity is an ever-reigning epidemic!

A curious man is necessarily endowed with many virtues, or, at least, his curiosity stands him in the place of many. Industry and perseverance he must possess in the highest degree. There is no stone which a truly curious person will leave unturned, in order to obtain a desired piece of intelligence. Sheba performed a tedious pilgrimage, merely to get a sight of King Solomon in all his glory. Actæon encountered a miserable death, to learn what sort of stuff a goddess was made off; or, probably, to ascertain whether she was as great a prude as she pretended. One woman jammed herself into a clock-case, to surprise the secret of the Freemasons; and many a man, and many a woman too, have sacrificed the happiness of their lives, for the pleasure of satisfying themselves, that they were—how shall we express the idea?—entitled to a divorce.

Another quality essential to the curious is courage. As all the world have something to conceal, all the world have their hands set against him who would penetrate their secret; and kickings and cuffings innumerable are the reward of that patriotism, which would make itself a sufficient substitute for Momus's glass-window. The melancholy fate of the benevolent chamberlain, Polonius, who took such a kind-hearted interest in the affairs of his master, would afford an instance strongly in point, if such instances were not too common to need quotation. Many a curious eye has been lost by a wound inflicted through a key-hole; and many an ear has been destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder blowing the handle of a lock into its porches.

From all this it may be concluded, that he who desires to live in a whole skin should not be of too prying a disposition.

Curiosity demands likewise in its exercise no ordinary degree of forbearance. Listeners, it is believed, seldom hear much good of themselves. It frequently costs the curious incredible efforts of face and temper to conceal the knowledge they have surreptitiously obtained of other people's opinions to their disadvantage; and to avoid the practical bull of the Irishman, who, when a man in a coffee-house, writing to his friend, told him, "I shall say no more, for there is a d——d impudent Paddy looking over my shoulder," gave him the lie, and knocked him down, to prove that he was innocent of the fact.

In addition to these various moral excellences, great intellectual endowment is necessary to the gratification of curiosity. It is not alone by the use of the senses that men arrive at the knowledge of hidden truths. Quickness in seizing upon hints accidentally dropped, dexterity in dovetailing particulars individually insignificant, and a promptitude of induction to make the most of those lights, which must transpire in spite of the extremest caution, will alone extort the truth, when any pains are taken to keep a matter concealed.

Whoever has read Monk Lewis's pretty story of "My Uncle's Garret-window," will at once understand the meaning and value of this hint. By the exercise of vast powers of combination, and a happiness of conjectural criticism, worthy of the brightest days of the "slashing Bentleys," the hero of this tale was enabled, in the confinement of the above-mentioned observatory, to evolve a complicated intrigue, from the scanty but indubitable indications of what was passing in the opposite house.

In further illustration of the excellence of curiosity, due mention must be made of the various great public functionaries, high in station, and venerable in character, with whom its indulgence is strictly *ex officio*. Perhaps the most curious persons on the face of the earth are the going judges of assize, who interest themselves in all the concerns of a county in which they are utter strangers, and leave their snug chambers and commodious mansions in London, for the purpose of prying into the conduct of men whose modesty induces them to avoid by every artifice such publicity. They will spend whole mornings in scrutinising little traits of character, and clearing up little anecdotes, respecting the veriest *canaille*; and they ask the most perplexing and disagreeable questions, from the most respectable persons that come before them, with as much coolness and gravity, as if they were the born heirs of a note of interrogation, and as if the world was made for no other purpose than to satisfy their demands. So far do they carry this matter, that they do not scruple to shut up twelve of the best men of the county in a box, detaining them from their lawful occupations, merely to obtain their opinion of any trifle that may happen to be in dispute. The fatal consequence of this official curiosity is to place many unhappy persons in the most trying situations; and they have been known to be the death of a great many of the subjects, whom they have submitted to this cruel and harassing process.

Next to the judges, the members of the legislature are noted for their tendency to pry. These last are in the daily habit of forming themselves into committees for instituting inquiries, often exceedingly provoking, into other people's affairs. One day they

will have a list of the fees you take in your office; another time they insist upon your telling how many promissory notes you have issued; and then, again, they must needs know at what price your farmers have sold their wheat. There are cases in which their curiosity will descend as low as a yard of ribbon, or a pint of port; and if you refuse to part with your secret, they will set a man with a black rod upon you, whose insinuating manners and persevering attentions will soon inveigle you into a change of opinion.

There are, at all times, a certain number of the members of that honourable corps who take manifest pride and pleasure in asking disagreeable questions of Her Majesty's Ministers; who, in revenge, exert all their ingenuity in balking this curiosity, either by a direct refusal to answer, or by so framing their replies as to shut out precisely the information sought for. For the same reason, ministers have, by a long practice of evasion, enabled themselves to render the King's or Queen's Speech a model of cryptology, and a perfect type of the anti-didactic.

In this they are nothing to be blamed. The best things become mischievous by abuse; and curiosity exercised, not for obtaining information, but for embarrassing the servants of the crown, is very troublesome, and of dangerous example, and therefore worthy of rebuke. To what end is the Minister a member of the Privy Council, if his thoughts and actions are to be as much *publici juris* as Privy Gardens?

But while thus chary of their own secrets, "they of the council" are not the less curious after those of every body else. Witness the sums annually expended in secret service, both at home and abroad, and for the most part distributed among that honourable and useful class of persons invidiously called spies. In the foreign cabinets of the continent, this curiosity is carried to such a pitch, that almost in every house one or more observers are employed in reporting every thing that is said or done within its walls; while to every post-office is attached a separate department, exclusively occupied in counterfeiting seals, and opening the letters of unsuspecting correspondents.

Another set of public functionaries, of whom curiosity may be predicated in a high degree, are the very respectable officers of Her Majesty's Customs and Excise: a man cannot import a pint of brandy, or make a pound of soap or of candles, but they must know the reason why; and a farmer cannot take a ride by moonlight on the coast, without having his meditations disturbed by the scrutiny of their water-guard.

It would, however, be extremely unfair to blame this indiscretion in the subaltern officers of the state, when the Lord Chan-

cellor himself sets them so tempting an example. The Chancellor is, perhaps, the most curious person in his Majesty's dominions; and it is probably for this reason that he carries the seals with him, wherever he goes, as a memento of that secrecy which should accompany the prying of a man of honour. The whole time of this great dignitary is scarcely sufficient to read the answers to questions he is perpetually putting, to the right and to the left, in season and out of season, to all persons who are unfortunate enough to come within the sphere of his authority. So inveterate is this his habit, that he will permit any man who likes to supply him with interrogatories, for the mere pleasure of forcing some poor devil to put his answer into court: an amiable weakness, of which the cruelest advantage may be taken, by putting questions at once personal, offensive, and goundless, and at war with common sense, truth, and decency; and this, too, by individuals who have no more to do with the Chancellor, or the matter in hand, than with the great Mogul.

One of the principal occupations of this official is listening to endless details of private life; inquiring whether people read improper books; whether they teach their children the catechism, or the Child's Guide to the Gallows, or the like. There is, in fact, no department in life to which a Chancellor's curiosity will not extend. He dabbles in medicine, and is always suspecting that his friends are mad; and when he has, with infinite pains, established the fact, he insists on having a minute account of how the poor man is treated, and how his money is spent, to the last farthing. He affects, also, to be a great judge of literature; and he will go out of his way to stop the printing of any book that he hears has in it what he calls heterodoxy. In this, too, he is the more perverse, because, while he restrains the owner of the copy, he gives full leave to any pirate who can get hold of the MS. to do his worst.

The Chancellor is also an amazing connoisseur of music, and will inquire whether a fiddler stole the music of a song, or got it "all out of his own head." As keeper of the King's conscience, the Chancellor must also be curious in theology; and the world has not yet forgotten one Chancellor, so tenderly scrupulous on this point, that he would not admit any man to serve his master in the meanest office, who could not satisfy him as to his knowledge and faith in the Thirty-nine Articles.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is another asker of impertinent questions, who keeps curiosity in countenance by his practices. He cannot pass a house without stopping to count its windows; he is constantly inquiring how many equipages, servants, and horses his friends keep, whether they are fond of sporting, and

whether they are single or married? So frankly does he indulge in these indiscretions, that he openly keeps in every parish one or more questionists, for the express purpose of obtaining the most exact information concerning such particulars. He makes it a boast, that the proudest lord of the land cannot hire a pair of posters, or shoot a brace of partridges, without his knowledge of the fact. Once he took a frolic of knowing how many persons wore watches, and whether they were gold-mounted or not. At another time he counted the powdered heads, till people got frightened, and combed out the farina, to the great and lamentable increase of Jacobinism in the land. Another year he must needs know how much his neighbours had for pocket-money; and whether a man lived by begging, borrowing, or stealing.⁽¹⁾ But as few people cared to reply fairly to such ticklish questions, he was, after a while, advised by his friends to refrain from putting them any more.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is precisely the last man entitled to indulge in such fancies, because he is always extravagantly jealous of the curiosity of others; and when obliged to lay his accounts, as in duty bound, before the public, he has often taken special care so to confuse the items, that not one man in a thousand could make out whether his income exceeds or falls short of his expenditure.

Questioning is not, however, confined to official dignitaries. Lawyers and physicians are great questionists; and the clergy are not less curious concerning the agricultural interests of their parishioners. The first nobles of the land take in certain Sunday papers, that they may gratify a prurient curiosity for scandal; and the whole tribe of would-be aristocrats among the middle classes devour the "Morning Post" and "Court Journal," to learn how the royal family and nobility pass their time, and to obtain an insight into circles to which they can never penetrate in person.

The gentlemen of the Stock Exchange, too, live only from one story to another, and are miserable if "a great man's butler looks grave,"⁽²⁾ without their knowing why. Accordingly, they keep the high roads of Europe alive with their expresses, which ply with more regularity and speed than the king's messengers. To be sure, they are not always very scrupulous about the truth of the results of their research. They are metaphysicians enough

(1) Horne Tooke, when told by the Income-tax Commissioners that his visible expenditure exceeded the income he had returned (under £60 per annum), and was asked to explain the fact, replied, that people who exceed their means may contrive to live by begging, borrowing, or stealing, and he left them to decide for themselves on which of these resources he depended,

(2) Murphy's "Upholsterer."

to be aware, that truth is only "what all men believe;" (1) and, provided a lie be accredited, it answers their purpose as well as the purest matter of fact.

There is a very respectable class of persons, who are greatly solicitous to ascertain your precise notions concerning the Apocalypse; and to know whether you read your Bible; and whether you employ the lights of commentary, or reject them, in your biblical lucubrations. There was, not long ago, also another set, who were seen mounted upon lamp-posts, to peep into their neighbours' windows, and learn whether they shaved themselves, or employed a barber on a Sunday morning; and there are still many who cannot find leisure to go to church themselves, in their intense anxiety to discover who smoke pipes, and drink ale, in the time of divine service.

Society, in short, may be considered as one vast system of *espionnage*, and the business of every man is not only with the actions, but with the very thoughts of all his neighbours. The parliament, therefore, is properly designated as the grand inquest of the nation; and every assemblage of men, from a county aggregate meeting, to a coroner's inquest, may be considered as a committee for investigating whatever is or may be.

In no respect does a mere man approach nearer to the nature of the immortal gods, than in becoming a participator in their knowledge of human affairs; and on this account the situation of kings is singularly enviable, for they are ever fond of gossip, and have always a plentiful supply prepared for their gratification. Napoleon employed a double set of spies to watch each other, and, with all the great interests of Europe on his hands, he found time to dive to the bottom of every love-intrigue in his court and army.

These things being considered, can we sufficiently laud our fortunes in being born in an age in which the whole globe lies open to our researches, and new centres of civilization are preparing in the most distant wilds, to enlarge the objects of research?

Nor is it a less matter that, while the geographical globe expands, as it were, under our searching glances, the world of science exhibits a still ampler increase. The discovery of the mysteries of phrenology, more especially, is a cause for intense gratulation, since it is the shortest of all methods for arriving at every species of secret. A man possessed of this science is like a gamester who plays with marked cards; he sees at a glance his antagonist's game; and he reads his most secret thoughts, transferred from the *sanctum* of his brain, and rendered palpable upon his integuments. With the dissemination of this truly "useful knowledge," simulation and dissimulation will be done away with, as super-

[1] Diversions of Purley."

fluous and unavailing ; and curiosity will have a field for its indulgence, which nothing but a revival of Louis XIV.'s great wigs can close — and that would be a resource too expensive for common use.

Awaiting the fulness of time for the full dissemination of phrenological science, it might not be amiss to favour the public appetite for the knowledge of little things, by the establishment of a royal society for the encouragement of the moral and social Periwinkles, and the Tradescants of ethical rarities, where papers might be read on all the departments of anecdote, and archives be kept of those petty transactions, which biographers overlook, and historians disdain. The presidents of such a society might be chosen, alternately, from the two classes of saints and blue-stockings, as that of the other royal society used to be from the naturalists and mathematicians—a maiden lady in advanced life always having the preference. A certain portion of every sitting might be occupied with reading and commenting on the satirical novels of the day, and determining, for the benefit of posterity, the precise heroes of their *inuendo*.

The society should have, of right, a copy of all parliamentary returns ; an annual lecture might be founded for the perpetual discovery of the author of Junius, for identifying “the iron mask,” and for recovering the lost “Pleiad ;” but, above all, there should be a standing committee of blanks and asterisks, to illustrate the fashionable intelligence of the London papers, to chronicle crim. cons., and to preserve the annals of the police-offices, with the names of the parties in full.

It is, however, unnecessary to enter into details : establish the society, and the instinct of prying will soon find the fit sphere for its activity. The Inquisition, or the Society for the Suppression of Vice, might be taken as the models for its course of procedure.

RURAL PLEASURES.

“Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.”

“Io credo essere stato ne' più begli
Luoghi di villa, e al guidizio mio,
Gli hanno a far poco, o non nulla...”

CAPITOLO DEL ADAMO CENTURIONI.

To get through life in the country, one must surely be more or less than man ; less, to be satisfied with the lot—more, to endure it with fortitude ! I have often tried the experiment, and slaved with all my might and main to endure the ennui, but it would not do. I am not Hercules ; and even if Hercules had been sent, by way of a thirteenth labour, to pass six weeks with

a country cousin, the Centaur's shirt might have been cut up into blister-plasters; for the god would have died on the next willow, without the aid of that *dignus vindice nodus*.

What folks mean by their "rural pleasures," I never could understand. The "life exempt from public haunt" is good for nobody, but a hermit, or a man hiding from his creditors. Talk indeed of "tongues in trees"—commend me to the tongues of Mr. Burgess in the Strand; and as for "books in running brooks," they are not to be compared with those of the next circulating library; and then, for the "sermons in stones," to my taste, the Macadamization of Regent Street is a more edifying text for a discourse than all Stonehenge and the Giant's Causeway put together.

This vaunt of half-thinkers, concerning the charms of a country life, is one of those pieces of conventional jargon, with which mankind have agreed to humbug each other; and which, occupying the place of ideas, in the brains of a large number of Englishmen, make portion of the established creed of the community. Unlike, however, to some other portions of the national symbol, there is nothing to be got by upholding it; and therefore it is one cannot help being surprised that it should maintain its ground. When it is considered that there is really no one, having a direct interest in preaching rusticity, except the steam-boat company, the lodging-house keepers of Margate, etc., it becomes difficult to explain the ready credence, which men, otherwise of sound discretion, bestow upon the "flattering error," after such oft-reiterated experience of its fallacy.

Every reader may lay his finger upon, at least, some ten or a dozen families, who for many successive years have tried the spitting over bridges, the picking up of cockleshells, the saunterings, the musings, and the snorings, which make up country life, till they have been in immediate danger of "dying the death of the bored," and who yet return annually to the same watering places, like a foolish perch to the hook from which he has just escaped—leaving their pleasant commodious town-houses, in some well-wooded and picturesque square, to inhabit the narrow, cribbed, hot, cold, damp, and sunbaked tenements, on a leafless seacoast. There are but too many, also, who go annually into a voluntary banishment, at Camberwell or Clapham Rise, under the false pretence that London is dreary; though, before they have left town a fortnight, they would give their eyes to be once more in Russell Square.

A hundred years ago, there might, perhaps, have been some excuse for such fancies, some pretext for carrying on the absurd farce of rural simplicity, when cockneys had no other notions of

a country life, than such as were to be acquired from the pastoral poets (those impudent impostors), or from boarding-school landscapes worked in chenille, where shepherds play upon pipes instead of smoking them; and where well-fed shepherdesses, taller than the steeple of the adjoining church, squint horribly on their pot-bellied swains; or (surrounded by sheep, the image of poodle dogs, and by the scenery of a China saucer) lay basking amidst eternal sunshine and never-ending summer.

In times thus ignorant, that men should be found to put as implicit faith in Pope's Eclogues as in their Bible, and to make the pleasures of the country a sort of fortieth article of religion, is not so surprising; but now, in the broad glare of intellectual illumination of this *sæculum mirabile*, when a shilling's worth of the Paddington omnibus, or a trip in the steam-boat to Greenwich or to Richmond, can bring the matter to the test of sensation—that such an absurdity should be admitted and committed, fairly beats cockfighting!

There is, it cannot be disputed, a physical sensation, a sort of “pleased alacrity, and cheer of mind,” attendant upon the first breath of the pure air of the country, the first glancing over an extensive range of fields, which, on leaving the dusty metropolis, is distinctly agreeable. Granted also (for there is nothing like truth and fairness), that the smell of new-mown hay is sweet, on the cool and refreshing breeze of a June evening; and that the distant bark of a village dog, or the lively song of the nightingale, (why is it called melancholy?) are quite as amiable preparatives to sleep, as “past twelve o'clock,” (1) or the rolling of the fire-engines. Some allowance must be made too for the luxury of thick cream (real cream, and not snails and chalk), and of new-laid eggs, which are not quite chickens. Such things have their advantage, and they are well calculated to seize on a young imagination; yet even for these, a week's experience should suffice, to “stale their (not) infinite variety,” in the love-stricken fancy of

(1) To those not well read in antiquarian lore, it may be necessary, in explanation of this allusion, to state, that it was the custom of our ancestors to entertain certain functionaries, whilom hight “Charlies,” or watchmen, whose duty it was to pass the night in wooden boxes and woollen nightcaps, sleeping for the good of the parish. At intervals, however, they were required to rouse themselves, and to walk through the street, that they might waken the sick people and children, in order to let them know what o'clock to a minute it was, and what was the state of the weather. The fact is thus commemorated by an observing foreigner:—

“Un gros watchman reste tranquille,
Pendant que l'on vous assomme;
Mais il dit quelle heure est-il,
Quand vous dormez votr' bon somme.”

Lexicographers have not yet determined whether our pocket chronometers were so called after the Charlies, or the watchmen christened after the watches.

the most romantic cockney: and then, what else remains to make the country endurable?

If I were desirous of defining the pleasures of a rural life, I should scarcely know what more than these to enumerate, unless it be the reading of stale newspapers, and the returning in dark moonless nights, seven miles (on an average) from dinner parties, over crackscull commons, and through the haunts of smugglers, poachers, and gipsies.

It is a vast pleasure, certainly, to be dependent for a companion to speak to, upon some university prig of a parson, or on the village apothecary, who “finds in his heart to bestow all his tediousness” on the nearest householder, “possessed of aught to give;” nay, to be even grateful to Providence for the welcome avatars of these bores incarnate! Solitude, it has been said, is a fine thing; but man requires some one to whom he can *say*, that solitude is a fine thing. Yet I never could discover, by direct experiment, how long it requires to live absolutely alone, in order to vehemently desire the opportunity for lecturing a curate or an apothecary on the charms of this pleasure of a country life.

Let not then the dupe, who has been invited to a country mansion for a *battue*, or a Christmas party, imagine that the fun and hilarity, the splendid feasting, deep drinking, and merry dancing, of those brief epochs, are fair specimens of a country life—they are but the gaities of the metropolis misplaced, the contrived saturnalia of the slaves of rurality. Even on such occasions, the master of the house is only an hotel-keeper; and for the rest of the year, he is no better than a hermit, whose solitude is unbroken, save by the curate’s aforesaid weekly invasion on the family roast beef, or by an occasional “look in” of the medical practitioner, tempted from a neighbouring town by the prospect of a fee, and a game of chess.

To those, indeed, who live all their lives in the country, things may not be quite as bad as they seem. There is a principle of compensation in human affairs, or, to use a homelier expression, Providence fits every back for its burden. Thus farmers, I have been assured, derive pleasure from the smell of a dunghill, (1) to which a cockney nose is wholly antipathetic. A well-filled barn also is, in his contemplation, decidedly picturesque; and the heaviest day’s wet that ever drove a hypochondriac to a halter, and made Kensington Gardens a desert, is delight to him whose turnips want rain, or whose aftergrass is backward.

The very vexations of the agriculturist partake of the exciting vicissitudes of gaming, and to him a barometer amply supplies the place of cards and the dice-box. Many a time, when I have

(1) *Dulcis odor lucri ex re qualibet.*

sat in listless despair, tracing the drops of an *imperturbable* down-pour, as they chased each other along the panes of the windows, I have envied the agitated countenance and half-suppressed oath of the farmer, as he watched the cloud-covered hill giving new tokens of a protracted visit from Jupiter Pluvius, or has searched the heavens in vain for as much blue sky as would make a Dutchman a pair of breeches. These are pleasures which the farmer alone can prove, and in which the cockney can never participate.

The proprietors of estates, also, have some specific pleasures known only to themselves, which seem, if not to compensate for the stupidity of their monotonous existence, at least to enable them to rub on during the periods when they cannot avoid residence. The pleasure of possession is in itself something considerable. "I am monarch of all I survey," goes to a merrier tune in the rich valleys of Devonshire, or in the highly-cultivated plains of Norfolk, than it would upon Selkirk's desolate island. The owner of the dreariest fenny flat of Lincolnshire, or of the blackest bog in Ireland, can look from the bow-window of his bleak residence, and find something agreeable in the prospect.

Besides, there is always for this privileged class of mortals that greatest of all delights—the pleasure of tormenting. They can bully the tenants, *justice* the country, and gratify their most malignant passions with impunity, simply by preparing an excuse just plausible enough to enable a judge to throw dust into the eyes of the jurymen. Even this proviso is now scarcely necessary; for who would in these days dream of making a magistrate responsible, through an action at law which he is sure to lose?

Then again, the proprietor can amuse himself with inclosing the commons; because it is safer to steal the common from the poor man's goose, than to steal the rich man's goose from the common. In short, there is no end to the ways in which an estated gentleman can keep a whole population in hot water; sowing dissensions, awakening jealousies, irritating the indignant feelings, and, consequently, enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* as a proprietor should do.

All these country sports, however, are cut off from those inferior persons, whose estates are in the Bank-books, or floating in an East Indiaman.

That the reader may not imagine this picture to be drawn from fancy, or picked up in the stray pages of some fashionable novel or newspaper report, it is good that he should know, how once a-year I am compelled, for my sins, to make a duty visit to some relations in the country, from whom I have great expectations. Never did "a double letter from Northamptonshire" excite a deeper sensation, than the arrival of this much-dreaded invitation

produces in my bosom, recurring, as it does, with the punctuality of a tailor's Christmas bill. Imagine the horror merely of leaving town—the dreary hoarseness of the mail-horn—the melancholy annunciation that all's right, when one feels within that all is deplorably wrong—the sinking of the spirits as the last gas-light disappears—and the yearning of the heart for the Angel at Islington, or the Elephant and Castle, in taking leave of them, perhaps, (as one is tempted to imagine) for ever! There is something quite awful in this most typical separation from cheerfulness and civilization; and were it not that I sleep in a coach like a top, I verily believe that I should often have got out at Barnet, or, at all events, should have shrunk from encountering the Downs of Dunstable.

When first I embarked on one of these expeditions, I was as ignorant as any other native of the *banlieue* of Bow-bell. Every thing at starting was a source of delight. Every duck-pond was a lake, and all the little cabbage-gardens of the hedge ale-houses, where we stopped to change horses, were so many paradises. The hens and the chickens were matters of endless speculation and amusement; and the turkey-cock occupied my imagination during an entire morning, from his striking resemblance to a lord mayor. Picking my own gooseberries was enchanting, till my fingers, covered with scratches and dripping with blood, reminded me of the superior accommodation of buying them hot and hot, out of a Pewter pint-pot. Catching my own fish, too, was pleasant, till I discovered that the fish refused to take the hook, and that my own nose did not.

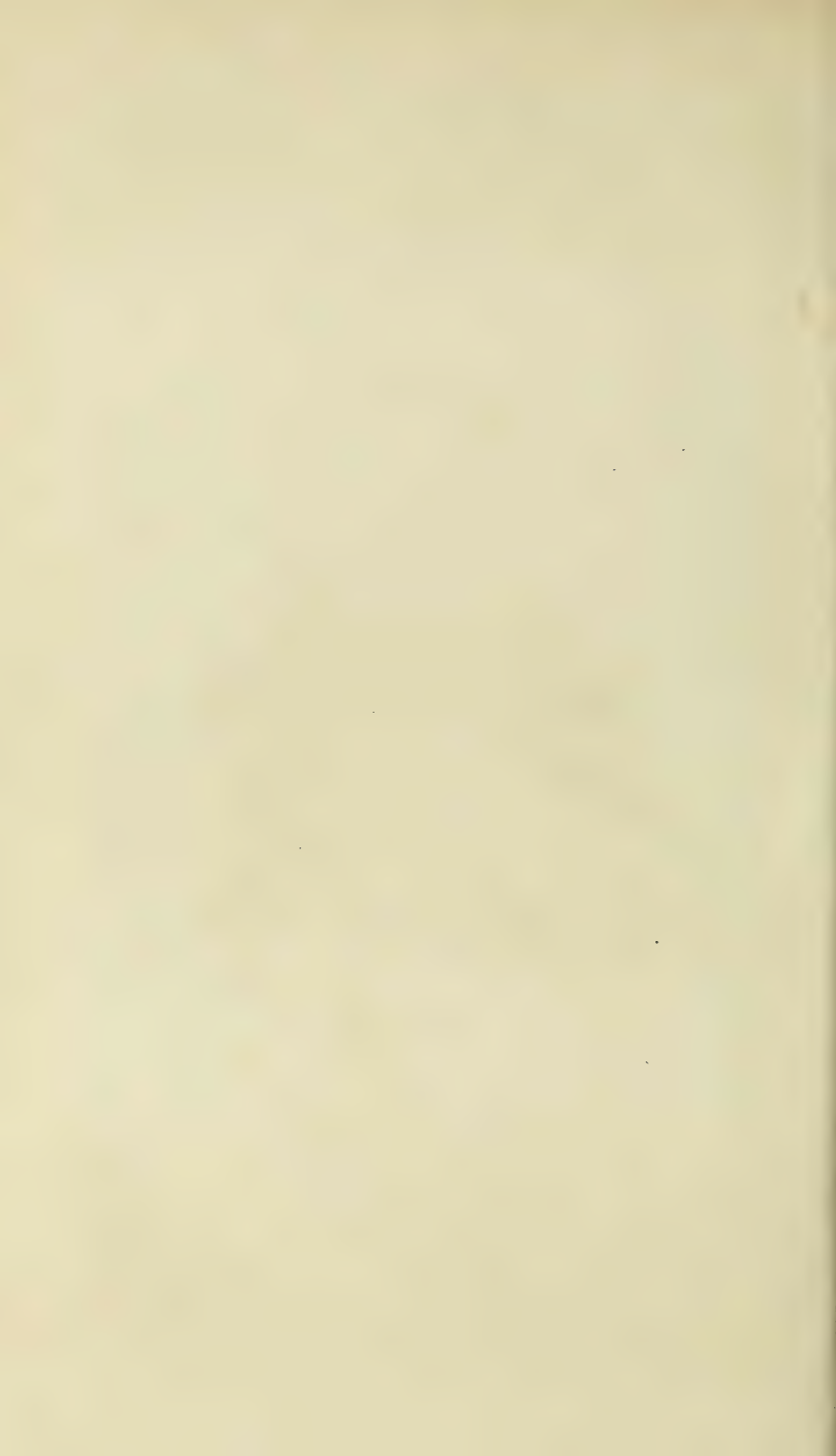
But, above all things, doing nothing from morning till night but walk about, was extremely amusing, until I found out that my walks were without an object. This discovery was not long in the making. I soon ascertained that nothing more closely resembles one green field than another, that rivers are all brothers, and that hills possess the most astonishing family likeness. Inanimate objects (however beautiful) are like French ladies' husbands, and "*ne savent pas remplir l'ame*;" while country bumpkins, without being beautiful, are still less interesting.

At first, I thought the fault was in myself; and I began to be mortified with the idea, that, notwithstanding all my love for Rousseau, and my having Werter by heart, the "gods had not made me poetical." But I was soon convinced that I am not singular in this disgust at rural things, and that the country affords, even to the natives themselves, but a miserable sort of existence. This I detected, by the frequency of their meals, and the anxiety with which the hour of their successive advent is anticipated. Eating, in the country, is the great business of life; and, "is



Chateaubriand.

Chateaubriand



dinner ready?" is a question repeated as often, and in as many different keys, as Sterne's, "Alas! poor Yorick." If it were not for luncheon—a meal of which every genuine countryman may say, "*decies repetita placebit*"—time itself would be lost in eternity.

Now all this is the more remarkable, inasmuch as that, when meal-time does come, the best-supplied country table is very inferior to those which are furnished from Leadenhall Market. Your fish—but don't mention fish. On the sea-coast, you have the pleasure of seeing delicious turbot, and mackerel with the hues of the rainbow, packed up at your very door, and sent to town: and if your residence be inland, muddy tench, and eels, soles, that the Pope himself could not save, a stale lobster, or a barrel of gaping high-scented oysters, *per coach* from London, are your greatest dainties. Then the best desserts and ices, which the country affords, are nothing to those provided by Gunter; while for meat, you are condemned to eat your way from the sheep's nose to his tail, without any other variation, than the eternal boiled fowl, with bacon and greens. Beef never occurs but once a-week; and a joint of veal is as rare as if all calves were golden. It is, moreover, notorious that a real cook will not live permanently out of London, if you would give him the pay of a lieutenant-general; and as for a French dish, you might as well look for a French opera.

The country, we are told, is the place for contemplative minds; for those to whom their own ideas are a sufficient world, and who find in the presence of nature themes of endless reflection and ever new delight; as if a Londoner's mind is not ten times better company to the owner, than a countryman's, who whistles as he drives his plough, "for want of thought;" and as if Fleet Street and the Strand do not furnish a thousand more themes for philosophic inquiry, or for devout wonder, than all Chateaubriand felt or fancied, when he roared out, "Taygeta" like a madman.

The man who candidly admits his preference for a sea-coal fire, and for the society of cultivated companions, is looked upon as a common-place personage, as one who cannot bear to be alone, nor exist without the ball-room and the playhouse. But how stands the fact? That the country is the especial abode of dulness, is demonstrated beyond yea and nay, by the single circumstance, that every body hurries to London, during the finest months of the year, during that season when an out-of-door life is alone endurable, and when nature offers, in her fondest prodigality, sights, sounds, and odours to delight the senses, and to intoxicate the imagination. Then it is, if ever, that the coun-

try possesses what may be thought a charm. Yet nobody visits his estate till the shooting and hunting begin, when the days are short, and the trees are disrobed of their mantle of green.

Thus, then, the truth comes out; the contemplative man, the communer with the Deity rendered visible through his works, leave the *fade* amusement of the town, to employ his superior intellects in worrying hares, in foundering horses, and in bringing murder and carnage to the haunts of the partridge and the pheasant! Without these innocent and intellectual pursuits, *l'homme des champs* is a man of *ennui*; and the delights of the country are "as tedious as a twice-told tale."

Surely it is not arrogance to say that he, whose soul is filled to saturation with field-sports, is a man of very little soul indeed, and in the scale of beings is not much more elevated than his own pointers!

Oh! but then, there is husbandry, gardening, natural history, study, and other more worthy amusements of a country life! Oh! yes, husbandry, of course—not meaning the trade of agriculture, but gentleman-farming, as it is called, which is one of the idlest of means for killing time. If practised for gain, it is a sordid occupation, defiling alike the mind and the person, and taking the bread out of the mouths of the poorer cultivators. If practised as a mere pastime, and at a loss, it is a shameful waste of the powers of the soil, in a country which does not produce sufficient food for its inhabitants. The assertion that gentleman-farming is beneficial to the community, in the way of experiment, is a sham plea. The real farmer, who must live by his labour, alone makes useful experiments; because he alone experiments at a ruinous personal risk. Playing at farming, is the refuge of those who can neither think nor read, and who prefer injuring their property, to enduring the load of an existence which they know not how to enjoy.

As to gardening, there is something, perhaps, in that. Of all rural pastimes, gardening is the most interesting and rational; yet the story of our first parents exemplifies that, as a resource, it is not enough to keep man out of mischief. Eve did not fall the victim of London dissipation; nor did Adam lose his innocence in taverns and gaming-houses. Besides, a man need not emigrate into the country to indulge his taste for gardening. The florist *may* have more pleasure in London than he *can* have in the country. The productions of every clime are laid at the Cockney's feet, collected in the small space of a nursery ground. There is scarcely a hundred square yards in the suburbs of the metropolis, without its specimens of vegetable rarities, any one of which the country gardener might be proud to possess. The

Sanctus. Inn Hall and Chapel.



rich only can obtain extensive hot-houses in the country; in London, they may be enjoyed by every one who can afford to buy a pot of mignonette.

As for natural history, as that is generally pursued, it is merely a pompous inanity, a substitution of sounds for ideas, of nomenclature for knowledge. With the exception of a very few men of real science, (almost universally the inhabitants of great cities,) your observers of the loves of the cockchafers, your speculators upon the intrigues of snails, are the heaviest mortals that breathe. For one White of Selbourn, we have thousands of "pretenders," fit only to doze on the benches of learned societies, and be the dupes of lying travellers and of mystifying venders of curiosities.

Lastly, as to books: a man may, it is true, read books in the country—if he can get them; but admitting this very essential *datum*, there is no reason why he should be obliged to go into banishment for the sake of reading, while there is a two-pair-of-stairs apartment to be had in Lincoln's Inn or the Temple, to retire to, and be alone.

But, to smash this long argument of rural intellectuality at a blow, did you ever pass an evening with a knot of mere country gentlemen? If you have not, you may take the ghost's word for it, they are the greatest bores "conversation ever coped with." Their talk is all shop, all locality, all personality—impossible Munchausen leaps, long shots, election squabbles, grand jury work, births, deaths, marriages, disputes for precedence, warnings off of preserves, etc., etc. If this be intellectual life, give me a city feast, or a meeting of creditors.

A stranger who drops into such company is as completely thrown out of all conversation or understanding, as a New Zealander at a lecture on the atomic theory, or a man of sense at the readings of a blue-stockings party. How wearisome life really is to these moral philosophers, may be seen in the dullness of their houses, in the heaviness of their looks, in their early going to bed, their "sleepings on benches in the afternoon;" to say nothing of their seeking relief in the two sermons on a Sunday, with the cheering variety of all they see, and all they learn, in the village church.

It was observed in France before the revolution, that a nobleman could not spend six months on his estate without losing something of the polish and refinement of the court; and it may be worth while to ask yourself, whether your neighbours, old Cash and his family, when they return from their annual trip to Worthing (it is not altogether so bad at Brighton), do not seem to be quite another sort of beings. Not a trace of the *beaux esprits* of Finsbury will be found remaining on their persons. Their

ideas have become as sunburnt as their faces; and it would not be surprising if they should be beset by the pickpockets, and hustled, for so many country puts.

If the country were, indeed, what is pretended, how is philosophy to explain the pains so universally taken to make the summer retreats of our banished citizens as like the town as possible, and to destroy, by every imaginable device, all access of rural ideas? Go to Cheltenham, to Brighton, or to Margate—no two peas are more alike than these are to London. There, will be found balls, promenades, theatres, hackney-coaches and pastry-cooks, methodist meetings and jewellers, news-rooms and wig-makers. Ere long, too, we shall hear of a stock-exchange, and of provincial branches of Lloyd's being established in all these places of rural resort.

In leaving London, country is the last thing most people think about—*cælum, non animum, mutant*. By a common consent, too, while the country folks are thus imitating London, the Londoners are driving London out of town; so that in a short time these extremes, like most others, will meet. The whole island will then be covered with bricks and mortar, till not a green field will be left; and the landed interest be driven to legislate for the protection of mignonette pots, and the preservation of sparrows on the chinney-tops.

This were, indeed, a happy consummation; nor is the aspiration for its speedy completion so selfish as some may imagine. Every one to his liking, and live and let live, are excellent maxims: but if, after the perusal of this paper, there yet remain any advocates for a country life, is there not Switzerland for them to take their pleasure in uninterruptedly? Let them make a pathway over Mont Blanc, and scribble nonsense in the innkeepers' police books, without let or molestation; if they are tired of all this, there is very picturesque scenery in New South Wales, and inexhaustible capabilities in Van Diemen's Land.

A FEW WORDS IN DEFENCE OF PUNNING.

“Omne tulit *pun* Tom qui miscuit utile dulci.”—SWIFT.

THE man who has not music in his soul, we are told, is fit for treasons; which is not improbably the reason why some of the crowned heads of Europe are so much more liberal of their diamonds to public singers than they are in rewarding their most faithful servants; and why they squander their money upon the opera, when other departments of the public service are suffered

to starve. How a fondness for harmony should induce men to submit patiently to the crude modulations, abrupt transitions, and extreme sharps of despotism, is not very clear; but so it is—it seems an universal law of nature, that the more airs a minister gives himself, the more popular he is; and his most misplaced *crotchets* are rarely *bars* to the certainty of his success. In all matters of state, men are usually led by their ears.

But though treason (whether it be the treason of governments against people, or the treason of people against governments) is a very treasonable thing, yet there are men worse than the unmusical, and more to be avoided than Horace's Mr. Black.⁽¹⁾ What, for instance, shall be said of the man who has not punning in his soul? "The motions of his spirit are (indeed) dull as night, and his affections dark as Erebus," with a vengeance. "Let no such man be trusted"—no, not so much as for a halfpenny roll.

Of all the bores in the infinite regions of boredom, there is none against whom an honest man's gorge rises with more disgust than the villanous spoil-sport, who, unblessed with any prominent excellence to distinguish him from the common herd, seeks to make himself considered in society by professing to dislike a pun. Were a punster by his very nature less than the mildest-tempered fellow in Europe, the least inveterate must long ago have paid damages on account of these miserable Smellfunguses,—so strongly must he be tempted to smite, when thus thwarted by their croaking, in the career of his humour.

Nine times out of ten, the professed enemy of a pun is a pure hypocrite, one "well studied in the sad ostent to please—" not "his grandam," honest woman! but his yokefellows in knavish gravity, whose intellects are of even more spanlike dimensions than those of the arrantest old woman in Christendom. In the tenth instance, the pun-hater is a blank, a true kinsman of Ariosto's Cardinal Hippolito, and as ready to demand of a punster, "*Dove Diavolo avete trovato,*" &c.

"There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof." They might, indeed, have served to make a Master in Chancery (when "such things were, and were most dear"), provided a Chancellor could take a fancy to their politics. They may still do for an evening lecturer to pew-openers in a city church, or may contribute, with two other old women, and a cat, to lay the foundation of a new sect of fanatics: nay, by dint of much grinding, they may smuggle a licence to practise physic, and qualify for despatching their patients, and breaking Priscian's head, with the same blow of a huge *R*. But what wig-block is of so ligneous a compact, as to be unfit for any of these purposes?

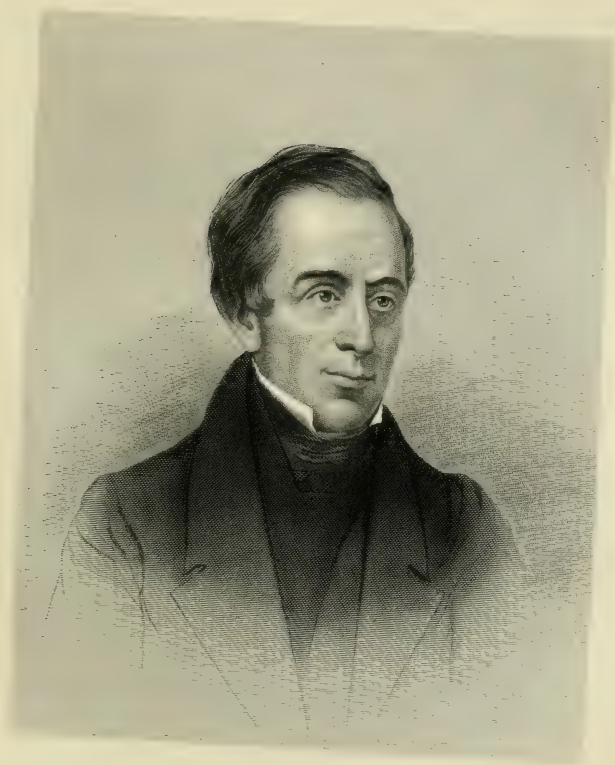
(1) *Hic Niger est; hunc tu, Romane, caveto.*"

A mute at a funeral, an old maid at a love-feast, a college dean at a commemoration of benefactors, or a clerical pluralist that cannot get his tithes, is quicksilver itself, when compared to the lumpish sadness of a genuine pun-hater, who sinks "from one sign of dolour to another," as the spirits of those around him rise responsive to the quips and quiddities of the word-catching son of Momus. The awful solemnity with which such a man advances his favourite maxim, that "he who would pun would pick a pocket" (and observe, that the rogue who won't pun, forsooth, can alliterate); the rueful pertinacity with which he purses up his features to a coloquintida acerbity, lest by any chance he should stumble on the joke, and be seduced into a chuckle; and the self-complacency with which he takes credit for superior wisdom, on the score of this owl-like gravity, are worthy of the pencil of Cruikshank, and the pen of Hood.

Never, in the records of human perversity, did mortal man conscientiously and from the bottom of his heart abuse a pun, who possessed the slightest ability to make one himself, or who had fancy enough to comprehend the reason "why darned stockings are like dead men," which is the very *pons asinorum* of budding wits and sucking jesters.

"*Omne quod supra nos, nihil ad nos;*" and dulness revenges itself for its inapprehensiveness, by contemning what it cannot understand. The pun-haters, one and all, hypocrites or no hypocrites, are impressed with that true mark of the beast, a perpetual recurrence to the *cui bono*. They are the fellows who estimate everything by its market price, who hold Shakspeare for a vagabond—think Milton no logician—and cut short a good story which is setting the table in a roar, by asking the narrator, "But, is it all true?"

Pope's oft-quoted aphorism, that "gentle dulness ever loves a joke," is not only a most unphilosophical remark, but a scandalous libel. Gentle dulness is essentially a grave personage, and would be as soon found in a house of ill-fame, as in the perpetration of a pun. If ever, in an absurd spirit of imitation, she ventures to be jocose, her jokes are "no jokes" to anybody but herself. The truth is, that though Pope wove Bolingbroke's philosophy into rhyme, and wrote what he called moral Essays, he was but a superficial observer of unsophisticated humanity, and dealt largely in common-place. How false is his aristocratic sophism, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." Is a little money dangerous? Or a little interest with the Treasury? Or a little health, or a little temper, a little old wine in one's cellar, or a little woman for one's wife? A great deal of some of these good things may be better than a little; yet, who ever heard "drink



W. H. D.

deep or taste not" applied in such cases. Methinks I see a man refusing a hundred pounds, because it won't make him a Rothschild; or rejecting the mistress of his soul, because she is not six feet high, and as round as a barrel! If a little learning is a dangerous thing, too much (we are told) will drive a man mad—a most *felicitous* remark, that, of Felix's, and worthy of letters of gold. What a gunpowder Percy this same learning must be! No wonder the Emperor of Austria is afraid of it.

Never mind Pope, then, my friends, but pun away, if pun ye can. Men of genuine talent have never refused to *desipere in loco*, that is, to condescend to a pun in place and season. From Cicero to Porson, (1) a series of punsters might be enumerated, embracing some of the brightest names in literature, whose authority might serve to overturn an ecclesiastical canon, in the face of a general council. Judges pun on the bench; there was one (an Irish judge) who could not even refrain from punning when passing sentence. Orators pun in the House of Commons. Even the Lords' chamber sometimes echoes with a pun. In short, if punning were made a capital offence, the lovers of executions would have their pleasures exalted by meeting a great deal "better company upon Tyburn tree."

The dislike of your matter-of fact men for a pun is the more singular, inasmuch as punning is an art of very remote antiquity, and a very conspicuous part of the wisdom of our ancestors. The immortal gods, it is said, made the world in joke—and a bitter bad joke it was. The first man lost Paradise as a *pun*-ishment for disobedience (vide Milton); and his wife was made out of one of his ribs, in punning allusion to her being a *cost*-ly commodity.

The oldest records of man, the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt, were a running series of puns; the phonetic characters were an after-thought. The earlier system perfectly resembled those mysterious writings which serve to introduce the tenants of the nursery to the dogmas of religion, and in which a series of pictured signs display the Trinity under the image of a triangle, in which the pronoun personal is depicted under the likeness of an eye; and the possessive "your" (cwer) is faithfully represented by a milk-jug.

From this use of puns as the means of writing, to the abuse of making it the end of writing, the step is not great. It may,

(1) Porson, when supping with a friend in Emmanuel, in whose rooms he was to sleep, was asked, after sundry tumblers of spirits and water, whether he would again replenish his glass or have a bed-candle? He had drunk enough, but his sitting-breeches were still on; so he replied in Greek, "ὅυ τοδὲ, οὐδὲ τᾷλλα," which, while it sounds "neither toddy nor tallow," signifies neither one nor the other. His puns were ever "*marqués au bon coin*."

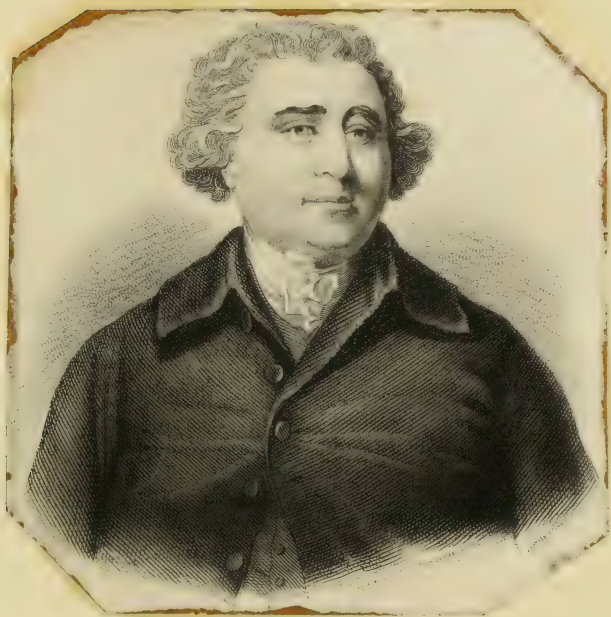
therefore, be conjectured, in the absence of a better hypothesis, and, *pace tua*, Dr. Young, or yours, Monsieur Champollion, that the so-called tomb of Alexander is an Egyptian Joe Miller ; and the two needles of Cleopatra an “ *Esprit Pointu*,” or a “ Laugh and go fat.” What conjecture can be more probable than that the tomb of a great man should set forth the jests (*gesta*) of its illustrious tenant ; for why should not his good sayings, as well as his good deeds, “ be remembered in his epitaph :” and as for Cleopatra, are there not thousands of good women whose whole stock of wit lies in their needle ?

If hieroglyphics were puns, which is at least as likely, as that Solan geese come of a barnacle, then let the sticklers for gravity bear in mind how high in honour were placed the hierogrammatists, or pun-makers, among that wise and pious nation *quibus nascuntur in hortis numina*—and which found matter for devotion even in asses and bull-calves. These state punsters—for we can call them no less—were *honoris causa* exempted from all civil employments ; and it is, perhaps, to this early example we should refer the professed idleness of those modern young men of wit and pleasure about town who sing for their suppers, pun for their dinners, and who, as a young actress once declared of herself, “ cannot abide work.” With these gentlemen, it is certain, all civil employments are decidedly in ill repute ; and, as they would sooner lose a friend than a joke, they are not always *civil* even in their sport.

Furthermore, the hierogrammatists were reputed the first persons in dignity, next to the king ; and they bore a kind of sceptre in their hands. In our own times have we not seen a Canning (the most cogent of jokers) prime minister ? And certain secretaries, both of state and Admiralty, have been notorious for making better way on the road to fortune by their wit than by either their manners or their honesty. Fox, Sheridan, Courtenay, *et hoc genus omne*, were famous in their generation ; and if the Tories contrived to keep all the “ good things ” to themselves, the Whigs carried it hollow with the good sayings. (1)

This preference for jesters is not without good reason ; for he who has the laugh on his side is pretty sure to have the nation there likewise. Oh ! “ It makes me strange even to the disposition that I owe,” to note these things, and to mark the little consequence they draw after them, with the professed traducers of a pun—with whom, in all other matters, authority is reason, and precedent law. That men, whose devotion to all things established bears a kindred spirit to that of the ape-and-onionarians of the

(1) This point was better made by a Tory lady, who said to her Whig friend, “ The wit is all on your side, but the joke is on ours.”



remotest ages, should be thus recalcitrant, is absolutely past comprehension!

Taking leave of the Egyptians with this additional remark, that if their hieroglyphics be puns, Tubal Cain, the first brass-founder, must probably have been the first public punster—or, at the least, the first who applied punning to the purposes of monumental inscription—let us proceed to notice the honour in which punning was held among the Greeks.

But here, let no unfavourable inferences be drawn against the art, by the Mitfords and their congenial Reviewers, in consequence of its having been practised by those ultra-liberal prototypes of Jacobinism, the Athenians. There are some usages which liberals and absolutists must hold in common : more is the pity. Eating and lying, sleeping and peculating, being politic with a friend, and smooth to an enemy, are, like *homo*, common to all mankind, in their gestion of public as of private affairs. If such things have not always been wholly eschewed by one party, because they are largely employed by another, it would be absolutely unfair to make a case of exception against punning.

In point of style, at least, the Greeks are *omni exceptione majores*, and must be taken as models ; and the best Greek writers have condescended to a pun. Sophocles, with that regard to nature, on which the favourites of the French Academy, the champions of classicism, have so much improved, does not scruple to make Ajax pun upon his own name, in the very depth of his distress. (1) We have ourselves seen persons in a very reasonable paroxysm of rage suddenly relieved, and restored to good humour, by the perpetration of a pun ; nor is there any reason why the bitterness of grief may not equally be alleviated by the same remedy. Euripides also cracks almost as good a jest upon Polynices ; and Æschylus, nearly carrying the joke to extravagance, heaps pun upon pun, when he calls Helen ἑλενας, ἑλανιδρος, ἑλεπτολιν, which a punster would translate, by saying that the ex-wife of Menelaus played Helen (H—ll, etc.) all with the ships, men, and cities of Troy and Greece.

Among the Romans, likewise, punning was successfully cultivated. Quintilian, it is true, speaks dispraisingly of the art ; but it should be remembered that his remark is apropos to oratory ; and that oratory is a humbug, of a nature by far too serious to admit the hazarding a smile, which may as probably be turned against the speaker as tell in his behalf. The sublime is too near to the ridiculous to admit of such liberties. If Quintilian meant more than this, and really intended to insinuate that a pun, like an apple, is *malum in se*, we can honestly reply that this

(1) Νυν γὰρ παρέσσι καὶ δις Ἀιάξειν ἔμοι καὶ τρεῖς.

priggish concoctor of rhetorical receipts lived in a debased age of literature, and appeal from his preaching to the practice of Cicero.

Marcus Tullius Cicero, the greatest orator of Rome, its only metaphysician, its pleasantest letter-writer, the hero of the Catiline conspiracy, the scourge of Antony, he who was saluted "Father of his country," was an inveterate punster. "*In jocis*," says Macrobius, "*facundissimus, ut in omnibus fuit*." His "*te quoque (coque) jure favebo*" will outlive his second philippic. Aulus Gellius relates of him, that he used to turn this talent to a good account; and praises it in him, as a part of the perfect orator, that he would get out of a scrape, when lying happened to be not convenient, by a clinch or a *bon mot*. (1)

This is here noticed, principally to point out the progress which oratory has made in modern times; that whereas, in the Roman Senate, every man was left to his own mother wit, to pun himself out of his difficulties, as he best might—in the British Senate, it has been customary to entertain a professional Jack Pudding to defend his party, and to interpose his jests, like a feather-bed, between the weak points in their defences, and the assaults of the enemy's artillery.

Ovid, likewise, was a desperate punster; (2)—not to speak of his thousand and one *concetti*, each of which is the misprision of a pun. Horace's punning satire on a certain Mr. King, of those days, places him high amongst the Latian Joes.

Finally, that we may not exhaust the subject, Augustus Cæsar was an arch wag, and, so to speak, the emperor of all the jokers. Like Falstaff, he was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others; as the following epigram on his nautical disasters fully justifies.

"Postquam bis classe victus naves perdidit,
Aliquando ut vincat, ludit assidue aleam."

So decided a punster was this great man, that, according to Suetonius, jesting was almost a part of his court ceremonial. When Vectius, with a zeal worthy of the Agricultural Society's gold medal, ploughed up his father's grave, the affair was made a matter of *grave* accusation against him before the Emperor; but Augustus facetiously defended the Geoponic action, asserting that this was indeed "to cultivate his father's memory." (3) The pun almost escapes in translation.

(1) *Hæc quoque disciplina rhetorica est callide et cum astu res criminosas citra periculum confiteri; ut si objectum sit turpe aliquid, quod negari non queat, responsione joculari eludas, et rem facias risu magis dignam quam crimine.*—L. xii. chap. 12.

(2) Witness his "*cur ego non dicam, Furia, te furiam*:"—cum multis aliis.

(3) "*Hoc est vere monumentum patris colere.*"

Punning has, in many instances, been of signal service in the arts and sciences. Mythology, if not founded in punning, is closely allied to it. Almost all the great metamorphoses recorded by Ovid are mere practical puns on the names of the heroes, or something very like it. The oracles, too, could not have gotten on without punning; and he who took their answers at their literal value, and did not look for some clinch or conundrum below the surface, was, for the most part, egregiously duped.

Law, which is itself a sort of fortune-telling, is equally indebted to quips and quiddities for its best turns. The law definition of agreement (*aggrementum, quasi aggregatio mentium*) is a pun direct; and there is this further analogy between law and punning, that as a law is no law till it is broken, so a joke is no joke till it is cracked.

It is to the praise of punning, that it flourished greatly in the Augustan age of ultra-loyalty and ultra-credulity, under the Solomon of the West, James I. of pious memory. In his time, every judge was a Norbury; (1) and the pulpit vied with the stage in fun and facetiousness. There are, indeed, some straight-laced persons, who disapprove of this mixture of the sacred and the profane: but who would not prefer being tried by a punning judge, whose points may stand your friend, when all the other points of the law are against you, rather than by a Scroggs or a Jeffries; and who would not relish a jesting parson better than a fanatical blow-coal? As for the nonsense of the affair, it is not necessary to be droll, in order to be nonsensical; and it is certainly far less irreverent to laugh with the preacher, than (as one too often must, in the case of your grave proser) to laugh at him.

Puns may be made the channels for communicating valuable precepts, and for insinuating verities, which would recoil on the propounder, if fired in the point-blank manner of a syllogism or an axiom. What agriculturist would not be grateful for the economic hint conveyed by our quondam friend of the Irish Common Pleas, to a reverend acquaintance, who had failed in the experiment to feed his horses upon whins; "although, for the bruising of the thorns, he had," as he informed the company, "pounded the esculent for four-and-twenty hours?" His lordship at once replied, "Then take my advice, Bishop, and the next time, instead

(1) When this was written, the worthy Peer was yet living; but, alas, I may now say,

"Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit," etc.

"He's gone, much lamented by every good fellow
Who loves a Joe Miller, or sober or mellow."

His sayings will remain in the fasti of the punster, when the recording angel (it is to be hoped) shall have written *non mi ricordo*, on the subject of his more serious doings; for which reason we retain his name in this page.

of the whins, pound your horses for four-and-twenty hours; I'll be bound that they won't leave a stalk."

Again, what an important political truth is involved in another *bon mot* of the same great original, propounded to the Viceroy of that day, who was complaining that his predecessors had neglected to drain a certain pond in the Phoenix Park, which rendered the Vice-regal residence damp and unwholesome. "They have been too busily employed in draining the rest of the country," was the pithy reply.

Of the same solid character was Hannibal's remark to Antiochus, who at a review, in which his troops were paraded, glittering with gold, silver, and jewellery, asked if these were enough for the Romans. "Ay," replied the *punnic* chief, "that they are, let the Romans be as avaricious as they may."

But if wit and wisdom ever housed together under one roof, it was in Pollio's punning defence of his own silence, when Augustus, like certain modern statesmen who dabble in the reviews, wrote an article against him, rather in the Gifford style. "The scribe who proscribes," he said, "is not easily answered"—"*At ego taceo; non est facile in eum scribere, qui potest proscribere.*"

The mnemonical system of Professor Feinagle, of *quondam* celebrity, was hung upon pegs, each of which was a pun, though it must be confessed a cruel bad one. Thus the index to Julius Cæsar was a Jew and a pair of scissors, and that of Henry VIII. a hen and eight chickens! Had this learned Theban been a Frenchman instead of a German, he would have matured his plan into something more mercurial, and have edified the world with what might have been called "*cours de mnémonique par calembourgs, à l'usage des beaux esprits.*"

A nearly similar contrivance has likewise been employed by some of our best anatomical teachers, who give pith to their lectures by illustrative drolleries, which jog the flagging attention of the hearer, and fix the facts in his recollection: so that now-a-days a man may break his bones at less risk of being crippled for life, because the teacher has broken a jest on the anatomy of the injured part.

The only place in which a pun is not admissible is a king's speech, and the reason is clear. Those documents, being got up for the occasion, are calculated, as far as possible, to be forgotten the moment when that occasion is passed; they are, therefore, not only divested of point, but for the most part, also, of all assignable meaning.

The practice of punning requires many virtues: "*non cuivis homini contingit.*" On ingenuity it is needless to enlarge—*cela va sans dire*; but it does not demand less patience than ability, to



Dr. C. Lutton

await the proper occasion for introducing a pun, in order to avoid incurring a rebuff, like his, who, quoting Samson's strength, *à propos de bottes*, was told, that he himself was stronger than Samson, for he had dragged him in neck and shoulders.

What a scientific combination does it require to produce a proper opportunity for a preconceived pun, from afar, unaffectedly, and without suspicion. A good pun should spring naturally out of the conversation (*naturali pulchritudine*, as Petronius sayeth), for if forcibly introduced, it is lost. Neither should it be blurted out, when the minds of the hearers are not predisposed to sympathize : as, for instance, at a funeral, in the midst of a love scene, or when a great man is talking. But as it is well known that even on the bed of death a genuine punster will say his say, it is impossible to estimate too highly that self-possession which restrains the cacoethes on less solemn occasions. This is indeed "*animam regere*," and a greater virtue than not to strike a servant who breaks a china dish, or to refrain from imitating the Spanish prince, who, Peter Pindar tells us, flung the hot coffee into his princess's face, because she

"ate a roll,
On which the selfish prince had set his soul."

Punsters are often required to make great personal exertions and sacrifices for the forwarding a joke. So it was with the man who over-ate himself, to empty a dish of chickens, in order to make way for a pun upon "neck or nothing." At another time, this gourmand abstained from his two favourite dishes, that he might be able to remark, that he was "not soup-or-fish-all." He would call too for brandy and water, which he detests, in order to say that he is not a *rum* fellow.(1) He once caught a dangerous cold by walking bare-headed in the rain, for the sake of a pun on Sir Christopher Hat-on ; and he actually lost a large sum at a hell, which, for security from the police, was held in a garret, that he might form a resolution against playing *so high* for the future.

In short, Horace's "*sudavit et alsit*" is especially applicable to the punster. But the labour is not too much for the reward : for the punster is in argument invincible, and he is never so sure of a victory as when his logic is defeated, and all his graver defences beaten down. The best conducted chain of reasoning, to which a rational answer is impossible, is utterly overthrown by what Shakspeare unwisely calls "a fool-born jest." The whole com-

(1) The celebrated and Rev. S. S. is accused of having made use of this clinch, when asked if the Whigs had not given him the vacant bishopric. "No," he said, "they will give me nothing but Jamaica, because they know I shall make such a rum bishop."

pany takes a decided part with the joker, though he is decidedly wrong, merely because he raises a laugh at the expense of his antagonist. "*Solventur risu tabulæ tu missus abibis*"—oh, glorious privilege of punning!

THE PLEASURES OF HEARING.

"At that instant the abbey bells began to peel so loud, that we could not hear one another speak; and this peal was for the honour of Mr. Bullock, an eminent cow-keeper of Tottenham, who had just arrived, to drink the waters for indigestion."—SMOLLETT, HUMPHRY CLINKER.

"Out, rogue, and must thou blow thy horn, too?"—BEN JONSON.

It has been remarked that the blind are mostly of an uncommonly cheerful disposition, and that they bear up against their lamentable deprivation, better than their fellow sufferers, the deaf. This difference may afford some measure of the social tendencies of the species; for, excepting what concerns the craving desire of man to know what is passing in the minds of others, there is no comparison between the relative value of eyes and ears.

The pleasures we receive from the organs of vision are infinite; while the disgusts are comparatively few. There are few natural forms absolutely ugly; and expression will change the character of lineaments decidedly unpleasing; while the most rude and deformed of inanimate objects will affect the mind graciously, when they strike the imagination as picturesque. Sight places us in relation with the immensity of the universe; it contributes, beyond all other faculties, to our sense of security; and the variety and the intensity of its impressions give it a decided preponderance in the formation of fixed and positive ideas.

The ear, on the contrary, limited in the sphere of its functional activity, and excepting only in the instance of speech, conveying but few, and those vague, ideas—is a source of endless vexations. Over our eyes, we are, in some degree, the masters, and can turn away from those works of art, which do not satisfy our feelings; whereas we are at the mercy of every tyrant who chooses to file a saw, or to whistle Rossini, without time, tune, or an idea of the music. Scarcely twice in a twelvemonth does a practised and delicate ear receive the full gratification of which it is capable; while scarce twenty minutes of the day pass without some infliction on the auditory nerve, to disturb the equanimity of the percipient.

Of all the senses, the ear is the most easily offended, and the most difficult to satisfy. Even in that colloquial intercourse,

which seems so perfectly to reconcile the blind to the absence of external forms, the ear is more frequently harassed by impertinence, and shocked by folly, than it is gratified by the melody of good feeling and good sense. How often are we forced to envy Sir Joshua Reynolds,

“To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing?”

At many a sermon a man of any real religion might be well pleased to find a refuge in “shifting his trumpet,” with the President of the Academy; and there are discourses, as well as sonatas, which the hearer might with justice wish to be impossible. At the theatres there is a lobby to retreat to; and it is no breach of decorum to quit your box: but in a pew, the preacher has you fast; and though he preached treason or persecution, you must hear him out! Miserable, too, is the condition of an unlucky judge, compelled to listen, *ad infinitum*, to any proser possessed of a wig and a brief, who chooses to bestow his tediousness upon the court; and there are occasions in which the Speaker of the House of Commons, her Majesty’s listener-general, might give his ears to be, in fact, as in seeming, “as deaf as a post.”

But setting aside the intellectual miseries derived through the ear, and sticking to physical annoyances, think of the horror of an intimate acquaintance with a voice like a cornerake, or of a companion through life who cannot produce one perfect intonation, whose tenderest words split the drum of the ear by their harsh vibrations, or insist on making their way into the world through the nose! These are evils, of which every one is a judge; but the musically organized alone can understand the nervous irritability excited by the failure of a single comma in the pitch of the voice, or even by a passing and accidental roughness in a note, which, though otherwise correct, would dash with gall a Pasta’s divine execution.

Our Norman ancestors seem fully to have appreciated this variety, when they appropriated the term “noise,” (which originally signified annoyance in the abstract,) to those especial grievances which attack the organ of hearing. This etymology is conclusive against the ear, as being the most fastidious of the senses, and the common violator of the peace of the soul.

It may, perhaps, be objected that the majority of natural sounds are pleasing; that the singing of birds, the murmuring of waters, are gracious; and that even the mournful sighing of the winds is not without some charm, when it does not precisely pass through a keyhole. The majestic thunder, too, is pealing and solemn; and the distant echo of the waves, beating on the

shore, begets a pleasurable sensation. But then, man! that eternal noise-maker, that unwearied dealer in dissonances, rarely suffers nature to be heard; and to give one's ears a fair chance, it would be necessary to abandon all association with one's species.

In no respect has the liberty of the subject degenerated to such outrageous license as in the matter of noise. It should seem as if dissonance was regarded as a fundamental article of Magna Charta, and silence deemed as unconstitutional as ship-money. A man of any delicacy of ear can hardly endure to live within the bills of mortality. Complaints are made, and with good reason, too, against the fogs of London; but what are these, to the acoustic abominations which prevail there, "from night till morn, from morn till dewy eve." Every itinerant mender of kettles, every rascally knife-grinder, presumes that he has a right to assassinate you, like Hamlet's uncle, through "the porches of your ears;" and "Meole below," as wicked as Macbeth, has "murdered sleep," without rebuke, since the days of our Saxon progenitors. (1)

From the shrill pipe of the morning sweep, to the deep bass of the Hebrew old-clothes'-man, there is a gamut of dissonant sounds perpetually exercised, in which every trade and calling has its share. (2)

During the revolutionary war, when victories came in as regularly as the post (would that they had not cost such heavy postage,) and when the motto of our admirals might have been "no day without a dispatch," the nuisance of newsmen's horns so far transcended the united noises of all other vociferators, that the magistrates of the city, "those sage grave men," found it necessary to legislate especially against them. No other trade could gain a hearing, so incessant and obstreperous were their blasts.

The wits of that day, indeed, would have it, that the ears were not exactly the part of the head which our aldermen desired to protect from outrage; but what will not a wit say or do to make good a quibble, or to plant a palpable hit? Gold may be bought too dearly; and even the joys which a good batch of "great news, bloody news," must afford to the snug citizen, who "lives at home at ease," and knows nothing of the *pleasures* of war,

(1) It is a curious fact, that the London milkmaid's pronunciation of her staple commodity still answers exactly to the Anglo-Saxon spelling "Meole;" and it shows how accurately the original sound of a word can be preserved by popular tradition, amidst all the progressive refinements in speech of the upper classes.

(2) Many acoustic offences have been attacked by Act of Parliament, "within fifteen miles round the metropolis." But the memory of them is here preserved for the benefit of future generations of antiquaries.



“O’ CLO’ !”

1-21-'87.
Boston.

beyond taxation and a gazette—were bought at too high a price, by the head-splitting tantararara and noisy ejaculations of the gentlemen of the tin tube.

Another simple sin which requires legislative interference, no less than the horn, is the big-drum. Tambourines and triangles are bad enough, Heaven knows!—mere noise for the sake of noise, monotonous and subversive of all music; but they are nothing to the big-drum, that un pitying rattler of windows and shaker of houses, that everlasting street-accompaniment to the grave and the gay, the martial and the tender, the sentimental and the sprightly!

Let any one who is an admirer of that popular air, “Home, sweet home,” imagine—(no, that is not the word, for he must have heard it a thousand times—let him *remember*) the ambulant performance of the *refrain* “Home, home, sweet, sweet, home,” squirted through a husky pan’s-pipe, and enforced by five confounded bangs, like so many discharges of artillery, and by five vibrations of all the glass in the parish, which seem to prate of an earthquake! Let him remember the *execution* of “Patrick’s day in the morning,” covered by an incessant roll of the drum, more appalling than thunder; and concluded with three hard blows that threaten to burst the parchment, and to mislead the hearer into fearing the explosion of a powder-mill.

To ladies in the straw, and to gentlemen with sick headaches, these proceedings are barbarous, cruel, foul, and unnatural. Have the drummers no sympathy for such suffering, or have they no pity on the poor babes, who may be thrown into convulsions by their thumps? Alas! “they have no children, butchers!” and they regard the death of the innocents with hearts of mercenary indifference, which might indeed become a Herod himself.

Not less painful is it to the wounded spirit of the amateur who is full of the melody of the GRAN MAESTRO, to be compelled to endure “thump, thump, thump, thumpy, thumpy, thump,” by way of a new edition of “Di tanti palpiti;” or to listen to “*dì pia bang, mi balza bang:*” it is enough to make a man commit suicide.

Having entered fully into the contemplation of this flagrant wrong, just conceive it, reader, at the end of some forty minutes, melting into distance, and leaving your aching head and jaded ear at liberty, to receive the varied attack of a *débutant*, who, from a garret-window, takes his half-hourly lesson on a key-bugle!! It might reconcile Swift himself to deafness! Not all the alphabets in the world could express the horrible combinations of sound attendant on this truculent massacre of Guido of Arezzo. Astol-

pho's horn loses all poetical character, in comparison with the reality of that stupifying blast.

Well, you will scarcely have gotten rid of that plague, when you will be beset by a scoundrel performing your last favourite melody on a barrel-organ, in which, if there is one note more out of tune than the rest, it is sure to be that in which there is a long pause, to bring back the *ritournelle*. Verjuice is gracious, when compared to the toothedge of that accursed scream!

Then succeeds an itinerant clarionet, squeaking forth the mutilated remains of a Scotch reel, or, worse than all, some Highland Orpheus of a bag-piper, whose villanous pibroch would of itself suffice to batter down the walls of another Jericho, or to relieve the moon from the pangs of an eclipse, "*laboranti poterit succurrere lunæ.*"

In the intervals of this suffering, (if intervals, indeed, it knows,) you have the screaming of your neighbour's parrot, the howling of some dog, locked up for his sins in an empty house; or haply the incessantly renewed attempts of a piping bullfinch to master a tune, of which it has caught only the two first bars; while its mistress, within, is not more successful in triumphing over the difficulties of Moscheles or of Bochsa!

After such instrumental nuisances, to dwell upon vocal misdoings may smack of the bathos; but the deep, hoarse, bass of the sham sailor, roaring out "Cease, rude Boreas," is not to be passed over; nor the unearthly sounds in which he tells how his "precious sight" was electrified out of his eyes by a West Indian thunder-storm, or carried away by the wind of a cannon-ball.

Then, what think you of a French ballad-singer, with a voice like a penny trumpet, and as tuneable as "a pig in a gate, or a hog in a high wind," chanting "*La garde nationale,*" or "*C'est l'amour?*" Or how do you like that other pious nuisance, the woman who lays siege to the halfpence of the saints, by drawling out a never-ending repetition of the hundred and fourth Psalm!

To add to the harmony, these delectable strains are from time to time crossed by the competing discords of two rival mackarel-venders, screaming like emulous macaws from the opposite sides of the street; and by the monotonous bell and deep diapason of a stentorian "Dust ho!"

Then, again, at night, you were once indulged with a trio of watchmen, crying the hour concurrently in C natural, C sharp, and E flat, and showing how little concert there was in their efforts to keep the peace. This nuisance is at length abated, but it retains its place in the present enumeration, in order to preserve the memory of a very worthy professor of music, who of himself was "choleric," but whose natural irritability was roused almost

to rage by the slightest deviation from the laws of harmony. Walking home one night from the Opera, he was so worked upon by the discord of "the Charlies," that he actually knocked down the untuneful rogue, nearest at hand, by way of a lesson in counter-point. This fantasia of the "enraged musician" brought him to the watch-house till he could get bail; and the next morning Sir R. Birnie read him a most luminous lecture on the moral difference between beating time and beating the time-keeper. Thus brought to the *bar* for an odd *crotchet*, after having lost his *rest*, he was forced, after a most distressing *pause*, to conclude the broken (headed) *cadence*, by sliding a few *notes* into the hand of the guardian of the night, who, being now in the *dominant*, allowed the *discord* to be thus resolved, and brought the guilty one back to the *key*, which was no longer turned against his liberty.

The sensible reader will, by this time, begin to wonder how it has happened that no more than a passing notice has yet been taken of that gigantic acoustic abuse, the bell, or, in the more appropriate language of Othello, "that dreadful bell." The subject was, indeed, too appalling for ordinary nerves! There is in that one word "bell" such a variety of woes, as is not lightly to be encountered; and even now it is not without reluctance that the pen proceeds to sound the depths of its misery. The erudite inventors of the tragi-comedy of Punch (a performance more true to nature than any that was ever produced by the disciples of Aristotle) have alone evinced a thorough sense of the atrocity of bells; for after having led that facetious profligate—that immoral preacher of a great moral lesson—through the subordinate gradations of vice, from adultery to murder—they have, as the climax of wickedness, introduced him in the act of ringing a bell in the ears of his neighbours. No other trait that they could have hit upon could have marked so glaringly the malignity of the man; and, accordingly, it has passed into a proverbial expression: whenever a person has arrived at the excess of any quality—good, bad, or indifferent—he is technically said to "bear the bell," in that particular.

The subject of bells may be conveniently divided into its two branches of venial offences, or hand-bells, and of those mortal sins which exalt themselves in the belfry. Intermediate between these, not long ago, stood the dustman's bell, already mentioned; a sin which, if it was less in magnitude than its clerical brethren, was more atrocious, from its propinquity to the nerves of the sufferers. There was a malice prepense in this same "dust ho!" that demanded immediate castigation. Not contented with a vocal announcement of his calling, which might awaken all the

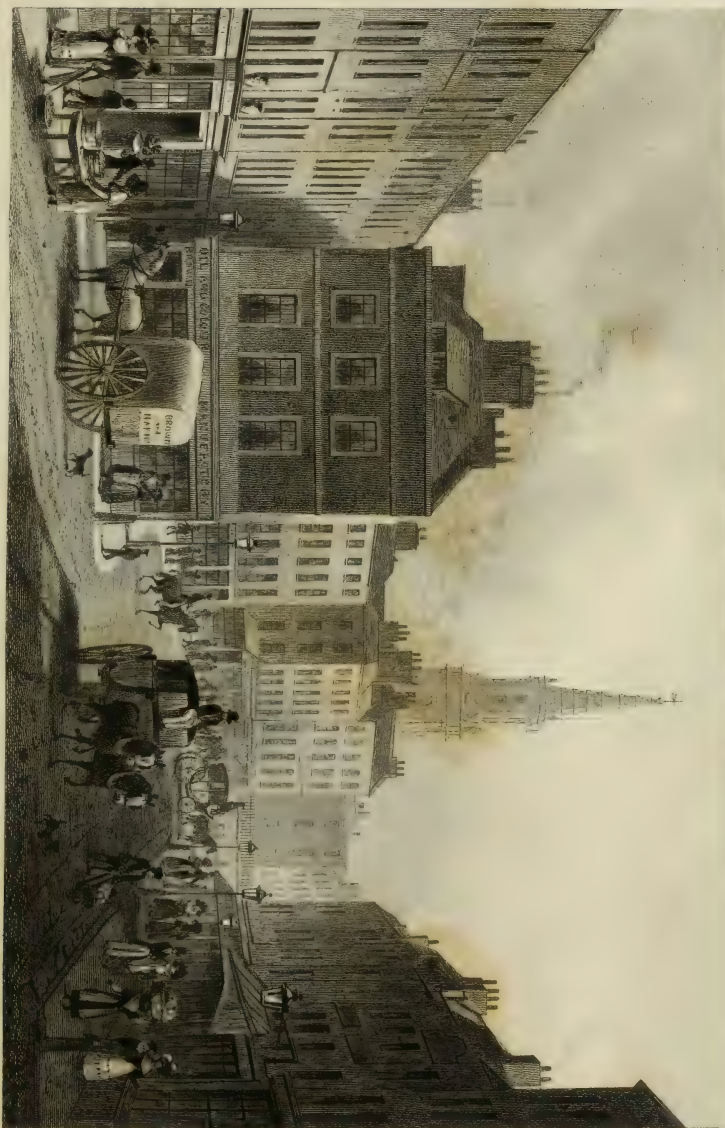
dust in the parish—the churchyard included—the dustman would pour forth his unceasing peal, to frighten the town from its propriety, without stint or mercy, and in total disregard of the interests of all minor noise-makers; insomuch that the veriest shrew that ever scolded would be unable to make herself heard.

Did you ever follow down the Strand one of these *imperturbables*, these implacable persons, unable to get before him, or to retreat from his annoyance, his long whip playing across your eyes, and his virulent clapper splitting the drum of your ear, while your companion in vain endeavoured to make you comprehend some communication of great and urgent interest? If not, you have not experienced suffering in its most exquisite form, suffering to which the inquisition knew no parallel.

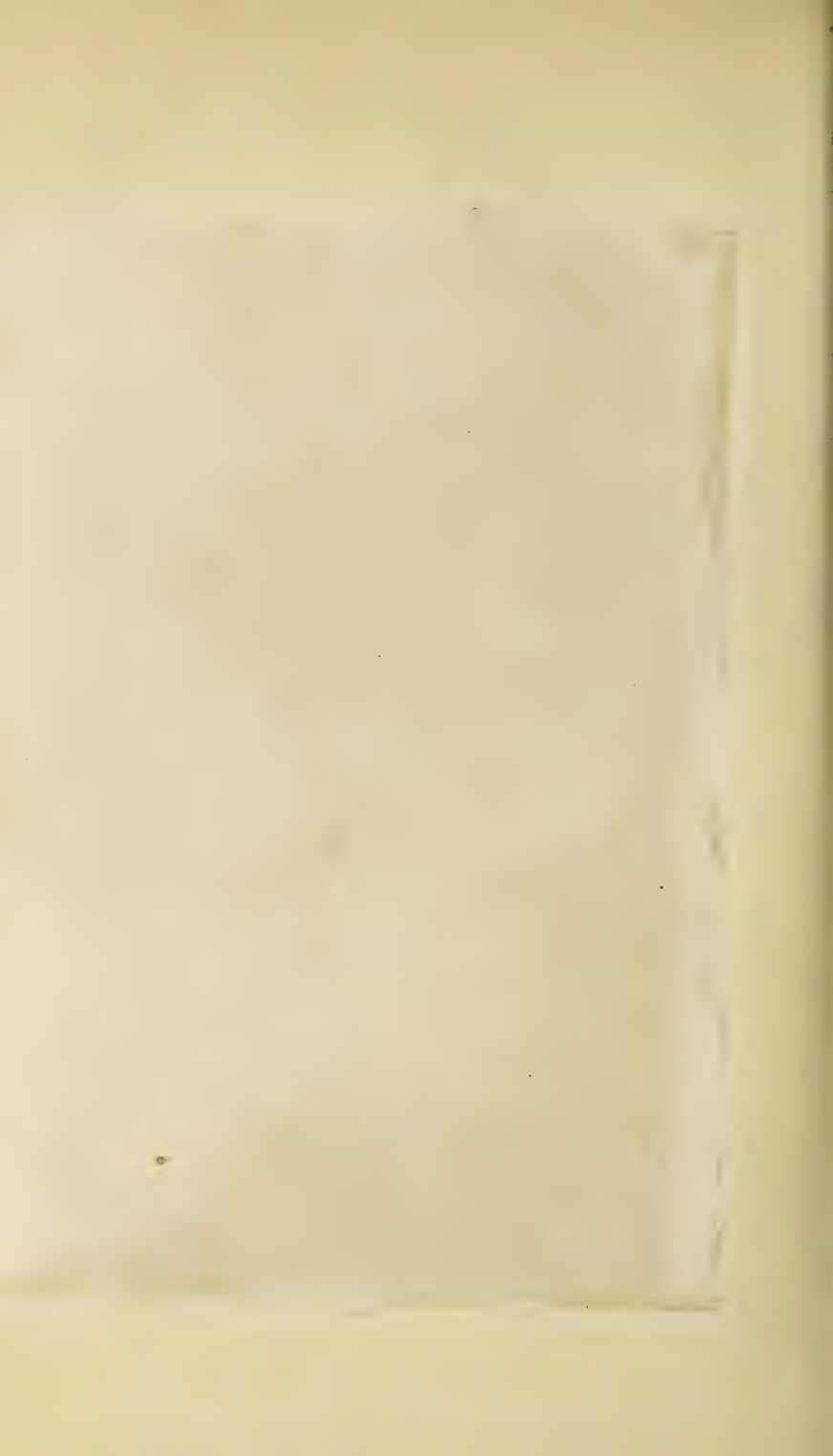
In the postman's bell there is a pert flippancy, a jerking reiteration, symbolical of his post-haste movements, which is annoying enough; and the humble tinkling of the muffin-man is (or rather, we must now say, *was*) *pro tanto* a thing to be reformed; but these evils sink into utter insignificance, nay, might be accepted as a boon, in comparison with the deliberate and un pitying continuity of the man of cinders. Even the jangling of tavern bells (never live next door to a tavern) is melody to his music. Thank Heaven, the fellow had no vested interest in his noise, or, at least, he had no parliamentary influence; so that the nuisance is abated, as many more of far wider import must soon be, unless another revolutionary war should arrive, to drive the nation once more out of its wits, to stop the march of mind, and adjourn for another forty years all chance of improvement.

Of the smaller nuisances, it is matter of just astonishment how any one could have imagined the tinkling of the sheep-bell a pleasant or a poetical sound, unless, perhaps, the idea arose with some inditer of cockney pastorals, with whom the association of "hot crumpets and muffins" had superseded the physical disagreeableness of that sheepish accompaniment.

Perhaps objection may be taken against this theory, on account of that uniform direction to be found on the hall doors of great men, "knock and ring," an inscription which may be hastily considered as indicating the owner's delight in tintinabulary vibrations; but it should rather seem (remembering the general conduct of masters to servants) that this practice has arisen in a malicious pleasure which they may be imagined to take in tormenting the sons of the livery. Every one knows that the bell is the torment of a footman's life, and that if it were not for that little instrument, he would be as happy as the day is long: it is clearly, therefore, not the delight of listening to the duet between the knocker and the bell that has occasioned this admonition, but



BROAD STREET, BLOOMSBURY.



the pleasure of depriving "John" of the satisfaction of letting his master's visitors cool their heels at the door, till it may suit his humour to hear and obey the call.

Passing, however, these petty grievances (thank Heaven we can no longer say "*de minimis non curat lex*"), without even a conjecture as to the metaphysical causes which have attributed the bell so exclusively to the muffin-man, the dustman, and the itinerant coal-merchant (a subject of much delicacy, for which space is here wanting), let us pass at once to the church bell. From this deadly sin there is no hope of relief. He who touches the bell would shake the establishment. Bells and chimes are part of the wisdom of our ancestors, and to rasp a filing of their brass would bring the constitution about our ears, and put the church into such danger, as would excite Hume and Lord King themselves (were the latter alive) to compassion.

On this subject the author of the "*Moyen de parvenir*" justly remarks, "*J'eusse dit LE SON, mais les moines m'eussent accusé d'hérésie, parce que SON appartient aux cloches.*"

The ringing of bells is said to be a purely English invention, and it is as sacred as any one of the thirty-nine articles. In vain is the schoolmaster abroad—test acts have been repealed, and Catholics may sit in parliament; but, in the matter of bells, Pandora's box has not even hope left at the bottom.

To the Russell family England is bound in many a debt of gratitude; its best blood, lavished on the scaffold in the cause of liberty, has cemented for ever the alliance of that house with the people; and successive generations of patriots have owned the influence of the family example. But not the least among its public benefactors was that provident duke, who, in granting the the ground for erecting the church of St. George, Bloomsbury, made a saving clause, in behalf of the parishioners, that there should be but one bell in the steeple. It is probable that from this worthy the house of Russell has inherited its dislike of *church Peels*, which they manifest with such earnestness upon all lawful occasions.

That church bells are no real friends of religion it would be easy to prove. The bells of Bow church very nearly pulled that edifice on the heads of the citizens; and the bell of St. Sepulchre's, owing to some defect in its gudgeons, actually did fall with a most ruinous crash.(1) No wonder then that the "sacring bell"

(1) That this was symbolical, the following lines will declare:—

"The bell of St. Sepulchre's fallen to the ground,
And never, no more, will it utter a sound;
The cause of this fall, as most people report it,
Was, that the bell's gudgeons no more could support it.

should so have startled the good lord cardinal in his meditations on the coming reformation, as Shakspeare has narrated.

The sound of bells, as heard in the country, and from a distance, is decidedly melancholy; while, in a great city, it is nothing less than stupifying. How any people could have chosen them as testimonials of rejoicing, or christened their performance "the merry peel," passeth all understanding. Of all the many offences of Catholicism against human happiness, the fondness for bells should lie the most heavily on its conscience. In the monasteries there were no less than six sorts of these tormentors, viz. the *squilla*, which was rung in the refectory. The true character of this bell, maugre its social services, will live for ever in Dante's musical and melancholy line,

"Paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore."

Then there was the *cymbalum* of the cloister, the *nola* of the choir, the *nolula* or *dupla* in the clock (a striking impropriety), the *campana* (1) in the steeple, and the *signum* in the tower. To these some authors add the *corregiuncula*, which was used to call the monks to be flogged — an invitation far less agreeable than that of the *squilla*.

Nobody but he who for his sins has sojourned in an Italian town can have the remotest idea of the devil's symphony, which the rivalry of these many-named abuses creates, at certain hours of the day, ringing, tolling, and chiming in every key, with, generally, one or two of them cracked, for the sake of variety. Even the night, there, is not sacred to repose; and in most cases the nuisance is increased by the force of contrast, — these noises being the only audible tokens of living humanity heard within the walls.

Like the priests, their masters, the bells have contrived to get into the business of every epoch of existence. Is a child born, away go "the college youths" to work — does he arrive at man's estate, the ding dong is renewed — is he married, ditto repeated — and, lastly, when he dies, the passing-bell must frighten all the old folks in the parish, by reminding them of the "*next turn*," which will post them also to another world.

Of all tintinabulary speculations, however, that concerning the passing-bell is the most natural, its object being to drive away the evil spirit standing at the bed's foot in readiness to seize his prey.

If this be the truth of the case, in my humble
Opinion, the church runs great risk of a tumble;
For the gudgeons, who long have supported its state,
Are bending beneath its inordinate weight."

1) Nola and Campana, so called from Nola, in the Campagna, where these tortures were said to have been originally produced.

At the ringing of this bell, we are told, (and 'fore George, I believe it,) the devil takes flight; and the soul, like a hunted hare, gains a short start, or in sporting language a law, of which, if it has any agility, it may profit, to distance the enemy, and pop into heaven before it can be overtaken. If anything can frighten a devil, besides holy water, it surely must be the infernal melody of a passing-bell. There is no distance which one would not go from it, to be out of ear-shot.

It was probably from this point of church doctrine, that Lord Byron stole his notion of the effect of the Laureate's hexameters, which he has described, as possessing a precisely similar diabolifuge operation:—

“The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell,
The ghosts fled gibbering to their own dominions.”

One consequence of the opinion, extremely agreeable to the sexton, is, that an extra sum was usually paid for ringing the great bell, because it drove the devil to a greater distance, and gave a longer start to those whose riches might otherwise have burthened them in their flight. We recommend this hint to the serious consideration of those Act of Parliament gentlemen—the attorneys.

Why bells should be rung on the event of a marriage is less easy to understand, unless it be in a spirit of bitter irony, and as a foretaste of the noise and discord incidental to “God's holy state.” On almost every other occasion, bells are the accompaniment of some horror. They are rung in sieges and in fires, they are tolled at funerals and at executions, as if it were not bad enough to be hanged, without having one's courage beaten down by the sound of one's own passing-bell. Bells are rung also to commemorate those scourges of nations, miscalled victories, or such public humbugs as gunpowder treason—or that treason without gunpowder, the restoration of the Stuarts.

Bells, likewise, sound to mark the lapse of time, and to announce the slow but certain approach of death. Every stroke of the clapper is a slice off our life; no wonder, then, that it should grate so on the ear?

But happy is he who has not this unwelcome truth beaten into him by the hammers of a set of musical chimes. The climax of this auricular woe is to be found at Ghent, where the *carillon* is not confined to the performances of the clock, but a *carillonneur* is maintained to torture the ears of the inhabitants. “The carillonneur,” says Dr. Burney, “was literally *at work*; and hard work it must be. He was in his shirt, with the collar unbuttoned, and in a violent sweat. There are pedals communicating with the great bells, upon which with his feet he played

a bass to several sprightly and rather difficult airs, performed with the hands upon the upper species of keys."

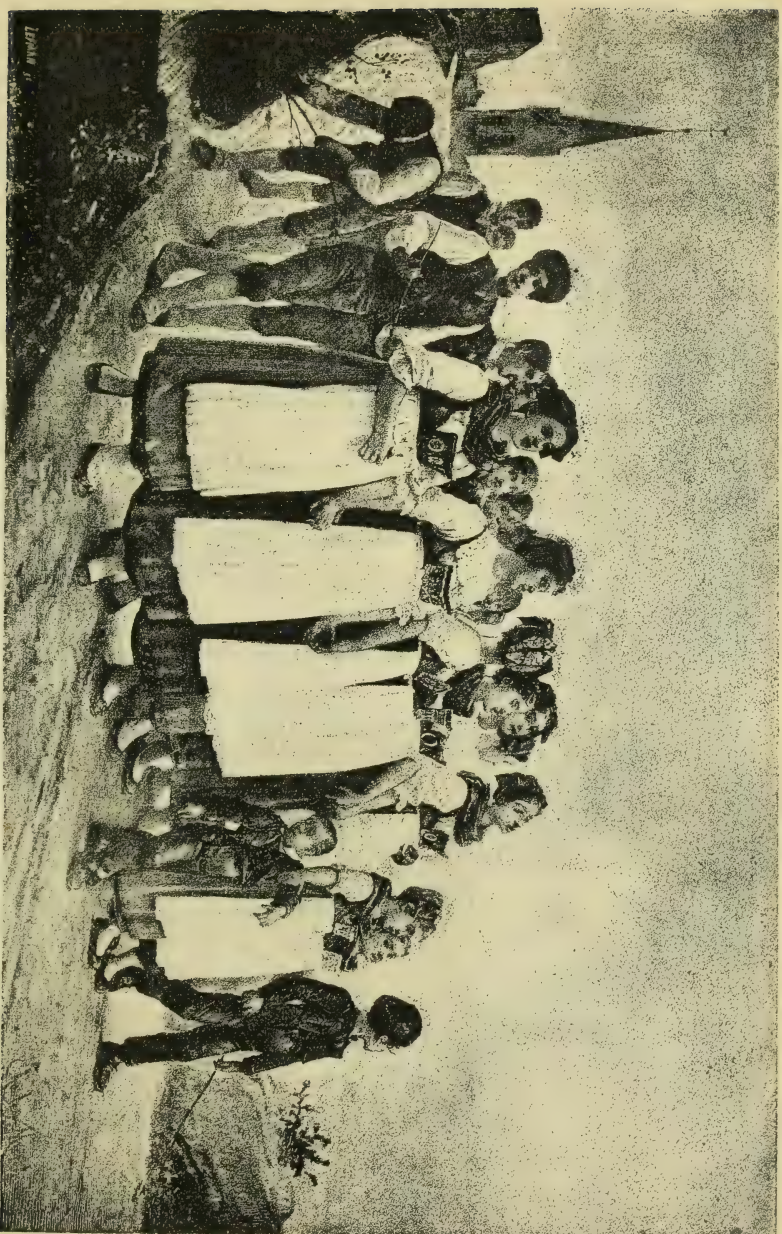
"It is certainly" (I quote the same authority) "a Gothic invention, and, perhaps, a barbarous taste." Geminiani said that the Westminster Abbey concerts were good to listen to from Westminster Bridge: but what distance could temper the malice of Burney's *energumène* working *manibus pedibusque*, to drive a whole community mad! Thank Heaven, we have no such *engeance* as this in England; and it is to be hoped that those musical snuff-boxes on the grand scale (the regular chimes) will in time wear out, and leave not a wreck behind.

Another auditory infliction, which transcends all powers of description, is the conversion of our best music into quadrille tunes. It is impossible to give the faintest idea of the torture which a genuine Rossinist endures from these mutilations of the happiest thoughts of the great composer! There is no music which escapes the perverse ingenuity of the dancing-master. Even Braham's duet of the "Bird in yonder cage confined" has been *estropié* for the quadrille, in a manner which, to those who do not much care for the original, might convulse them with laughter; so that we may soon expect to dance country dances to Luther's Hymn, to waltz to the Dead March in Saul, and to revive the long minuet, to the tune of the hundred and nineteenth Psalm.

Among the lesser atrocities of domestic life, the creaking boots of a physician, the snarling snappish bark of a favourite lap-dog, or a whistling fellow-lodger, should not be omitted; still less, the nocturnal caterwauling of a convention of amorous cats—a good snorer in the next room—or a bevy of rats practising for the Derby. If you happen to be wakeful, what think you of the ticking of a death-watch? Or of the pleasures of a neighbouring steam-engine, throwing off newspapers by the thousand for the morning's publication?

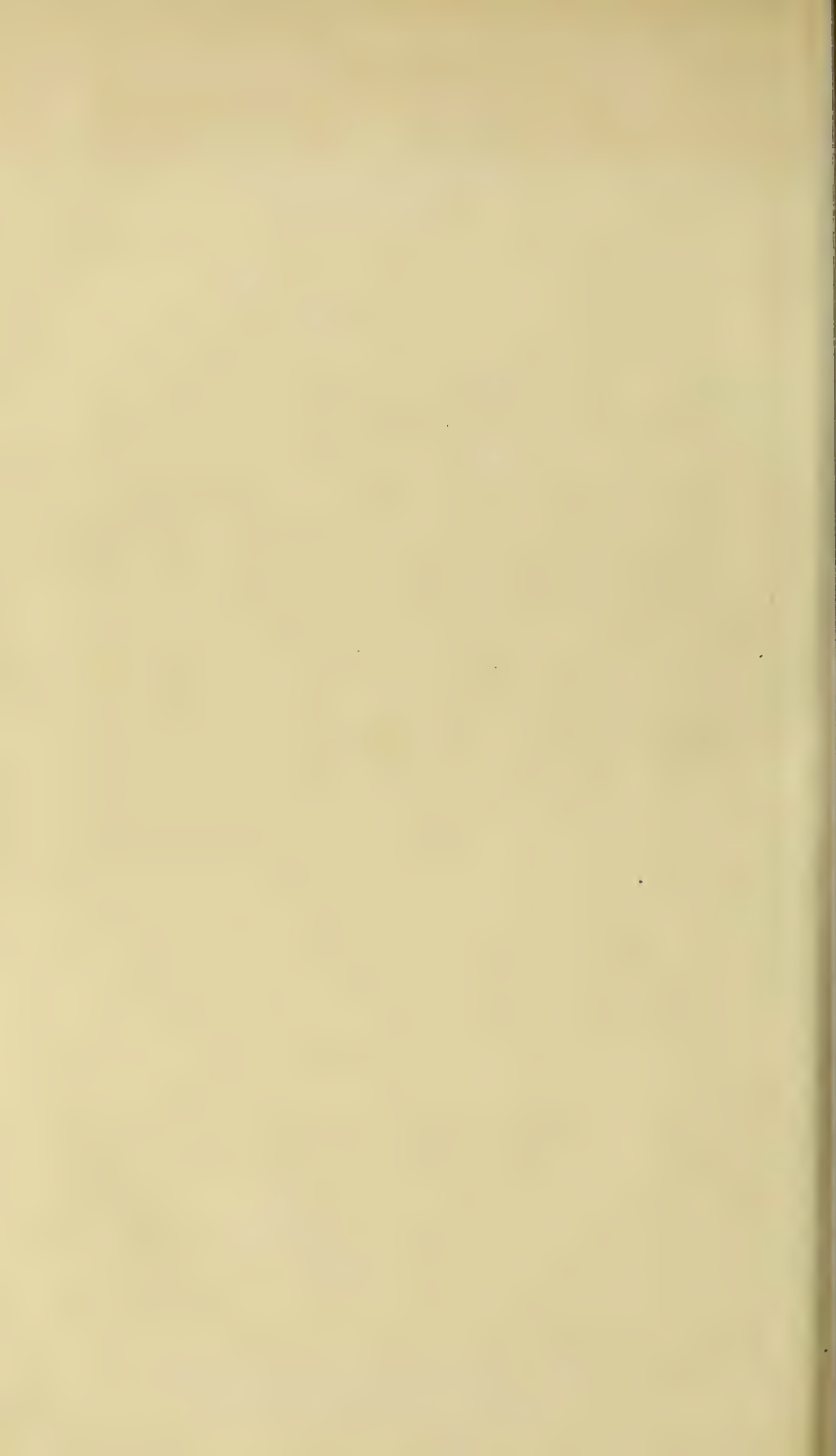
But the theme grows too vast for the paper. These are only the coarser and more vulgar ear grievances. No hint has been given of the hopeless misery of solo playing, the crambo of piano-forte concertos, the trumpet accompaniment to "Let the bright seraphim," a *débutante's* "Soldier tired," or that refinement on musical torture, singings after supper! An ungreased wheel is heaven to the least of these miseries.

Then, there are such things as amateur concerts, exhibiting mothers, and young ladies, who warble of despair and death, with the tame insipidity of sucking doves; who sigh forth, *pianissimo*, the most emphatic "*scelerato*" and "*ingrato*," with their mouths as fast closed as a dandy's door against the sheriff's offi-



LUTHIER

MARSHAL (C. F.). *Le choral de Luthier. — The chorus of Luthier.*



cers: and, above all, and beyond all, there are those quintessences of intolerable noise and vulgarity, “Tally ho” and “Old Towler!”

Whoever has considered these things must be convinced, that the ear (at least the musical ear) was not created till after the fall, and that it is among the worst consequences of original sin.

THE ENGLISH MALADY.

“Il y a plus de défauts dans l’humeur que dans l’esprit.”

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

THE English language, amidst its infinite richness and variety, is particularly copious in its expressions for the numerous shades and *nuances* of intellectual and sensitive characteristics. We have fancy, wit, imagination, humour, fun, drollery, apprehensiveness, quickness, &c., for all which the French possess one common and general expression, *l’esprit*—a banality, compelled to do duty on every emergency, alone and unassisted.

By virtue of this copiousness of the mother tongue, philosophy is enabled to distinguish no less than three modifications of that principle of malevolence, which the social man brings to bear against his friends and companions, and which keeps alive a reciprocity of bad feelings among the closest connections: these are—ill-temper, ill-nature, and ill-humour.

By an ill-tempered man, we mean one who is impatient of trifling annoyances—who is roused by petty provocations to hasty and unmeasured language or action, but is generally as easily appeased—his fire, like that of straw, being as evanescent as it is sudden. Such a man, when the corns of his irritability are not trodden upon, may be gay, cheerful, and benevolent; and, if the habit has not been suffered to obtain a mastery, need not be

“Quite a madman, though a pasty fell.”

But he is not the less an unsafe companion; and to converse with him is to inhabit over a volcano.

An ill-natured man is one who has a perverse pleasure in the misfortunes of his fellow-creatures, who delights in mischief, and enjoys the vexations and disappointments of his neighbours, not because they afford a whimsical point of view, and provoke an involuntary laugh, but precisely because they give pain to the sufferer.

The best-natured man in the world may be amused by the perplexity of a diner-out, who is caught in a beau trap, when “figged out” for the occasion, and hurrying on, at the last mo-

ment, in his way towards the friendly mahogany. He may smile at a bungling pretender to the off-edge, who brings his own *sederunt* in contact with the hard ice, with more force than good will. If a plate of hot soup should empty itself on a friend's short tights, rendering it doubtful whether the grease or the caloric constitute the predominant portion of what Jeremy Bentham calls "the matter of punishment," he might even indulge his jocularity, and sport the "*summum jus summa injuria*," usual on this emergency; but his mirth would be tempered with a certain sympathy, a friendly apprehension of enhancing the evil, by an appearance of too much gratification.

With the ill-natured man, the pleasure on such occasions is ever measured by the injury of the accident. He would prefer a broken leg to a splashed stocking; a good sound ducking, with danger of life, to a simple fall on the ice; and he would like the soup to scald, and the inexpressibles to be neither cleansible nor replaceable. He chuckles when his friend gains a blank in the lottery, or marries a tartar, or lames a favourite horse, or sees his play damned; exclaiming, "Oh, now he will be taken down a peg!" "Now he will be off his high horse, I warrant!" or the like expression of spite and malicious triumph.

Such a fellow was designed by nature to fill the office of the slave in the conqueror's car, and to damp the gratification of successful merit, by reminding the conqueror of his mortality. Times of public calamity and pecuniary crisis are his harvest-home. The first thing he looks for in the newspaper is the list of bankrupts; and, next to that, he enjoys the personalities and calumnies of faction, slanders, elopements, *crim. cons.*, or, in general, any show up of human infirmity. He is the first to rip up old stories of failure and disgrace against his equals, who have risen in the world; to "remember the time" when my lord mayor's note would not discount for twenty pounds; when Sir Somebody Something wore a livery; or to recall the fact, that old Mrs. Graveairs made a slip when she was sixteen, and was stopped by her husband at Dartford, on her way to the Continent, with Captain Lovemore. He sees the judgment of Heaven in every trifling accident, and never loses an opportunity of reading a practical "moral lesson," in order that he may "teach the fellow to know himself."

Very different from these personages is the ill-humoured man. The ill-humoured man may be just, generous, and in all real afflictions compassionate and friendly: nay, he is often *brusque*, to conceal a real tenderness of heart, of which he is ashamed; but, in his ordinary intercourse with society, he overflows with an unceasing stream of bitterness. All his remarks are harsh, severe, and

annoying; and in the moments of his relaxation, in the hour of his highest social enjoyment, he is morose, snappish, and provoking.

The ill-humoured man differs from the ill-natured in this, that he does not rejoice at his neighbour's misfortunes, but only takes a momentary pleasure in seeing his friends uncomfortable; and even in this measure of annoyance he has no delight, unless he himself is the author of it. His motive is not malice, but spleen; and he is pleased, not so much that his victim is mortified, as that he is himself relieved from the weight of his own uneasiness. While the ill-tempered man must have some one to be angry with, the ill-humoured is only at odds with himself; he lacks no external occasion of excitement, nor goes out of himself for the food of his irritability.

This last modification of disposition is decidedly English; and whether it be attributable to *les brouillards d'Angleterre*, to the beef and pudding-izing, the anxious money-getting, or to some other circumstance peculiar to England and Englishmen, it is rarely met with on the Continent, in the same intensity in which it prevails at home. Individuals, indeed, of all nations may be subject to occasional fits of ill-humour; but among Englishmen, almost exclusively, is it ever found as an *état*, a *manière d'être*, clinging to a man at all periods of life, rather exasperated than appeased by prosperity, and unmitigated alike by the successes of love, of vanity, or of ambition.

Ill-humour is less a vice than a disease, for it is strictly constitutional; its occasional paroxysms are rarely brought on by the more serious evils of existence, but rather by certain petty annoyances, which a man of sounder frame of body would laugh at. So the condition itself does not appear to depend upon any notable or tangible malady, but arises from some obscure hitch, or embarrassment, in the more intimate movements of the body, which, without tending to sickness or dissolution, is destructive of that diffusive animal pleasure, derived in happier constitutions from the mere sentiment of existence. It should seem as if, in persons thus put together, the several capillary systems were so many fountains of irritation, from which an accumulated torrent of inappreciable impressions flows in upon the sensorium, without indeed engendering direct pain, but yet fretting the disposition "like a gummed velvet," and throwing the mind upon the external world, in search of those causes of uneasiness which in reality are internal.

"The humours of the body," says a moral writer, "imperceptibly influence the will, so that they enter, for a large part, into all our actions, without our being aware of it;" and thus it is that the ill-humoured man punishès, in his friends, the outrages of some

peccant lymph, circulating in his own veins ; and revenges himself nobly on society for the offences of his own liver and pancreas. Accordingly it happens, that a severe fit of illness, and its concomitant medical treatment, will for a while abate considerably from this congenital disease of the mind, by exchanging the *malaise* of the body for a good substantial pain, and changing the habitual current of the humours. So, on the other hand, a striking calamity, a fire, the death of a friend, or a heavy pecuniary loss, by calling off the attention of the ill-humoured man from trifling sensations, will render him, for a season, more civilized and amenable in society ; and he will not lose this temporary good-nature, until time and philosophy have restored his ordinary tone of spirits.

The prevalence of this peculiarity of disposition is a great defect in the national character ; not only as it occasions much unhappiness in families, but as it bespeaks an equal uneasiness in the subject ; for it never can exist in concurrence with an habitual relish and enjoyment of life. The happy are ever pleased with the happiness of others, and prompt to promote it ; but the miserable feel insulted, as well as shocked, by the aspect of enjoyment with which they cannot sympathize.

Notwithstanding the oft-quoted "*haud ignora mali*," it is unmitigated suffering, much more than boundless prosperity, that hardens the heart, and begets a churlish and unsociable spirit. The morosity of the English character impresses foreigners with most unfavourable notions of the country and its institutions, and has contributed to reconcile them to their native despotisms, by forcing on their attention the little real enjoyment which subsists in the land of liberty.

Ill-humour vents itself in a thousand ways. An ill-humoured man sits in the bosom of his family (like a spider in the centre of its web) in watchful and unceasing grudge against all around him. No sooner does a burst of cheerfulness explode in his presence, than he hastens to repress it, by a sarcasm or a rebuke. He studies the weaknesses of his friends, in order to play upon them with more effect ; and as the hackney-coachman "makes a raw" on his horse's shoulder, in order to flog the callous animal to a better purpose, so the ill-natured man delights to irritate an outraged feeling, to play upon an imperfection ; and, in one word, to say to every individual the most galling and vexatious things that occur to his recollection.

The great pretext for this cantankerous indulgence is, that the party loves to speak his mind. He, forsooth, is a plain downright man, who always utters what he thinks ; and he is too good an Englishman to make cringes and congees, like a

foreigner. Nothing can be more thoroughly detestable than these provoking truth-tellers; and a man might almost as soon live with the father of lies himself (provided he might choose the *venue* of the habitation) as associate with these very candid and very impertinent companions; who, after all, differ from their continental neighbours less, perhaps, in the love of speaking their thoughts, than in not thinking with satisfaction on any subject.

The worst of it is, that these "cross gentlemen" (to use the designation by which an Irish waiter distinguished a certain pettish unpleasable traveller, with whose name he was not acquainted,)(1) have now and then so many compensating qualities, so much friendship, so much benevolence, that you cannot, for the soul of you, bring yourself to a dead cut. For the ill-humoured man may at bottom be very good-natured; and it sometimes happens that he, who never said one gracious and agreeable word in his whole life, has never lost an opportunity of doing a real and substantial service to the objects of his perpetual annoyance.

Sir Simon Verjuice is strictly a man of this description. His highly respectable life of industry and integrity, his family affection, and active friendship, conspire to redeem his social defects, and to license to the uttermost his indulgence in the Anglican privilege of finding fault and snappishness. He will tell a woman in a large and mixed circle that she is painted, that her wig is awry, or that her jewellery is false. He will make a fond mother miserable, by calling her husband's attention to the faults of her favourite boy, whom her mismanagement has spoiled, or by vehemently asserting that her daughter's shoulder is growing out. He tells scandalous anecdotes of the popular patriot, to jeer his radical acquaintance; and will abuse sectarianism to a Dissenter. He has all sorts of gloomy predictions at the service of all his acquaintance; and when, half-joke, half-earnest, he tells his neighbour that he will live to be hanged, he takes little pains to conceal his private opinion that the party may richly deserve it. If you have a spot on your cheek, he will tell you that it is the evil; if your wife coughs, he will abruptly warn you that she is far gone in a galloping consumption. If you indulge in any little expense, he will reproach you with ruining your family, and he will tell you that you see better company, and give yourself greater airs, than is good for your credit.

All proffered civilities Verjuice rejects in the most disgraceful manner. If you offer him a place in your carriage, he tells you

(1) "A beef-steak and a pint of port for the cross gentleman in the Lion," was his expression.

he is not too old to walk. If you propose to him some delicacy of the table, "he is no epicure." If you yield him the arm-chair, or a place next the fire, "he is not sick." Thus he gives you ground for believing that your motive is suspected, when he is only vexed at being ousted, for a while, of his right to be surly. So, on the other hand, his first word to every request is "No;" and though he never fails to serve, when it is in his power, he as seldom grants a favour, till he has quoted every reason he can find, or invent, to warrant his refusal. Remonstrate with him on the rudeness of his speech, and tell him that he has hurt such a man's feelings, his constant answers are, "what do I care?" "Why is he such a fool as to mind it?" "Is it not the truth?—and if he is ashamed to hear the truth, why does he not mend his conduct?"

After all, however, Verjuice is a much more tolerable companion than his sister; first, because she is a woman, and therefore dares be much more savage; and next, because she is an old maid, and adds some grains of ill-nature to her inborn ill-humour; but, most of all, because she has seen less of the world, is more full of herself, and is essentially less indulgent to the infirmities of her friends and acquaintances. *He* taunts you with a weakness or an absurdity, simply because his pettishness finds an account in doing so; *she* indulges in this liberty for the same reason, and also because she thinks unnecessarily ill of you, on account of that weakness. With as much bile, she has more genuine malignity, and to her constitutional waspishness she adds all the sourness of disappointment. Miss Verjuice entertains a thousand petty jealousies of the neglect of friends. Herself the centre of her own circle, she can ill brook the eccentric movements of those who are sometimes influenced by other attractions, and dare to omit her in a dinner-party, or to withhold an expected visit. This feeling is still deeper, if the person in whose favour she is passed by is one step higher in life, or has any advantage at her disposition which she herself cannot boast.

These feelings are but too common with all who have not *l'usage du monde*; but with the good-natured and good-humoured they are transitory, or, at worst, self-respect and an honest pride lead such persons to keep the offence to themselves. Miss V., on the contrary, never lets slip an opportunity of "telling her friends a piece of her mind;" and would think herself a dupe, if she forgot her imaginary grievance without what she calls asserting herself—that is, reproaching her visitors with all their arrears of expected civilities.

To her servants, or of them, she never speaks but to find fault; and, unlike her brother, she does not redeem this vice by a gene-

rous regard of their worldly interests. This is the more intolerable, because her servants are a favourite topic of conversation for the amusement of her guests. In the country she is the scourge of her poor neighbours; abusing the men for idleness, the wives for sluttishness, and the children for their dirty faces and not saying their Catechism. Her own nephews and nieces she keeps in incessant hot water, by reminding them, *à propos de bottes*, of their old offences, and reading them *improvisò* lessons before strangers. "How do you do, Mrs. Fizackerley? That's my niece, madam, Miss Clementina Verjuice, a good girl, if she would but hold up her head, and would not pull faces. That young gentleman in the corner is her brother Harry. Come here, sir. Why don't you comb your hair? He chose to spoil his best trousers by falling in the mud and tearing the knees; so he must be content to go on with his old ones."

All the while poor Mrs. Fizackerley sits bored to death, either by no means interested in the qualities of Miss Clementina and Master Harry, or, if she be a foolish mother herself, applying to her own conduct all the inuendos against the torment of rude children, and the folly of "sparing the rod to spoil the child."

These pettish attacks are not confined to the children; all her acquaintance come in for their share. She is the censor-general of fashions and morals, of caps and carriage, of bonnets and behaviour: not that she always ventures to be directly personal; a diatribe on a general proposition will equally serve her turn. If a lady's stays happen to be cut rather low, she wonders how modest women can bring themselves to the fashion of showing their bosoms to every jackanapes. If the curate rides a good horse, she rails against the category of sporting parsons; or if he preaches morality, she declaims against Arminianism, and vows that the clergy have quite forgotten their theology. On these occasions, too, "some people" is a favourite figure of speech; and, "I wonder what folks mean," is an ally on whose services she largely draws, when she wants to give what she calls "*a good wipe*."

Among better bred persons ill-humour does not, of course, wear this extreme shape of impertinent selfishness; it is softened down and subdued by an acquaintance with good company. But where the morosity exists, it finds a no less effective vent in a *morgue*, which is scarcely less annoying. The assumption of airs of state and distance in the bosom of the domestic circle is a relic of feudal barbarism, which has been preserved longer and more rigidly in England than in the other countries of Europe. Formerly the children were not suffered to eat at the same table with their parents, or to sit in their presence; and much of the

spirit of this formality is still preserved in our modern habits, through the incurable ill-humour of the heads of families. Fathers infected with this vice sit in the midst of their little ones wrapped up in a silent abstraction; and they repress by a frown or a rebuke every approach to an affectionate familiarity; while the mother incessantly reminds her children, that “when she was young, girls were not suffered” to do this or the other.

This carriage towards the objects of affection, while it is the grave of confidence and filial affection, is utterly incompatible with domestic cheerfulness. When brought to bear upon general society, it is an effectual damper of the ease and comfort of the guests, and as completely destroys all pleasurable company as the acrimony of the Verjuices.

But by far the more frequent refuge of genuine ill-humour in high life is found in a pretence to sanctimonious rigour of exterior, in a scrupulosity of piety, which looks down on music, abhors dancing, and holds every idle word, or unquestioned thought, as a sin of the blackest dye. A watchful look-out after the soul’s health in others is the most plausible pretext imaginable for tormenting and harassing; and a zeal for religion affords the most decent excuse for every peevish inroad upon the cheerfulness of society. “*Que ferons-nous de nos domestiques ce carême?*” said a French female pietist to her friend; and the answer of the friend was, “*nous les ferons jeûner.*”

Too much of this ill-humoured spirit, it is to be feared, lurks at the bottom, not only of the domestic dulness of the over-righteous, but of our more public invasions of the Sunday hilarity of the lower orders. If we are indeed, as we pretend, the most religious people of Europe, it will be well if our piety be not found a consequence of our being, at the same time, the most ill-humoured. Certain it is, that whether we look into the parlour, the nursery, or the servants’ hall—whether we examine the dinner party, or the domestic circle—whether we follow the people into their interior, or accompany them to their public amusements, there is in England infinitely less cheerfulness, good-humour, and ease, in our social intercourse, than are displayed in that of any other branch of the European family.

LIBERALITY.

“Ces services que nous leur rendons sont, à proprement parler, un bien que nous faisons à nous mêmes par avance.”—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

THE selfish origin of our most generous affections is a proposition which, however revolting to human vanity, has found its



1-21-87.
Boston.

way into favour. Twist and turn the matter as we may, "to this conclusion must we come at last," that the benevolent man and the self-centred knave, both alike do that which (every thing considered) they like best, and, in so doing, only follow their own dispositions, and gratify themselves.

If there be any one who imagines that humanity gains by the attempt to add a cubit to this their moral stature, they are welcome to the error, and may bring their metaphysics to bear upon the point, in any way that gives them the most satisfaction. Their illusion, if it be one, is an amiable illusion, and, to say the worst of it, it can do no harm. But, whatever such persons may think of generosity in the abstract, and of the motives which govern the species at large, the hardest advocate for the divinity of human nature among them must admit that all is not gold that glitters, and that a great deal of the liberality which passes muster in the world is, at bottom, no better than it should be.

We English, in particular, set up large claims to this virtue, both in matters of opinion and of money; but, if the truth may be spoken without offence, no small part of it is pretty much of the same quality as that of the French bishop, of whom it was said, that "*il donnera plutôt un écu à une garce qu'un denier à un pauvre.*" In this our shop-keeping habits combine with a gentle leaning to hypocrisy, producing that curious moral entity, proverbially called "a generous church-warden," who keeps the silver and gold collected at the church door for himself, and gives the halfpence to the poor.

Of these, Heaven knows we have too many, in all ranks and conditions of society. Not exactly that they transfer the gold and silver directly from the plate to their breeches-pocket, so as to subject themselves to the animadversion of my lords the judges; but they do not the less cause those metals to find their way to the same destination, by certain roundabout by-paths, which, however devious their meanders, all arrive at the same identical duplicature of the nether integuments. With a somewhat similar spirit is distributed what is called justice; the law being nominally open to all, though in reality it is sold in the very teeth of the "*nulli vendemus*" clause of the great charter, and sold, too, at a higher rate than it may be purchased from the most rascally bashaw in Turkey. Any man, it is true, may sue in *formâ pauperis*, if it be possible that he who is so destitute as to come within the terms of the court's generosity could possess a right of any sort to defend: and there are plenty of briefless barristers who will liberally plead for the pauper client, in order to show their zeal and capacity for business to the attorneys. So, also, physicians and surgeons are eager candidates to do the very

laborious duties of a great hospital gratuitously, in order to make a connection ; and rising young apothecaries open domestic dispensaries, to “ try their ’prentice hand ” on the poor, and to get in with parish officers and good ladies, who sometimes take physic themselves. Truly, these are liberal professions !

Such persons, indeed, are by no means to blame in this matter ; nor do they often fail in exercising their functions with as much industry and humanity as is necessary to the establishment of a professional reputation. The national charity forces this duty on the profession, and its members must submit (however hard and unjust) to the necessity imposed upon them ; but the liberality, “ *de part et d’autre*,” does not the less enter into the general catalogue of fudges and humbugs.

The clergy, for their part, (all due allowance being made for honourable exceptions,) are not behindhand with their lay brethren in this species of generosity. They support all the charitable institutions that are patronized by their bishop, or recommended by the fashion of the day ; and, their predecessors having appropriated to themselves and to their successors for ever that portion of the ecclesiastical revenue which was originally destined to relieve the distresses of their parishioners, they are, doubtless, as a body sufficiently liberal with their “ farthings to the poor.” They subscribe, also, largely to all institutions calculated to uphold their political supremacy, and to make inroads on the Dissenters ; and to every public object by which they can prove their “ right thinkingness,” and their fitness for promotion.

The members of Parliament are, in their way, also, a most liberal body, and, on the eve of an election, subscribe handsomely to all the charities of the place they would represent. The sums of money they give to poor voters often almost ruin them ; and so truly charitable are they in these donations, that they take the utmost care that their left hand should not know what their right doeth ; for nothing would so much mortify them, as to have their liberality talked of in an election committee.

But to leave these somewhat invidious class-doings, and to come to something more sweeping and conclusive, the English are the only people on the face of the earth who publish their alms-giving in the newspapers, and advertize, to all whom it may or may not concern, the pounds sterling bestowed upon distressed widows, or the victims of calamitous fires ; just as if the founder of their religion had never directly forbidden such childish ostentation !

Next to the pleasure of seeing one’s name in the diurnal rubricks of opulence and piety, there is no self-seeking motive

that stimulates liberality more effectively than sheer gluttony. Whenever it suits a man's account to get up some new public charity, to manufacture some untried eleemosynary speculation, he has nothing better to do than to bait his trap with a dinner at the Freemasons', or the Crown and Anchor. The good Samaritans will be sure to flock in crowds, to pour oil and wine into—their own stomachs; and if, when "hot with the Tuscan grape," they bleed freely, their maudlin good-nature passes current for a charitable disposition, and they take free credit with Heaven for a pecuniary advance, the real motive of which is far less a sympathy with their fellow-creatures than an affection for calipash and cold punch.

This trap, however, is so far defective, that it embraces only one half of the creation. The fair sex are excluded from public dinners; and to draw in the ladies, it is necessary to have recourse to charity balls, benefit plays, and concerts. It is inconceivable how much is expended in this mock species of liberality, by which charity is served only in the smallest proportions. Fairly stated, the account would stand very nearly in this way :

	£	s.	d.
To a new dress for attending the charity . . .	10	10	0
To hair-dressing, ribbon, gloves, etc.	1	10	0
To musicians, lights, refreshments, etc., etc., etc.	0	10	6
To actual charity, (the ticket being £1 1s.) . . .	0	10	6
	<hr/>		
	£	13	1 0

"Oh! monstrous! but one halfpenny worth of bread to all this intolerable deal of sack." It is not to be denied that this expenditure is what is called "good for trade," (that is, it forces many to make large expenditures, which they cannot afford, and, therefore, to go in debt,) that it circulates a great deal of money, and sometimes cheats those into a little charity who would not bestow a farthing on the poor for their own sake; but, then, let it not be placed to the score of national liberality, and blazoned in the eyes of Europe as a proof of the superior benevolence of the people.

But false and fictitious as such pretensions to charity may be, they are milk and honey when compared with another species of liberality, exclusively English, in which proselytism "gives ere charity begins." These only set forth acts as virtues which are purely indifferent; but sectarian liberality is a wolf in sheep's clothing, concealing, under the garb of benevolence, as much rancour and selfishness as can well enter into the heart of man. This malady in the moral constitution shows itself in the distribution of shillings and sermons, of trousers and tracts, of flannel and foolishness. In Ireland it extends its generosity to *educating*,

that is, frightening out of their religion the Catholic poor *vi et armis*, in separating parent and child, and in calumniating every scheme of instruction which respects liberty of conscience.

In England such conduct is but folly—in Ireland it arrives at the dignity of crime; for its aim is nothing less than universal supremacy. Proselyting liberality is marked by all the *patelinage* and prying curiosity of Jesuitism, by the Jesuit's love of domination, and by his wriggling insinuating modes of influence and persuasion. Under the notion of a regard for the spiritual welfare of the village, the Lady Bountifuls of this class become mistresses of all its secrets, and hold the strings of all its little intrigues. They thus gratify at the same time their love of scandal and their lust of power. They contrive to occupy a burthensome leisure, to banish the ennui of their splendid idleness, and they secure for themselves an imaginary place in Paradise, all for a few pounds sterling *per annum*. Leigh Hunt has somewhere called this procedure by the very appropriate appellation of other-worldliness, considering it as nothing better than what the doctors would call misplaced avarice, as a result of the same sordid selfishness which delights in a miserly accumulation of sublunary wealth.

Cobbet, too, has touched the point, in some one of his multitudinous writings, with his usual coarse acuteness. "When persons," he says, "are glutted with riches, when they are surfeited of all earthly pursuits, they are very apt to begin to think of the next world; and the moment they begin to think of that they begin to look over the account they shall have to present. Hence the far greater number of what are called 'charities.'"

Combining a donation for God's sake with the conversion of a stray sheep, is clearly killing two birds with one stone, and is a more economical investment on *post-obit* security than that which looks only to the temporal wants of a fellow-creature.

Where religious charity ends, political charity begins, which is a bird pretty much of the same feather. In its worst form, political charity goes directly to subdue the lower orders, and to keep them in chains; at best, it is but the movement of minds ashamed of the evils of bad government, but without the honesty or the energy requisite for rectifying the abuses out of which bad government arises. To legislate wisely and largely is troublesome, and it requires knowledge as well as virtue; but nothing is more amusing, easy, and flattering to self-love, than a round of impertinent interference with the domestic concerns of the lower orders, made in the awkward attempt to find palliatives for misrule, and to conciliate oppression and injustice with a wholesome condition of the society in which they flourish.

The true spirit of this pettifogging and soup-shop liberality is evinced in the best eleemosynary articles which pass by the name of education. Small, indeed, are the gratuitous attempts to make the poor really wiser or better, to uphold that independence of spirit which is the root of all moral excellence, or even to facilitate the application of industry to the greatest supply of the animal and social wants. The education which directs the poor along the state highway to heaven, and makes them prostrate before their superiors, is bestowed in abundance; but that which would ameliorate their condition in this world is not only withheld, but is denounced as dangerous and treasonable. The education given about the time of the Reformation (if we may judge by its consequences) was infinitely more honest.

Amidst all the boasted liberality of the rich, and all their affected zeal for their dependents, they practise every art, legislative and administrative, to keep wages low, that is, to render the poor ignorant and wretched. "If," says Place, (1) "the rich will not submit to the slightest inconvenience necessarily attendant on what they profess to desire, they cannot be in earnest in their professions. Their benevolence to the poor must be either childish play or hypocrisy; it must be either to amuse themselves, or to pacify the minds of the common people with a mere show of attention to their wants. To wish to better the condition of the poor, by enabling them to command a greater quantity of the necessities and comforts of life, and then to complain of high wages, is the act of a silly boy, who gives his cake and then cries for it."

True liberality, the only liberality worthy of the name, is that which is founded in justice. The rest is but the benevolence of the hard-hearted creditor, who, having shut up his debtor between four walls, generously bestows on him the bread and water which saves him from starvation. But an enlarged liberality, dictated by pure philanthropy, answers not the purpose of politicians.

"Mere honest justice suits not with their zeal,
A warmer glow the sons of Plutus feel;
So tame, so flat a virtue feeds not pride,
Nor throws the ravish'd gate of heaven wide:
And, what's far worse, on earth it is no tool,
It wins not place, distinction, wealth, nor rule.
No; placed in leading-strings, the poor must know
Nor good nor ill, save as their teachers show,
Who make a despotism of heaven, to prove
That tyrants are a sort of earthly Jove;
And place a demon on the eternal throne,
To justify, by his defects, their own." (2)

(1) On Population.

(2) Unpublished Poem.

Nearly related to this religious and political liberality, and directed generally to the same ends, is the active, meddling, fussy, much-ado-about-nothingness, which displays itself in the superintendence of bazaars, the manufacture of pasteboard and paper ornaments, the netting of purses, and the fabric of baby-linen, to be sold for the benefit of some pet schoolhouse, or some fashionable charity. There is the same massacre of time, the same conceit, the same forcing into evidence in an interesting and becoming attitude, and the same interference with matters beyond the sphere and above the comprehension of the actors. There is, moreover, a very pretty commodity of coquetry and flirtation, which, to ladies who have passed Lord Byron's "certain time of life," is not without its interest.

If pity be akin to love, charity cannot be very distantly related to it; and, right or wrong, a woman is never so attractive as when her sympathies are warmly engaged, no matter for what. To those, even, with whom "Love's dream is o'er," there is no small triumph in a successful effort to wheedle large sums from the customer, and in making, by force of smiles and insinuations, some simpleton pay a guinea for a gewgaw not worth a shilling. The bazaar ladies, however high their birth and station, understand the tricks of trade as well as the professional higgler. God help any *poor* gentlefolks, whose evil destiny may lead them on a country visit to these rich inutility brokers! It were cheaper to dine at the Clarendon, or to sup at Crockford's.

Rich people have no notions of the value of money (especially ladies), nor can they enter into the wants of others, in which they do not themselves share. To say nothing of the bore of being hurried from the girls' school to the spinners and knitters, and from these to the lace-makers and the basket-weavers, you are compelled by common courtesy to buy stockings which you will never wear, to purchase baskets which you can never fill, and to give more for your lace than it would cost at Howell's and James's.

The fees to servants are hard enough in all conscience upon the humble friends of great families; but, when the mistress has her perquisites also, no limited purse can stand it. Dirty suspicions are hateful enough; and an honest man always thinks worse of himself when they cross his imagination; but it is difficult always to help thinking that some, at least, of these fancy dealers in charity count like the hackney-coachman, "one shilling for master, and two for myself."

In its direct influence on the poor, for whose presumed benefit such speculations are undertaken, this is indeed no laughing matter. It is incontestable that numbers of helpless girls, whose

industry was their only resource against want and infamy, are thrown out of employment by bazaars, repositories, and ladies' committee-shops, stocked by the strenuous idleness of amateur sempstresses, and embroiderers for the love of God. Many also are the tradesmen, who, having paid heavy rents and taxes, on the faith of public encouragement, find their counters deserted, in favour of the underselling charity shops, by the lovers of piety and great bargains, who flock in crowds to purchase for the conversion of Jews and Hindoos, or to speed the missionary "from Indus to the pole."

The quantity of labour which the public can feed is a fixed datum, and not a farthing can be bestowed on the knickknacks of lady workmanship, without throwing some one out of employment; but when the works offered for sale are objects of utility—shirts, caps, dressing-gowns, etc., — the collision with pauper industry is still more direct and mischievous. This reflection may be below the consideration of those superlatively good people, who consider the poor less as objects of sympathy than as the instruments for working out their own proper salvation; but to such as can feel for a fellow man, and who would scarcely purchase heaven itself at the price of human suffering, the fact is important.

That there is much genuine charity in England, it would be folly to deny. A population so abounding in wealth cannot but be more indifferent to small sums than communities, which are less at their ease. The middle classes (which in all countries are the most charitable, because they are placed sufficiently near to poverty to understand and feel for its distresses, while they possess the pecuniary means of some indulgence of benevolent feeling,) are moreover, in England, a numerous and thriving portion of the population. Their virtue, besides, is fostered by the public spirit which the popular forms of the British constitution necessarily develop; and the very fact of an inordinate pretence to eleemosynary munificence tends to increase the actual practice of an unselfish charity.

But from this pure and unmixed benevolence, a very large discount must be taken; for much credit should not be given for the easy virtue of parting with superfluous coin, when the act is not accompanied by a corresponding liberality of opinion. As long as there is little that is generous and enlarged in the mind, pecuniary largess can be justly regarded but as a monkish virtue. When we find the same people, who rushed forward to subscribe three hundred thousand pounds for the relief of the starving Irish, perpetuating the causes of the distress which their charity alleviates, by upholding successive Irish administrations in every

species of misrule and oppression—admiration becomes converted almost into disgust, at the obvious inconsistency.

One knows not also whether to smile or to weep over that animal instinct of compassion, which responds to the spectacle of physical suffering, while it coolly consigns a fellow-creature to eternal misery for a slight difference of creed, and then strips him of his civil rights on the strength of this inconsiderate condemnation. (1)

There is likewise among the upper classes a haughty insolence and contempt of the people, which detracts from the merit of their compassion, as being utterly inconsistent with a liberal mind, and as, in reality, producing an infinity of misery, for which their bounty (were they to give their whole estates to the poor) would be but a small compensation. There is little intrinsic difference between the Blunts, who “damn the poor,” because “Heaven cannot love the wretch it starves,” and the charitable great, who found almshouses, yet grind the labourer wholesale by oppressive and monopolizing laws.

“To be liberal in money,” says an author of much originality, “deserves little praise, compared with liberality of sentiment; the one frequently arises from ostentation and vanity—the other can only be the result of a cultivated mind and a generous heart: for it respects the feelings, prejudices, and sufferings of others; it pays many debts which are not strictly obligations of justice; it supplies the defects of law; and where all other motives cease to operate, liberality enjoins purity in our own conduct, and that candid interpretation in other men’s, which, more than all our virtues, tends to sweeten and adorn society.” (2)

In this liberality the English nation as yet has made little progress; the insular situation of the people, and their tradesman’s habits, are both against it; but the greatest obstacle to the development of this virtue lies in the corrupt and exclusive character, which has grown upon their political institutions. From the combination of these causes, there is little expansive in the thoughts, feelings, or habits of the genuine John Bull. We are not only damnatory in our religion, but are continually splitting into categories and predicaments, and shutting ourselves up in clubs and *coteries*, on all manner of pretences. Each of these

(1) The passing of the Catholic Relief Bill might have become a means of abating this national bigotry, but bigotry has only shifted its ground. It is still found convenient to exploit the religious ill-temper of England, and to make the habits of superstitious fear, too deeply rooted in the national character, the ready instrument of political humbug.

(2) “Materials for Thinking,” by W. Burdon. Vol. i. The scope of this paper, it is hoped, will not be taken as a breach of such “candid interpretation.” It attacks vices in categories, not in persons.

looks on the rest of the species as knaves or fools, if not as heretics and idolaters. The persecutions of fashion, if milder in degree, are not less narrow and bigoted than those of divinity; and the Lady Patronesses of Almack's black-beaned the deficient in *bon ton*, exactly on the same principle on which orator Irving sent poets and reviewers to the regions of weeping and gnashing of teeth.

In a similar spirit, corporations protect themselves and their apprentices from rivalry. The Clapham householders too, who keep their carriages, refuse to fraternize with those of their neighbours who travel daily "from the Bank" in the stage-coach or the omnibus. Mrs. Grundy, who inhabits a "genteel apartment," maintains her superiority over Mrs. Soapsuds, who is so very "low" as to keep a shop. With equal liberality the officer of cavalry looks down on the captain of a marching regiment; and he of the line pays off the account, by a corresponding disdain of the commander of militia-men.

To the same narrow-mindedness belongs the rigorous exclusion of strangers from public libraries, or the inconvenient and jealous terms on which they are admitted. We trace it also in the fees exacted on the visitors of public buildings and collections, and it reigns paramount over the sporting grounds of country squires.

There is not the slightest grain of liberality in the insolence, coldness, and paltry suspicion, with which a true Bull treats all foreigners, but such as come over to sing for his amusement, or are marked with that seal of all merit, a feudal title. There is not a spark of true generosity in the base envy and remorseless sarcasm with which too many Englishmen regard the rising prosperity of our brethren in the United States.

These, and a thousand other similar traits of character, prove that the nation has yet many steps to make, before it escapes from barbarism. "To acquire sentiments of liberality is not the work of a day nor a month, but of years; they are, generally, the fruit of early instruction; for those opinions which we acquire in our youth make the deepest impression, and are longest retained." (1)

It may be doubted whether liberality is not, in some degree, even an affair of temperament, and whether there are not minds which no education could expand; but the liberality of nations is certainly the slow growth of combined prosperity and education; and, as it is the fruit, so it is the test of civilization. The multitudes of vulgar-minded Englishmen, who flocked to the Continent after the general peace, betrayed the secret of our weakness in this point to foreigners, and forfeited much of the high character which our public acts and commercial integrity had won for the

nation. The imputed generosity of Englishmen, which caused their simplest gentlemen to be esteemed above the princes of other countries, has been effaced from the imaginations of our neighbours, not more by the petty haggling and chicanery in the settling of tradesmen's bills, than by our illiberal and insulting views of the institutions and habits of the natives at large. The fear of being cheated has made our travellers little better than cheats themselves; but the aristocratic morgue, the running after great men, and the Protestant bigotry of the majority of the "English abroad," have gone further still to abate that admiration which the valour, resources, and power of the nation had inspired, at the successful termination of a war unparalleled in history.

Now all this, though strictly true, is not the less atheism, jacobinism, radicalism, and every other *ism*, rheumatism included; yet it is not the fault of the writer, more than it is of the actors of such things, that the English are a nation of shopkeepers; or that aristocracy in the constitution, and ascendancy in religion, bequeathed to us by generations less enlightened than our own, have done our natural disposition so much mischief.

If these things are hinted to our beloved countrymen, it is in the strictest confidence, and should go no further; still less would we be willingly suspected of the desire to reform. It is not asked, that Englishmen should practise all the virtues they profess; but it might be as well, if they rendered their little peccadilloes less salient, by abstaining from such very barefaced boasting—and if, when they are disposed to amuse themselves by lauding the liberality of their own opinions, and the generosity of their own dealings, either at home or abroad, they confide these overflowings of the heart to the family circle, or to some confidant more discreet than the reeds of Midas's barber.

LUXURIES AND NECESSARIES.

"En fait d'inutilités, il ne faut que le nécessaire."—CHAMFORT.

LUXURY is a very ambiguous term, a thing of circumstance, equally puzzling to moralists, legislators, and political economists;—an eel, no sooner grasped than gone, a chameleon, changing its hue in every different aspect. Like the *ignis fatuus*, it is here, and there, and every where, except precisely the spot to which it has been hunted down and followed.

In Ireland, the accompaniment of salt to a potato is a luxury, not always within the reach of the industrious. Among the Cossacks, a clean shirt is more than a luxury—it is an effeminacy; and a Scotch nobleman is reported to have declared, that scratch-

ing one's self is a luxury too great for any thing under royalty ! The Russians, it should seem, (there is no disputing tastes,) hold train oil to be a prime luxury, and they prefer a tallow candle to white bait.

A group of the autocrat's lieges were once seen following an exciseman, on the quays of Dover, to plunder the oil-casks. as they were successively opened for that functionary's mystical operations: so, too, a poor Finland woman, who, for her sins, had married an Englishman, and followed him to his native country, was very glad to avail herself of her husband's death to leave a land, where the people were so miserably off as to be without a regular supply of seal's flesh for their daily dinner. Her affection for him had long balanced her hankering after this native luxury ; but no sooner was he removed, than her lawyer-like attachment for the *seals* resumed its pristine force, and, like Proteus released from his chains, (1) she abandoned civilized life, and all its blandishments, to get back to her favourite shores, and " the meat she delighted to feed upon."

" If I were rich," said a farmer's labouring boy, " I would eat fat pudding, and ride all day on a gate." This was his highest idea of luxury ; and, small as his imaginative powers may appear, the luxuries of many of the great are not less strange or monotonous. Fat pudding is, at least, as good as overkept venison ; and as for riding all day on a gate, it is, out of all doubt, as amusing as riding from London to York against time, or walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours.

It is, however, less the quality of the indulgence than its extent, that forms the debateable ground of discussion. It is not so much whether the thing be in itself fitted to give pleasure, as whether, being agreeable, the indulgence be, or be not, fit and lawful. Diogenes, who prided himself on cutting his coat according to his cloth, and thought himself a greater man in proportion to the privations to which he submitted, placed his luxuries in idleness and sunshine—just as our modern Gnathos do in " any *given* quantity of claret"—because it costs nothing ; and he seems to have relished these enjoyments with as much sensuality as Plato did his fine house and his delicate fare. Alexander, however, who had something else to do with his time, probably thought this basking in the sun a very luxurious extravagance.

It is recorded of the same philosopher, that seeing some one drink from the hollowed palm of his hand, he threw away his cup as a luxurious superfluity ; but even in this he did not carry his definition of luxury so far as those sectarians, who have prevailed in almost all religious communities, and who, believing that the

(1) Πρωτεύς Φάκας, καὶ Θέως ἀν, ἐπέμε.—Theophrastus.

Deity created man for the express purpose of inflicting on him every species of torture, have inveighed against the most innocent gratifications, and have termed every thing that administers to the senses a luxury. These theologians will not allow a man to eat his breakfast with a relish; but impute it as a vice if he smacks his lips, though it be but after a draught of water. Nay, some there have been who have thought good roots and Adam's ale too great luxuries for a Christian, and they have, "of malice aforethought," ill cooked their vegetables, and mixed them with ashes (or even more disgusting condiments), to mortify the flesh, as they called it, *i. e.*, to offer a sacrifice of their natural feelings to the dæmon which they have mistaken for their god.

"They manage these things much better" among the saints of our latter times, who by no means put the creature comforts under a ban, whatever objections they may entertain against the luxury of a dance, or of a laugh at Liston. The orthodox clergy, who give a more liberal construction to things, and deem few articles luxuries, for which they can afford payment, consider port wine, roast beef, and plum pudding, as mere necessities of life; nay, there are those who hint that these articles of religion are the things really understood to be in jeopardy, whenever the University of Oxford, and other true Protestants, sound the alarm, that the church is in danger.

A certain king having told a bishop reproachfully that the apostles did not ride in coaches, the prelate replied (making a small hole in chronology), "True, sire, but that was in the time of the shepherd kings." Other times, other opinions, and it would certainly be false logic to pin the right reverend barons of the upper house down to the letter of St. Paul, and to christen the necessary splendour of the modern church by the odious appellation of luxury.

Whatever may be the notions of luxury entertained by the anchoret, or the Protestant pluralist, whatever may be their differences in the application of the term, they both agree as to its being essentially wrong; and they uniformly apply the epithet to the habits of their neighbours in the worst sense, as a thing to be reprobated, "be the same," (as the lawyers say,) "more or less." Not so the political economists, who being mostly either atheists, or, what is worse still, dissenters, stoutly maintain that luxury is not a thing *malum in se*; that consumption (thereby meaning enjoyment) is the great business of human life; and that whatever a man vehemently desires is to him a necessary, and is dangerous only in the use, when the indulgence is purchased at the price of an ultimate superior gratification.

Between these extremes there is an infinite variety of middle

terms, in which different individuals take their stand; insomuch, that there are scarcely any two persons who unite in their classification of the things which are necessary, and those which are luxurious. This is one of the points on which the French and English disagree, *toto cælo* : the French utterly despising many indulgences which we consider as first necessities. and esteeming as necessities many things which we deem superfluous. This leading difference gives a decided bias to the industry and ingenuity of the respective populations. We have the authority of our nurses for declaring, that the French invented ruffles (lace and cambric), and that the English superadded the shirt; as also that the English improved on the feather, by appending to it the hat. Many old ladies, of much higher intellectual pretensions than the honest women from whom we derive these facts, assign this difference as the reason why the artists of Paris are expert in gilding and gewgaws, without being able to construct a lock of any cunning for their doors, or a fastening for their windows, fit to be seen in a Christian country.—*Vide* the “Loyal English Tourists,” *passim*.

Of these things no reasonable man will doubt. “*Un homme de bon sens croit toujours ce qu'on lui dit, et qu'il trouve par écrit;*”(1) but it must not, on that account, be set down as a reproach against our excellent neighbours and “natural enemies;” for, as Voltaire has justly remarked, the superfluous is a most necessary consideration,(2) and its cultivation is the very test and criterion of civilization. It is, therefore, a great consolation to know, that the English are making rapid strides to overtake the Parisians, and are growing as expert at superfluities as the most refined Frenchman can be, for the soul of him.

Since the general peace, the Englishman's ideas on this subject have been marvellously enlarged; and they have arranged a long catalogue of articles as primary necessities, which their more modest ancestors ranked as luxuries, fit only for sybarites, or *des marquis à talons rouges*. This should be a matter of sincere rejoicing to all true patriots. *Venimus ad summam fortunæ*; and Birmingham is as great in buhl as in steam-engines, in false jewellery as in counterfeit halfpence!

A civilized gentleman differs from a savage principally in the multiplicity of his wants; and Mandeville has proved, in his “Fable of the Bees,” that extravagance is the nursing mother of commerce, just as the enormity of the national debt proves the national prosperity. What, indeed, are railroads and macadamisation, man-traps that break no bones, patent corkscrews, and detonating fowling-pieces, safety coaches, and cork legs, but

(1) Rabelais.

(2) “Le superflu, chose très nécessaire.”

luxuries at which the wisdom of our ancestors would have scoffed; yet how could the nation now get on without them?

It is perfectly true, that our "Henrys and Edwards" contrived to beat their enemies unassisted by such inventions; but so they did, without Protestant ascendancy, an article confessedly of primary necessity. Books, too, which were a luxury almost unknown in former times, are now so indispensable, that there is hardly a mechanic who has not his little library; while a piano-forte has become as necessary to a farmhouse as a mangle or a frying-pan; and there are actually more copies printed of "Cherry ripe," than of "Tull's Husbandry." Is not a silver fork also characteristic of a civilized establishment? and is not a Mussulman, who dispenses both with knife and fork, a barbarian and a savage?

It is no answer to this remark that the Turk, though as yet but a dabbler in European refinements, is luxurious in the number of wives he thinks necessary to a decent *ménage*, while the Englishman finds one to be more than essential to enjoyment. The difference is rather formal than real; for if the European stints himself most stoically in the article of wives, taking only one (of his own) at a time, he finds ample compensation for the self-denial in the liberties he takes with the wives of his neighbours.

Henri IV., of France, had but one coach between himself and his queen; whereas, in these our happier days, no respectable couple can dispense with separate conveyances; besides a travelling chariot, a barouche, a cab, and a dennet, at the very least; to which, if they be at their ease, they must add a pony phaeton, and a state chariot for court.

Within the memory of the present generation, the necessities of the table have received a notable increase. Champagne and ices are no longer the luxuries of the aristocrat, but have taken their places at the tables of the middle classes, as the indispensable complements of a family dinner; and they figure in establishments, in which a bottle of humble port, and a supernumerary pudding, were formerly esteemed luxuries fit only for honouring the more solemn rites of festival hospitality.

A cigar and a meerschaum, again, are necessary to the existence of a well-appointed man of fashion; and a gentleman cannot possibly show at Melton, without a dozen hunters, and two or three hacks, to ride to cover.

No one in his senses would tax these things as luxuries, or would blame a friend for getting into the King's Bench, in order to obtain them. Even the jugs of the land, "those sage grave men," and numerous juries of tradesmen, have borne ample testimony to the reasonableness of indulging in such indispen-

sable wants of life, by the large measure they have given to the term "necessaries," in their verdicts between extortionate creditors and guardians litigating in behalf of the minors their wards.

Some one has found, or invented, a story of a shipwrecked traveller hailing a gallows as a sure token of a civilized community; and, in a certain sense, this may be the case, else why should moral England have remained so long the hanging nation *par excellence*? Still there is a better criterion, a more genuine and indisputable test of polity, to be found in a well-contrived system of insolvent laws, which succeeds perfectly in discharging a maximum of debts with a minimum of assets, "*citò, tutò et jucundè*." When luxuries become necessities, insolvency is the best safety-valve to discharge the surplus dishonesty of the people. It is much better that a gentleman should thus annually get rid of his duns with the smallest possible quantity of corporeal inconvenience, than that he should be driven to seek his freedom on the king's highway, or commit Nature's great act of bankruptcy, by paying her debt, and all others at the same time, with the trigger of his own pistol.

From these considerations it is clear that luxury is at once the cause and the exponent of civilization; that the more a man consumes, the more he is a man; and that the affixing a subaudition of reprobation in the application of the term is not only a *petitio principii*, but a downright calumny.

But though necessity be a conventional idea that expands and contracts with circumstances, (like the tent in the Arabian Tales, which, when folded, would lie in the hand, and, when opened, would shelter an army,) still the thing has its limits, determined by the physical capabilities of the animal. There is a point at which the inconvenience of superfluities so far exceeds their utility, that luxury becomes converted into a perfect nuisance. The most splendid feast that ever a corporator sat before would be nothing but an annoyance to the guest whose stomach is already overladen with food; and the Roman invention of emetics never took root among even the most extravagant nations. The most enlarged experience shows, that it is utterly impossible to add one more superfluous meal to those already established by universal usage; and many are the victims who have paid with their lives in a fit of apoplexy, for their persevering zeal to enlarge the necessities of the stomach.

In dress, also, the muscular force of the body sets bounds to superfluity of decoration. Ear-rings must not be too heavy to be carried, nor can a bracelet, by its size, be suffered to impede the motion of the arm between the plate and the mouth. "Barbaric pomp and gold" is an imposing spectacle, but a medallion as

large and as cumbrous as a shield, appended to a lady's bosom, would be any thing but a luxury. So, in the other extreme, a watch should not be so small as to render the dial-plate illegible, nor should a shoe be so tight as to lame the wearer for life.

Beauty, it has been said, should rise above such considerations; for there are resources in vanity that will reconcile man, and woman too, to martyrdom. But these should not be exhausted wantonly; and, in the search after gratification, as in economy, it is ill policy to light the candle at both ends. The true philosopher extracts the greatest good from all things: fools alone, as Horace has it, run into one vice in trying to avoid the other. In superfluities, as in every thing else, a wise man will confine himself (in the words of the motto) to what is necessary; and reserve alike his purse and his person for other occasions of enjoyment, which will never be wanting, while there is wealth to stimulate industry, and imagination to diversify convenience.

There is one point of luxury on which modern caprice has passed the bounds of enjoyment, and that is, in the vast increase of superfluities which, of late years, have become primary necessities in a well furnished house. Here, for the nonce, is a revolution, indeed!—a revolution more formidable than the French emancipation from slavery and wooden shoes, or the reform in Parliament itself! We, most of us, remember the time when one tea-table, two or three card-tables, a pier-glass, a small detachment of chairs, with two armed corporals to command them, a square piece of carpet in the middle of the room, and two or three narrow strips of stuff or of silk for curtains, pulled up and down with a cord like the green siparium of a theatre, made a very decent display in the drawing (or as it was then preposterously called the dining) room. As yet rugs for the hearth were not, and twice a-day did Betty go upon her knees to scour the naked marble slab.

In the bed-rooms of those days a paltry slip of carpet round the bed was the maximum of woollen integument allowed to the floor, for protecting the feet of the midnight wanderer from his couch. Multiplied vases for ablution were unknown, and mahogany boot-jacks unthought of. Psyches were not introduced to the "lady's chamber," much less to the dressing-room of the beau. The staircase was not thoroughly covered with the richest products of the loom, and flowing draperies before the doors were not deemed necessary "to expel the winter's flaw." No golden serpents then twisted their voluminous length across the entire wall of the room, nor did richly-carved cods' heads and shoulders (under the denomination of dolphins), or glittering spread eagles, with a brass ring in their mouths, support fenestral decorations,

rivalling the display of a Waterloo-House vender of printed calicoes.

Thus far the change is, I admit, an improvement. Nay, ladders to go to bed with may be tolerated; though many a man has broken his shins against them in the dark. Neither is it wise to object to sofas and ottomans in any reasonable proportion; but the most liberal may protest, and that in the strongest terms, against such a multiplication and variety of easy chairs, as effectually exclude the possibility of easy sitting; and against that overweening increase of spider tables, which interferes with rectilinear progression.

A harp, mounted on a sprawling sounding-board, (although it be a stumbling-block to the feet of the short-sighted,) must be considered as an absolute necessary; and a piano-forte resembling a coffin should occupy the centre of the smallest possible drawing-room; "the court awards it, and the law doth give it"—but why multiply foot-stools, till there is no taking a step in safety? An Indian cabinet, also, or a *buhl armoire*, are either, or both of them, fit and becoming; but it cannot be right to make a broker's shop of your best apartment.

A library table that might dine a dozen of guests, with an inkstand as large as a pastrycook's show twelfth cake, are just and lawful. A machine like a dumb-waiter to hold Walter Scott's novels, or a cabinet edition of French, English, and Italian poets, is a *sine qua non*. Ditto, an ornamental escrutoire; and a *necessaire* for needlework is, (if there be meaning in language,) perfectly necessary. These, with an adequate contingent of musical snuff-boxes, *or-molu* clocks, Chinese beakers, porcelain figures, alabaster vases, flower-pots, *pots pourris*, stuffed birds and butterflies, and a discreet superfluity of cut-paper nondescripts, screens, albums, toys, prints, caricatures, novels, souvenirs, and illuminated folios, must be allowed to the taste and refinement of the times. But surely some space should be left for depositing a coffee-cup, or placing aside a useful volume, when the hand may require to be relieved from its weight, or when it may be desirable to take a pinch of snuff, or agreeable to wipe one's forehead. Josses and torsos have the *entrée* into a genteel apartment, but they are not entitled to a monopoly of the space; nor are Roman antiquities, or the statues even of Chantrey or of Canova themselves, to be justified in usurping the elbow-room of living men and women.

Most unfortunately for the peace of mind of mankind, there are too many husbands, who, with houses of the smallest possible dimensions, possess wives of the most enlarged taste; and the disproportion between these domestic blessings is so great, that

the owners cannot move without the risk of a heavy pecuniary loss from breakage, and the heavier personal infliction of perpetual imputations of awkwardness. It is no easy matter to put on a smiling countenance, whenever a friend, accustomed to some reasonable latitude of motion, runs his devastating chair against a high-priced work of art, or overturns a table laden with "an infinite thing," in costly *bijouterie*.

It is becoming daily more indispensable to make it a point with one's wife to exclude from her visiting-list ladies who pay their morning calls with a retinue of spoiled children; but the rule cannot always be observed; and one urchin with his whip will destroy more in half an hour than the worth of a month's average domestic expenditure. Oh! how hateful are the little fidgeting, fingering, dislocating imps! A bull in a china-shop is innocuous, to the most orderly and amenable of them.

The general merit of knickknacks is unquestionable. Ornaments surely are ornamental; and works of art afford amusement of the highest order. But then perfection is every thing in them; and a crack or a flaw destroys all the pleasures of an intelligent beholder. Yet how few are the collectors, exposed to these visitations, who have a statue with all its members, a Chelsea-china shepherdess with her full complement of fingers, a vase with both its handles, a snuff-box that performs its waltz, or a volume of prints that is not dogs-eared, stained, and ink-spotted! These are serious evils; but they are among the lightest which flow from the *aliquid plus quam satis est* of decoration.

Perpend the matter well, reader; bear it ever in mind, that houses are made to live in, and not for museums; set the toyman at defiance; kept *vertu* at arm's length; and, in matters of superfluity, let nothing tempt you to exceed what is strictly necessary.

ANECDOTES AND CONVERSATIONS

OF

THE REV. THOMAS BOTHERUM, S.T.P.,

ARCHDEACON OF LEATHERHEAD, RECTOR OF BRAINTOWN PARVA,
cum MUCKLE PUDDING, F.S.A., ETC., ETC., ETC.

"Così s'en vanno l'arti, ed i magisteri,
Tutti in rovina, e non è chi sollevi,
Chiario ingegno, di cui fama si sperì."—ARIOSTO. SATIRE.

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis."—HOR.

It is now many years since I first promised myself the pleasure of committing to paper those passages of the life of an ever-to-be-



MR. PAUL T. SIDNEY

lamented friend, which came within my own notice, and of preserving for posterity a slight sketch of the domestic habits and table conversations of a great man. But procrastination (it has been well observed) is the thief of time; and the numerous memoranda I collected, in those happy days in which he was yet amongst us, still lay untouched in the drawers of my bureau.

I take shame to myself for this neglect; and the more so, when I reflect that, in the present degenerate times, in which steam-engines have taken precedence of classical lore, and "rude unwashed mechanicals" hold their heads above the doctors of our universities, the reverence for illustrious public characters has so much diminished. If "a great man's memory may outlive his life," it certainly is not now by "building churches," no, nor by adorning them either, that he will reach posterity. "*Virtus laudatur et alget*," principle is disregarded, and Popery and Dissent overspread the land.

At the eleventh hour, therefore, I take up my pen; and while every paltry playwright and actor is permitted to thrust forward his two octavo volumes of presumptuous auto-biography, I shall, ere I descend to the grave, consign to the press a precious record of the *gesta et dicta* of Archdeacon Botherum, leaving behind me, for the benefit of my children, a monument of that intercourse, which, like the friendship of Sir Philip Sydney, may be a boast and an ornament to the end of time.

Thomas Botherum was, as he himself assured me, the son of an honest but small farmer, residing in Cumberland, near to the borders of Scotland. His father had been deeply implicated in "the 45," and never, to his dying day, totally abandoned all hope of the good cause. It was a boast in the family that his house was for years a principal link in the chain of communication between the Pretender and his friends in the north.

Having a numerous offspring, he determined to bring one son, at least, up to the church; and Thomas being a child of grave habits, regular in his devotional responses, from the time he could first read, and moreover of a sickly habit, and unfit for farming-work, he was selected to study at an endowed grammar-school in an adjoining county, famous as the sucking mother of many illustrious churchmen.

Here, under the instruction of an able divine, he laid the foundation of that profound erudition, which afterwards raised him to such enviable distinction. "I was not," he was wont to say, modestly, "a lad of precocious parts, and am indebted, for any little fame I may have acquired, to the assiduity of the doctor's right arm. I never knew an eminent man in the university, who had not been bred at a flogging school."

From this seat of discipline, in due time, he moved to Cambridge, where he was principally noted, as I have learned from more than one contemporary, for his persevering industry, his blue woollen hose, (knitted by his mother,) by his peculiarly broad Cumberland accent, (which a long intercourse with the world never totally obliterated,) and for a sly practise of stealing into the fields towards sun-set, to shoot partridges, after the manner of our ancestors, on the ground.

He mixed very little with his fellow-students, read hard, and gained no prizes, (never having, indeed, sat for any,) but took a good senior optime degree, which, in the fulness of time, led to a fellowship.

I was but seven years old, when the decease of old Zachary Bluebottle prepared the way for Archdeacon Botherum's (he was not then archdeacon) collation to the parish, in which my father had his habitual residence. The presentation to the living is in Saint John's College; and Botherum, who had already an eye to the mastership, accepted of this collegiate ostracism, I believe, with regret; but the income was considerable, the parishioners orthodox, and the doctor, with the characteristic shrewdness of the north, not insensible to the merits of a bird in the hand.

Still, however, when a man has been accustomed to be capped by sizers, and to have his jokes laughed at by complaisant fellow-commoners, the obscurity of a remote country village is any thing but flattering; and I fear the doctor was more pressed by the "*res angusta domi*" than by any decided preference, when he accepted the preferment. Botherum had likewise inveterate college habits, and was so unprepared for housekeeping, that, (as he used facetiously to repeat,) when he left the college gate, one fine summer's morning, to take possession, having four shirts, a pair of black cassimere small clothes, and a set of sermons strapped in a portmanteau behind the saddle of his dapple mare, he cried out to the dean, "*mea omnia mecum porto.*"

This dapple mare, by the by, was the identical subject of that excellent jest, the memory of which is not lost to this day in Cambridge. The doctor was in the habit of preaching half-guinea sermons for the incumbents of the parishes of the Isle of Ely, during their occasional absences from home; a practice not unusual among the poorer members of the university: and in the pride or the indolence of his heart, he had bought the animal to carry him on his Sunday expeditions. "Our master"—so the doctor often told me the story—"rated me for this extravagance, which (he said) was ill suited to the narrowness of my means." "*That,*" I replied, "was the very reason why I bought the animal, in obedience to the Horatian precept—*Æquam [equam]*

memento rebus in arduis." The combination-room re-echoed with laughter, and all St. John's rung with the joke during the remainder of that term.

The arrival of the new rector was a great event in our parish. A merry peal was sounded from the steeple; and it was upon this occurrence, that the curate, a Trinity man, and moreover about to lose the curacy, vented his spleen in a pun, which was afterwards embodied in a well-known Cambridge epigram:—for Squire Breakneck, happening to ride through the town at the moment, and asking what all that noise meant, (it being neither the anniversary, as he expressed himself, of the king's *ascension*, nor of the gunpowder plot,) the curate contemptuously replied, "they are only ringing a hog." (1)

My father, who was, like the rest of the parish, a zealous high churchman, and old-fashioned enough to fear God and honour his king, was not the last to call on his pastor; and, on the next Sunday after his arrival, our worthy rector gave his blessing to our plenteous table, where, ever afterwards, on the return of the Lord's day, he was a constant guest. On these occasions, "Church and King," it may be supposed, was never forgotten; and congeniality of opinion, not less than the substantial fare of our hospitable and truly English board, contributed to procure for the family the unceasing and affectionate friendship of this great, but humble-minded, man.

Even now, at the distance of nearly fifty years, I remember the consternation which his first visit occasioned in the nursery. No episcopal visitation of Horsley, or of Majendie, ever struck greater awe into the assembled curates. The authoritative tone of a voice long accustomed to command attention in the lecture-room, and the stern contraction of Botherum's bushy eyebrows, when patting us on the head, and asking each a question from the catechism, were almost too much for our tender nerves. Fortunately, we answered without much hesitation, or being very

(1) The members of St. John's College, Cambridge, are nicknamed "hogs." The epigram alluded to was made by the late Sir B. Harwood, on the knighting of Sir J. Pennington, Professor of Physic, and Harwood's mortal foe. It ran as follows:

"When the knight of St. John's from St. James's came down,
Ten bells were set ringing throughout the whole town:
A blue-stocking'd Sizer, alarm'd at the noise,
Ask'd one of the starve-gutted bedmaker's boys
What the cause of it was. 'What?' replied the arch dog,
'Why, there's always a noise when they're ringing a hog.'"

The biographer does not, however, mean to assert that Sir B. Harwood stole the jest. Great wits often jump; and he has no special reason for supposing that the curate's *bon-mot* had reached the ears of the facetious Professor of Anatomy. This observation is due to justice.

wide of the mark; and he called us good children. Turning to my father, he continued, with much complacency, "Mr. Tomlins, you have made a great way in my esteem. Parents are too apt to neglect the timely inculcation of a prejudice in favour of the church's dogmas into the infant mind. He who fails to sow the seeds of orthodoxy early in the spring, will be sure to reap in the autumn a harvest of sectarianism and indifference."

The doctor, I have said, brought into rural life many college habits. He had, among others, no objection to a glass of good port; and, though he never disgraced the cloth by a positive unsteadiness either of head or foot, yet sometimes, "*indulgens genio*," he would in safe society, and among men of sound principles, take a cheerful glass, and then it was that he would open the storehouse of his erudition, pouring forth ample quotations from Longus or Tertullian, Tryphiodorus or Origen, St. Chrysostom (whose verses he greatly praised) or Dr. Sacheverel; now and then cracking a merry jest from Aristophanes, to the great delight of the country squires, who were wont to declare that since Latin was no longer quoted in sermons, they did not wonder at the increase of sectarians; and that the Archdeacon's Greek did them good to hear, though they did not understand a word of it. I must do his good-nature the justice to add, that he never spared to translate, when properly requested,—that is, if the passage had nothing indelicate in it. True genius is ever condescending!

The Archdeacon, who justly thought that there is a time for all things, and that too much severity is a misprision of Presbyterianism, was fond of a game at backgammon. He wrote a treatise to prove that this was the game invented by Palamedes, and not chess; averring that, in his own person, it had often made him forget his supper till it was quite cold. He confessed that he played, on an average, twelve hundred hits in a year; and so great was the hold the game had obtained over his imagination, that he not unfrequently illustrated his discourse by metaphors taken from its technicalities. I remember that, when he was once sorely pressed in an argument by a malignant, who had clearly proved an oversight in the military operations of the cabinet of the day, which might have ruined the campaign if properly taken advantage of, he triumphantly replied with a voice of thunder, "Like enough, sir; every body mistakes sometimes—*humanum est errare*—but, whatever you, sir, may think of the matter, a blot is no blot till it is hit:" the reply was unanswerable.

The Archdeacon's temper, like that of his father, was equable and bland. Two things alone were apt to disturb his equanimity; a Whig and a Papist. Hence he was puzzled what consideration

to give to the Scotch rebels. Though his father, as I have said, had been out in the rebellion, the son had so far submitted to the influence of Cambridge politics, as to have relaxed somewhat from the family jacobitism. The attachment of the Highlanders to the divine right of the Pretender he could not deny to have been commendable, but, then, that Pretender was a Papist, and the Pope was anti-Christ! I remember his telling me, in a confidential conversation, in which he opened his whole heart, that he never could altogether make up his mind concerning those “ἀπερίζωματοι politicians;” but, he added in a forgiving tone, “the breechless dogs loved their king after all.”

The Archdeacon, like many of the Cambridgemen of his day, was given to tobacco, and never said better things, than when he puffed care away after dinner. Had he lived to the present times, he would doubtless have delighted in the estimation which his favourite weed has attained; but he would not have encouraged the modern innovation of cigars. The true Virginia, as he himself used to say, “ascends into the brain,” and “favours contemplation;” whereas it is well known in both Universities, that the under-graduates who smoke cigars never trouble themselves to think at all; and if they are not always *plucked*, never get out of the ranks of the *οἱ πολλοί*.

Who knows but that this difference may be an instrument in the hands of Divine Providence for blinding the perverse people of South America, who have so long provoked its wrath by their idolatrous adherence to the “slough of a slavish superstition?”

My mother, who by long intercourse with the Archdeacon had ceased to hold him in that awe with which the other females of the parish were accustomed to regard him (so much does familiarity breed contempt), used often to lecture him for what she called his beastly habit of smoking before the women, and she once carried her vituperation so far (the clergyman of a neighbouring parish being present), that the doctor lost his temper, and replied with such caustic severity, that a shyness took place between them. After a long tirade, which reminded us of the sixth satire of Juvenal, he terminated by launching against her the following epigram:—

“Aspide quid pejus? tigris; quid tigride? dæmon;
Dæmone quid? mulier: quid muliere? nihil.”

Which being maliciously interpreted to my mother, she vowed that she would never forgive it.

For three Sundays, notwithstanding all my father’s authority, she sulked, and retired to her bedroom immediately after dinner. We were all sorry for the breach, and the doctor as much as any of us; but his clerical dignity would not suffer him to own himself in the wrong. At length, with much difficulty, we brought

my mother to apologize; and this she did with such a truly feminine resignation, that our friend gladly availed himself of the excuse to make his peace. It was on this event that she presented him with a silver tobacco-box, with his own portrait engraved on the lid, and a pipe in his mouth, to which I furnished the motto "*ex fumo dare lucem.*" The good man was highly pleased with the compliment, and gallantly saluting the back of her hand, he assured her he was well pleased so unpleasant a dispute should end in smoke. The next Sunday I remarked that he chose for his text the passage which declares, that the price of a good woman is above rubies.

In the summer of the year 1786, all the world, in our part of the country, went over to the county town to witness, what was then a novelty, the ascent of an air balloon. The Archdeacon, however, would not budge. At this time, the naturalists and chemists were beginning to take the lead over the mathematicians in the Royal Society, and the doctor, though not a fellow, was, as in duty bound, a staunch partizan of the supremacy of the mathematicians; and he accordingly regarded these exhibitions of modern science as nothing better than mere quackery. Besides, the invention was French; and he added, with his accustomed justice of reflection, "*timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*" When pressed to join a party from our village, he asked, "Where is the pleasure of seeing two fools setting Providence impiously at defiance?"—a remark I have frequently had occasion to recall.

Our village surgeon, whom the doctor particularly disliked, on account of his having studied at Edinburgh, and been intimate with Hume, presumed somewhat too jocosely to reply, "You are afraid lest they should get too near heaven, and discover how little you doctors of divinity know about the matter." I never saw our friend so seriously angry as then. Rebuking the surgeon for his levity and indifference to religion, which he said belonged to his cloth, he added with prophetic solemnity, "This reigning taste for experiment bodes no good: Franklin's rods, and his blasphemous boast of '*eripuit fulmen cælo,*' have deeply injured the world. Men no longer can say, '*cælo tonantem credimus.*' He who is over-solicitous concerning second causes, is but too apt to overlook the first."

For the rest of that evening he sat silent, nor did he ever afterwards hear balloons mentioned without launching forth some contemptuous sarcasm on the subject.

Another fashionable folly, which roused the indignation of the archdeacon, was the unlimited vogue of "Tristram Shandy." Sterne he personally disliked. "That fellow," he would say, "is a disgrace to the church; his religion is full of levity, and his

levity is not full of religion." The antithesis is striking. I have a paper in the doctor's hand-writing, containing many palpable instances of Sterne's plagiarism, though he never could be brought to own that he had read his works.

At the breaking out of the French revolution, the archdeacon, in common with all right-thinking men, was seriously alarmed, lest the principles of the people of England should be injured; and when Burke published his diatribe against that insane and atheistical ebullition of a stiff-necked generation, he made a journey to London, solely to see and converse with the author: availing himself of the opportunity to solicit the then vacant archdeaconry—an energy wonderful in a person of his years and infirmities.

Burke received him as he deserved, and invited him to Beaconsfield. Pitt was of the party, and port and politics were the order of the day. The port was as sound as the politics, and the politics as old as the port; so the doctor, we may be sure, enjoyed not a little this "feast of reason and flow of soul." Indeed the occurrences of that evening were a constant theme of conversation with him for the rest of his life.

Among the many anecdotes that he was in the habit of relating, apropos to this subject, I shall repeat only one or two. The French armies were at that time in rapid advance, and the funds were falling. Pitt, for once in his life, spoke despondingly, and Burke said something of the chivalry of stockjobbing being gone; but Botherum reminded the minister of the just confidence which a British premier ought ever to place in Divine Providence, which would not suffer a set of miscreants to prosper, who had not only killed their king, but had actually abolished tithes. A foreign ambassador, who was at table, whispered something about "*gros bataillons*," which the doctor was not Frenchman enough to understand, but which made Pitt smile. Botherum, however, was not discouraged, and, pledging the master of the house in a bumper, he thundered forth, with an air of inspiration,

Ω παιδες Ἑλλήνων, ἴτε, ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδα, etc.

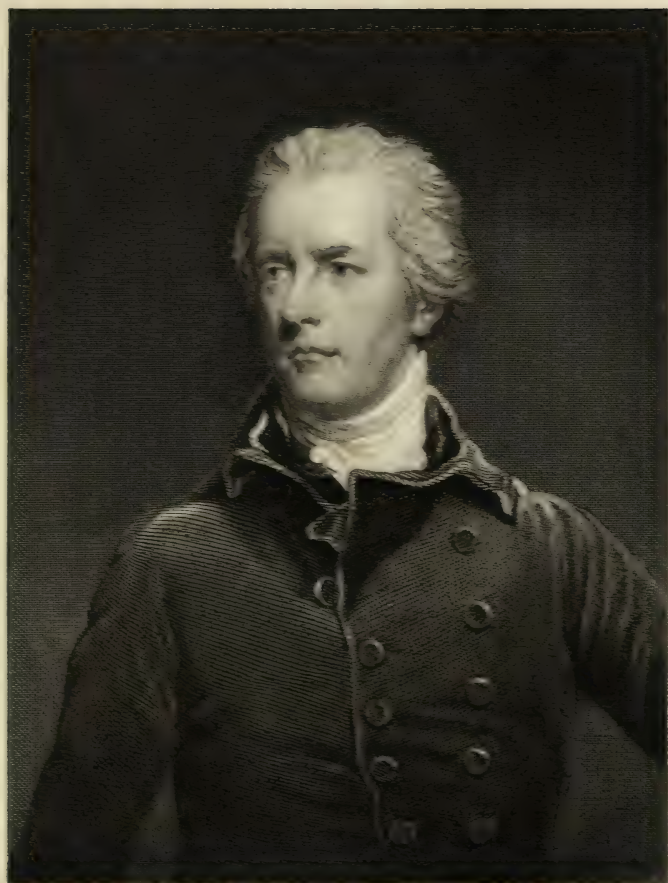
Pitt immediately rose from his seat, and, shaking him very heartily by the hand, replied, "With such right-thinking persons on our side, we are confident against the world in arms; and so, doctor, I hope for the honour of your vote at Cambridge on the approaching election." The doctor lamented that the distance of his living, and his advancing years, had prevented his voting the last time, but that, being now in London, he would certainly revisit Cambridge, expressly to vote. Pitt repeated the word "distance," and, significantly shaking his head, said, "*that* might be remedied ere long."

The conversation turning, during dinner, on taxation, Burke, I think it was, defended a lavish public expenditure, as the best encouragement to national industry; and many instances were adduced by the company in confirmation of the remark. "Still," said Dundas, holding his glass to the light, to look for the bee's wing, "it is a thousand pities, so it is, that such wine as this should be taxed, when a halfpenny a-pot on porter would raise a greater revenue." Pitt replied, that something now and then must be conceded to please the populace; but he added facetiously, that "he was sorry to lean so hard upon Harry's *prime article of consumption*;" "at which," said Botherum, "we all laughed very heartily; and I ventured to add, that the port, being under the protection of the church, ought to possess a privilege of exemption; and that I was sure Mr. Pitt was too high-minded to regard the *civium ardor prava jubentium*." A certain bishop, who was present, observed, that he did not see how the people were concerned with the matter—they have nothing to do with the taxes but to pay them. Botherum replied, "Very true, the imposition of taxes rests with the Chancellor of the Exchequer;" and, turning to Mr. Pitt, he quoted Virgil's "*hæ tibi erunt artes*," etc., and nothing could exceed the emphasis with which he ejaculated the "*tu regere imperio populos*." The bishop begged to drink wine with the doctor, and thus commenced a friendship, which only ended with the lives of the parties.

Three days after this visit, Dr. Botherum got his archdeaconry, and on his return home he wrote his famous pamphlet against Priestley, to show his gratitude to the administration. An angry and acrimonious polemical discussion was the consequence, in which there was no lack of abuse on either side; but the archdeacon used to say, that Priestley was not worth the powder and shot; "he is a shabby fellow, sir, and not orthodox even in vituperation." In his heart, however, he was far from despising his antagonist, and was even flattered by the idea that the controversy had been the remote cause of the destruction of Priestley's house; "though," he would add jocosely, "if the dog's own books were in his library, I am sorry for their fate—they should have been burnt by the public executioner."

While in London, Botherum was elected fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and put in his elaborate account of Braintown Parva; in which he proved it to have been a Roman station, and the site of a druidical college. On this occasion, he presented the society with three fragments of broken pottery and a pike-head, which he had himself dug from a barrow; and he received the thanks of that learned body.

About this time also the archdeacon supplied to Sylvanus Urban,



THE GENTLE MIND OF THE

J. P. A.

7.21.25.

Gent., an accurate description of the monumental inscriptions in Muckle Pudding churchyard, together with a picturesque view of the ruins of the chancel (Gent. Mag. V. ccccxiii), which, truth to tell, was drawn by the parish clerk, as was the fac-simile of a stone, bearing a Celtic record, written in the tree character. This latter drew upon the archdeacon an unpleasant controversy, for the surgeon before mentioned (probably out of pique in the matter of the balloon) privately conveyed intelligence to a rival antiquary, that what the doctor took for “*Divus Belus*” was merely the initials of a stonemason’s name (who was yet living in the memory of the older parishioners), turned upside down! (1)

Upon turning the stone (as the archdeacon would have it) topsy-turvy, or, as his opponent maintained, the right side upwards, there did certainly manifest itself a provoking resemblance to the Roman capitals and Arabic numerals, necessary to establish the hostile hypothesis, which caused the wicked wits of the day a horse-laugh at the doctor’s expense. But he made an excellent defence, and clearly proved that *his* inscription *ought* to have been erected in the very place where it was found; and strengthened his case with great erudition, by many pregnant analogies. In the appendix to this paper he gave an account of the bowl of a tobacco-pipe, found five and twenty feet below the surface of a peat-bog, in the neighbourhood of a Roman station; which distinctly proves that the Romans were in the habit of smoking, if not tobacco, at least some indigenous weed; a neglected verity, corroborated by many classical texts, especially by Virgil’s account of Cacus—

“*Ille autem*

*Faucibus ingentem fumum, mirabile dictu,
Evomit;*”

and by the satirists “*fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.*” The “*fumus et vapor Balnearum,*” also mentioned by Valerius Maximus, shows that smoking was among the luxuries of the bath; and Martial speaks of cigar-selling—“*vendere vanos circum Palatia fumos,*” as a common mode of getting bread.

I have little to add to what the world already knows concerning the doctor’s Greek translation of Chevy Chase, which drew upon him the ill-natured epithet of “seventh-form schoolboy” from Matthias, a reproach which he felt very keenly. Many wise and good men,” he remarked to me, with tears in his eyes, “had exercised themselves in Greek translations from the English poets, nor could he think it unworthy of a divine to write the language of the New Testament; but,” he added, with a tone of voice singularly awful, “the run which is made against Greek is part of

(1) This mistake is said also to have been made by an Irish antiquary.

the jacobinical conspiracy against social order, and it was inconsistent in Matthias thus to assist it. He who reviles learning wars with his superiors, and is wanting in that humility and prostration of intellect, without which there can be no true religion."

The archdeacon was among those who believed in the authenticity of Ireland's Shakspearian MSS., and, as he had been intimate with Dr. Farmer at Cambridge, and was an enthusiast in all that concerned the great poet, he could not bear with patience to be jeered on his mistake. "Sir," he would say, "if the play were not written by Shakspeare, it ought to have been, not indeed for the matter (though "Vortigern" is as good as "Titus Andronicus"), but on account of the evidence, which he who doubted might as well have doubted the thirty-nine articles."

Another point on which he was sore was Pitt's resignation about the Catholic question. He had never believed that statesman in earnest on the matter, and to the last declared his conduct on this occasion an hallucination wholly inexplicable.

Though he had given his support to the Addington administration, he could not but forgive his old favourite, as soon as he found him once more at the head of affairs. "*Nemo*," he said, "*nemo omnibus horis sapit*;" but in any other man the thing would have been unpardonable."

The archdeacon holding good preferment, it was often thought that he would marry; and when he new painted the parsonage-house, we all set it down that his friendship for a certain maiden lady would have terminated in a conjugal alliance. Whether through the doctor's fault, or the lady's, I could never learn, but the marriage did not take place. That he would have made a good family man, is barely possible. He was a professed misogamist, and never was at a loss for a quotation from Euripides, or a sly hit from Juvenal against the sex; from which I more than suspect he had in early life received a slight. "Sir," he would say, "there is one thing in which I think the Papists are right, and that is, in representing their good women without a head; a piece of humour in which, by the by, he rarely indulged before the ladies, so great was his sense of propriety.

Of the great men of his own times, Parr was the especial object of the archdeacon's dislike. He said he knew about as much of Greek as an Athenian blacksmith; (1) and that he was only not a Manichean, because he would not have acknowledged a good *principle* (punning on the word) if he had been acquainted with it. Porson, he said, was a set and a buffoon, and worse still—a whig; "but the scoundrel understood metres." With neither

(1) Said by Bentley of Anacreon Barnes.



Titus Andronicus.



5-6-96.
Baltimore.

of them would he condescend to be personally acquainted. His reviews of Gilbert Wakefield were models of causticity,—for the writings of this schismatic he treated with a memorable severity.

About the time when Sir S. Romilly was endeavouring to overturn our judicial institutions, the archdeacon preached his celebrated assize sermon before the judges. In this sermon he laid it down, that as Christianity is part of the law of the land, it must follow that the law of the land cannot be contradictory to Christianity, and consequently, that to alter the law is as bad as to alter the Gospel. He praised the wisdom of the Medes and Persians, and eulogized the then existing government, whose hostility to all amelioration was truly Asiatic.

For this sermon, which he printed with the motto of "*stare super vias antiquas*," he was so unmercifully handled by the opposition journals, that he once told me with great glee, "he was not without good hopes of being kicked into the prelacy." Whether this promotion was, indeed, contemplated, it is now hard to say; for death deprived the parish of Braintree Parva of its ornament, and the world of its luminary, somewhat suddenly, just as he was putting a finishing hand to his treatise, "*De inutilitatis Præstantiâ in Disciplinis Academicis*," in which he ably vindicated the British universities, and proved by the equation $a + b - x^a = 0$, that the whole genius and talent of the English country gentlemen were exclusively due to a discipline, that palpably refuted the maxim of "*non ex quovis ligno*."

Upon this point the archdeacon was urgent in season and out of season, and nothing vexed him more than to hear Cambridge called a Whig university. "No, sir," he would say, "Glasgow is a Whig university, Edinburgh is a Whig university, but an English university cannot be Whig, for it is essentially prelatial. Cambridge may be a shade less Tory than Oxford, but every day the distinction is wearing out (and he would add, with a deep expression of devotion and gratitude), I thank God for that."

It was with a view to strengthening the weak in this particular, that he wrote the treatise above mentioned. In the Scotch universities, he contended, where they taught the useful sciences, the pupils and professors were all democrats and infidels; whereas the more abstract pursuits of Oxford and Cambridge, having no bearing on every-day life, preserved a gentleman from low sympathies, and prevented convenient prejudices from being too closely examined by the students. The king, he justly observed, could make a peer of whom he pleased; but Oxford and Cambridge could alone form a truly aristocratic mind, and level genius to the senatorial calibre.

Thus did this truly great man die, as he had lived, the steady and able advocate of the wisdom of our ancestors—the studious cultivator of all those inapplicable sciences, which preserve mankind in innocence, docility, and obedience to the powers that be—and the opponent of that *ignis fatuus* illumination, which under the modest name of innovation, is in reality nothing less than revolution. It cannot be sufficiently lamented, that he passed so much of his life in the obscurity of a country living; and however beneficial the accident might have been to myself, which was the cause of my friendship and converse with such a mind, I cannot but regret that his acceptance of a college preferment should have separated him from his Alma Mater. As head of St. John's, his abilities would have found a more congenial application; and his influence would not have been without weight, in checking that flood of *soi-disant* liberality, which has changed the character of parliament, and, by repealing the penal laws, has given a death-blow to our glorious constitution.

But “*diis aliter visum;*” and against the decrees of Providence, however inscrutable, it becomes not a Christian (as the Doctor would have said) to recalcitrate. The people have imagined a vain thing, and out of the very idolatry of their affection for Popery a rod has been formed, to punish their backslidings. Most fervently do I pray, however, that a time for penitence is left to this nation; and in the idea that the example of such a life as Doctor Botherum's cannot be without its use upon the rising generation, I here present to my countrymen this faithful portraiture of him, who (as there is too much reason to fear) will prove the last of the old race of genuine English churchmen.

TWELVE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

“ Well, if any thing be damn'd,
It will be Twelve o'Clock at Night: that twelve
Will ne'er escape.
It is the Judas of the hours, wherein
Honest salvation is betray'd to sin.”—REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

THE opinion here delivered concerning that “celebrated hour,” (1) to which the literary world is so deeply indebted, is most harsh and unchristian. It is now many years since I first had the honour of forming an acquaintance with twelve o'clock at night, and, in the interim, I have known it in almost every department of life; yet cannot I charge my memory with any misconduct justly to be laid to its door, which might warrant so severe a denunciation. On the contrary, judging from personal

{1} Thus designated in the novel of “The Heroine.”

experience, I must bear testimony, that, of the whole four-and-twenty hours, it is the one which yields the most intense and varied pleasures to mortals, and is indeed "the sweetest morsel of the night."

Of all the imputations levelled against "the witching hour" (and they are many and heinous enough to sink a greater reputation), there are few, if any, which apply to its habits and manners in these times. If formerly there might have been some slight semblance of foundation for such charges, twelve o'clock at night, like a good Christian as it is, has long since repented of its sins, and "reformed them altogether;" and he leads at the present *day* (if that be not a bull) as exemplary a life as his namesake of noon,—as exemplary as if he had taken the temperance pledge, or had been appointed a deputy licenser of plays to my Lord Chamberlain.

One of the standing accusations against twelve o'clock at night is, that it is a dark and gloomy hour, of a louring and suspicious countenance, and an avowed protector of rogues and vagabonds:

"Oh, grim-looking night! oh, night with hue so black!"

Now, though this might fairly be met with the reflection that the matter in charge is rather a misfortune than a fault, and that if the sun chose to keep more fashionable hours, or the moon were less capricious in her movements, midnight might be as flaunting in its exterior as "the garish eye of day," (which truth any one may ascertain by direct experiment, who will only give himself the trouble of a voyage to the whale fisheries)—yet there is no necessity for availing ourselves of that plea. By a much shorter and pleasanter journey to Regent Street, or to any other of the leading thoroughfares of the metropolis, the most prejudiced of readers may satisfy himself that Twelve o'clock at Night completely outshines the *soi-disant* "radiant boy" its brother (who, by the by, is much too frequently under a cloud). Without being dependent on "the seasons or their changes," and without let or hindrance from London fogs, or London smoke, it is all the year round alike brilliant and gay; which is much more than can be said of the brightest of mortal wits upon town, from Jekyll down to the smallest cynosures of the minor green-rooms inclusive.

Then, as to encouragement of rogues and vagabonds, and keeping bad company, the accusations are notoriously obsolete. Rogues and vagabonds commit their worst depredations in open day, while twelve o'clock is seen every *evening* at the best houses in London, ushering into the ball-room whatever is most choice and select in the supreme *bon-ton* of the supreme *bon-genre*.

Nor is it any imputation upon this ill-treated hour, that it is sometimes to be met with in company with certain legislators of

bad repute, voting away the public money without stint and without inquiry ; because the part it takes in the business is quite involuntary, and the result of a major force, put upon the hour by certain long-winded speakers, who care not what time they kill provided they can fill the columns of the next day's journals.

Another most unfounded imputation, from which it is scarcely necessary to defend this "injured innocent," is that of murder. A night-prowling band figures well in a melo-drame ; innuendos of

" Wilther'd murder
Alarm'd by his sentinel the wolf,
Who howls his watch,"

will pass muster in poetry ; and " the midnight murderer bursts the faithful bar," is soon said ; but every one knows that the most desperate and bloody deeds are those which are committed in the face of the sun. Ajax prayed for a light to see his way though the Trojan ranks ; and by far the majority of the great pitched battles, in which murders are counted by tens of thousands, still take place by day ; even though it be true, as the old lady once supposed, in order to account for a rise in tallow, that war is sometimes carried on by candle-light.

Besides, the chief practice of physic is conducted between breakfast and dinner, and not even the double fee is sufficient to make the doctors pleased with being called out of their midnight slumbers. Again, who ever heard of twelve at night being present at a duel, that most fashionable and approved mode of manslaughter ? If such a charge had been brought against six o'clock in the morning, it might not be wholly divested of colour ; though why people should be dragged out of their warm beds so unreasonably, and, like Master Bernadine, get up to be put to death, is more than the wisest can tell. Either incommmodity alone is quite enough for one morning's amusement ; but such an accumulation of bores is absolutely unbearable.

If twelve o'clock at night were as murderously inclined " as some folks will think," still it would be very clever to catch a subject for its operations, either at Chalk Farm, the Fifteen Acres,⁽¹⁾ or any other fashionable place of duelling resort. Then, as to assassination, that might have been all very well when men passed the midnight hour asleep and alone ; but now, when this period has become the time of general assembly, the thing is impossible. A man is as safe from Burking at midnight as he is upon 'Change.

In respect, indeed, to this charge of murder, poor twelve at night is, and always was, " more sinned against than sinning."

(1) The Fifteen Acres is the accustomed duelling rendez-vous of his majesty's lieges of the city of Dublin.

There is not a tavern in London in which, on every night in the year, there will not be found at least one set of jolly dogs drowning the calumniated hour, like Clarence, in a wine-butt; and, while the masters are thus killing the eldest-born of time, their apprentices, whose "mothers do not know that they are out," with the like felonious design, are employed in kicking up rows, or engaging the police. Even the gravest dowagers, and, now and then, the bishops themselves, do not flinch from slaughtering "the enemy," not only by forming an unholy alliance with the four kings, but by enlisting the very knaves in their warfare against midnight. There is not a single hour on the dial-plate that has so much to fear from clubs, or has more reason to be on its guard against the "odd tricks" of its open and concealed enemies.

Among the other sins imputed to twelve o'clock at night, it labours under an ill reputation for gallantry. No hour has a worse name for dealing in assignations and rope-ladders, for hiding conscious blushes, and encouraging female delicacy into all sorts of peccadilloes. Against this charge, it were sufficient to quote the oft-cited passage of the very highest christian authority, and desire those only without sin to throw the first stone against the offender. I fancy the peccant hour would not run much risk of coming off with a broken head.

But the fact is, that the accusation is altogether founded in ancient prejudice. The dark half hour between the riding and dressing times has much more to do with love affairs; and the veiled twilight of the well-draped boudoir conceals more real guilt than the blackest obscurity of a country midnight. The worst that can be charged against twelve o'clock at night, on this head, is the helping a lady to put on her rouge; or, perhaps, a little innocent flirtation in windows, doorways, and on the staircases of crowded assemblies. Here, indeed, we have as clear a case of *alibi* as the prisoner at the bar can desire. Most commonly twelve o'clock at night is engaged with a "large party of fashionables," discussing "every delicacy in season;" or, perhaps, listening to the snoring of country gentlemen, with the Speaker of the House of Commons; or discussing an orthodox bottle of port at Bel-lamy's.

There are, it is true, some malicious persons, who pretend that this good behaviour is all owing to gas-lights, vagrant acts, and the incessant vigilance of the police in making suspicious characters "walk on;" but how much of every sin depends upon circumstances, and how many of the happiest escapes of the most moral of mortals will be found to depend altogether upon such crosses in the way of temptation! Besides, every one will tell

us, that the chief pleasure of gallantry lies in the vice; and Milton, long ago, has decided that, in such cases,

“ 'T is only daylight that makes sin.”

Twelve at night is not accused with less virulence and injustice of being given to gambling. It would indeed be affectation to deny, that this hour does sometimes lend a cloak to the modester or more timid gamesters, such as the clerks and 'prentices, who flock to the minor hells to gamble with the sums they have stolen, or *borrowed*, from their masters; but to insist upon this is to realize the proverb, “*Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas*,” with a vengeance. Of what consideration is the worst that *rouge et noir*, or hazard, can perpetrate, when compared with the wholesale speculations of stock-jobbers, sugar-merchants, and the frequenters of Mark Lane? Yet noontide passes daily unblamed, not only for this “grave and reverend gambling,” but for all its misdeeds on the turf, at steeple chases, and other constructional robberies of the country aristocracy.

Another unfounded objection against midnight is the keeping of late hours. Formerly, not to be in bed before midnight might have been esteemed a rake-hellish practice; but Shakspeare, who knew every thing (*omne cognoscibile*, at least), and who, as the Frenchmen had it, “first destroyed this worl', and den made anozer for himself;” (1) Shakspeare, I say, has fully refuted this calumny. “To be up after midnight,” he says, “and to go to bed then, is early;” so that to go to bed after midnight “is to go to bed betimes,”—and Aristotle himself could not take off the argument. Midnight lucubrations were formerly infamous, as the cause of those pale and emaciated faces which were then wont to appear in the quadrangles of Trinity and Christ Church; and the midnight lamp was once esteemed more deleterious than prussic acid, or the *Grotto del Cane*: but, in this nineteenth century, if such faces are to be met with in those collegiate haunts, or in any other places sacred to the muses, it would be more just to accuse the smaller hours, brandy punch, and Havannah cigars, of the discoloration.

While the world has been thus busy in traducing twelve o'clock at night, and accusing it of especial addiction to all sorts of wantonness and debauchery, there are certain persons not less industrious in embroiling this hour with legitimacy, in the hope of having it sent to the *carcere duro*, for conspiracy and treason. It is enough, however, to remark, that in these days conspiracies against legitimacy are altogether out of fashion, as being obviously the most dangerous and the least effectual modes of carrying on

(1) In probable quotation of Dr. Johnson's “Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.”

the war against "the right divine to govern wrong." There is more terror to the despot in a single article in a morning journal, than in all the midnight conspiracies past, present, or to come; and a county meeting will more effectually curb a Tory ministry, than a dozen Cato Street plots. There is no treason now in vogue but the treason against common sense and common honesty, and that stalks abroad openly, and "as notorious as the sun at noon day."

To defend twelve o'clock at night from a charge of sorcery will by some be deemed superfluous, while by others it will be censured as irreverent. There is high poetical authority for the accusation, and the "secret, black, and midnight hags" of Shakespeare are hard to overthrow. Johnson, or Peter Pindar for him, has well said,

"Nought proves the non-existence of the ladies;"

and in these "give-an-inch-and-take-an-ell" times, I doubt if it were wise in my lords the judges to make a positive declaration of the emptiness of sorcery. If they be no conjurers, how can they answer for it that nobody is wiser than themselves? Besides, if the fact be so, what will become of their favourite instigation of the Devil, so essential to a true bill of indictment?

Fortunately, it is not necessary to go this unjustifiable length, and to put every thing established into jeopardy, in order to obtain the acquittal of our client. We may safely concede to Messrs. Day and Martin and Mr. Warren, that such a thing as the black art exists, and twelve at night will yet remain unscathed by the admission. The mysteries of sorcery are said to be performed in silence and in darkness, and we have already proved that midnight is a perfect stranger to one and the other.

To the witchery of ladies' eyes, indeed, twelve at night has something to say; and Taglioni has *enchanted* the opera-going world under the influence of this hour, to the manifest breach of what is called the Sabbath, and the great scandal of those who so denominate the Christian Sunday; but for any worse dealings with the devil, the usual hours of doing business are much more liable to the imputation.

It is a common accusation against twelve at night that it has no religion, and is indeed little better than an atheist. Now this charge is obviously at war with the last. If twelve at night does not believe in the devil, how can he enter into a contract with "his darkness," as Byron calls that fallen angel; and if he have "his eternal jewel given to the common enemy of mankind," he cannot be an atheist; because, under that hypothesis, the devil would never have made so bad a bargain. At the same time it may be urged, that there is high authority for advancing the most

contradictory charges against offenders, without any fear of an imputation of false logic ; but then, be it remembered, this is only in the case of political offenders, and any rope is good enough to hang them. Upon the count of the indictment, however, concerning sorcery, it must honestly be confessed that the defendant's case is not so satisfactory as could be wished ; for it is difficult to prove a negative. But adopting the useful and sensible distinction of the Scotch law, though we cannot absolutely acquit our client, we may at least aver a sufficient absence of evidence to entitle him to a verdict of not proven ; and many an honest man has thought himself well off with such a delivery. With this decision we are more contented to abide, because much would depend upon circumstances. A London jury might grant more ; a country jury not, perhaps, so much.

The truth is that twelve o'clock at night, like many other fashionable characters, leads a very different life in town and in the country. In London, the only stars it ever consults (and astrology is near akin to the black art) are those in the chalky firmament of a ball-room, or on the breasts of gallant knights. It evokes no spirits but the spirits of fun, frolic, and joviality ; and there is, at least, one species of demon, the blue devils, who fear it much worse than cock-crow.

But in the country, things are otherwise arranged ; there, midnight is tranquil as the grave, and melancholy as the churchyard. When its approach is announced, it is not by the roll of carriages, and the thunder of the footman's knock, but by the iron and solemn tongue of time, when the owl hoots in concert with the bell-clapper : then the tender virgin hides her moistened forehead deep between the sheets, and her palpitating bosom throbs with "thick-coming fancies," and "horrible imaginings."

Why this particular hour should be so disagreeable to village maidens, and yet so ardently anticipated by metropolitan belles, would be hard to explain, if it were not for their different creeds in the matter of the black art, and for the salutary fear of his infernal majesty, in which twelve at night has somehow got implicated in the fancies of the rural population.

One word more, however, on the subject of religion ; a point the more important to settle, because it is so much the fashion to think the scrutiny into other people's faith of far more consequence than the examination of our own ; and because it is little matter what may be a man's actions and behaviour, if he gives attendance at the wrong church. For the satisfaction of the curious, then, it is necessary to state that, though twelve at night has not for years been known to frequent any place of public worship in England, and may, therefore, be ignorantly suspected of free

thinking; yet, before the reign of Elizabeth, his attendance at "lauds" was most exemplary. It may, then, be safely left to those whom it may concern to decide whether the party can be esteemed a worse christian for not having rejected the reformation; or whether his piety is more equivocal, because it seeks the privacy of a chamber, and is no longer exhibited ostentatiously in churches and monasteries.

This all-influential point being satisfactorily cleared up, and twelve at night being manifestly a good Protestant, its case may be considered as complete. So far from being the reprobate set down in the preliminary quotation, or in danger of the judgment there predicted of it, the world must acknowledge that it is sufficiently punished in being nightly sent to bed, as it now is, without its supper.

Here again is a shocking instance of the prevalent hypocrisy. The canters turn up the whites of their eyes, and talk of Cornaro and the apoplexy. Supper is decried as unconstitutional, like reform; and twelve at night is to be starved for the sake of a paltry cheese-paring saving: but, in this stingy speculation, the enemies of the good things of this world will be disappointed. There is a very formidable list of charitable and energetic persons, most laudably engaged in counteracting the plot, and providing for the necessities of twelve o'clock at night, by inviting him to dinner.

NOT AT HOME.

"Mi par d'essere in Londra, dove il nome

Vi chiede il servitor, poi,—*Not at Home.*"—IL POETA DI TEATRO.

CERTAIN pettifogging strainers at gnats and bolters of camels—men with just morality enough to be offended with all sins but their own, and just sufficient religion to hate their neighbour very cordially—affect to be scandalised at that customary white lie to which servants are compelled to condescend, in denying their masters to an unwelcome visitor.

It is pitiable to be obliged to justify this practice against the imputations of such quibblers and quiddity mongers, and to combat the whimsies of those who take "your humble servant" at the bottom of a letter, or the miscalling an ugly tiresome cub, "lovely spirited boy," to the mother's face, for offences against veracity. According to these point device moralists, men should speak out all they think; and a very pretty piece of work poor human nature would make of it, shivering in this primitive nakedness.

If the body stands in need of extrinsic clothing, to shelter it

from the inclemencies of the atmosphere, not less does the mind require the protection of a little innocent deception, to protect it from the rubs and strains of its own stormy passions. We do not always desire to kill the thing we hate, and every petty defect does not demand that the culprit should be sent to Coventry; but if we are to live at all with our species, it is worth while to live well with them. Pretty terms we should be upon with our friends, if we openly told the poet that his verses were dull, the joker that his wit was pointless, the dinner-giver that he was less hospitable than ostentatious, the uxorious husband that he was a jerry. Nor would it be a sufficient balm to the jealous self-love of humanity, to wrap one's-self up in the honest reserve of a prudish silence; the withholding of praise would be regarded as direct censure. "*C'est chose étrange; l'homme désire naturellement savoir la vérité, et pour y parvenir remue toute chose; néanmoins il ne la peut souffrir.*"—CHARRON.

But to return to the matter more immediately in hand, it would, doubtless, be as conciliatory as it would be agreeable, when you knocked at a friend's door, for the surly porter to tell you, "Yes, my lord is at home, but does not care to be troubled with your tiresome visits;" or that "my lady is *not* gone into the country, but she is just now better engaged." What, again, would your tailor say, if, in answer to his, "Is Sir John within?" he was answered "To be sure he is, but not to duns: so you and your bill had better wait till you are sent for." If ever there was a case in which

"The pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat,"

it is this case of "not at home;" and it can scarcely be supposed that the visiter is not as thoroughly satisfied with a dispensation from the toil of his visit, as the visited can be, in the undisturbed enjoyment of his retirement. Upon the broad principle of utility, then, a stand may be taken to maintain that "not at home" is not only a justifiable but a commendable practice, and as necessary to the well-being of society, as a physician's quieting equivocations to his patient, or the peacemaker's temporizing with an irritable drunkard. Is not every man's house, moreover, by law and by right his castle, sacred from intrusion?(1) Even the advocates for co-operative convents, who would have every thing else in common, allow to each family its separate chamber, to have and to hold secure from invasion.

It was the boast of the great Lord Chatham, that the poorest man's cabin is by the constitution of England protected from violation; and, that "though the winds of heaven may penetrate it,

(1) Excepting only from the prying of the exciseman, and of one or two more.



7-25-85.

the rain may enter it, yet the king cannot." But the right of the subject would be of little use to him, if this blessed sanctuary, which even the "*Dis æqua potestas*" must respect, should be penetrable to every common-place bore, who has the hardihood to make his unseasonable attacks upon it. The inquisitorial "Is your master at home?" would then have the effect of a star-chamber process, and break down all the barriers of liberty and property. A badger will bite the nose of any animal that thrusts the unwelcome protuberance into its hole; a snail will retreat to the innermost whirl of its shell from intrusion; and an oyster, the dullest of animated beings, has the privilege of closing its valves against external annoyance, and being "not at home" to the sea-gulls. Nature has exerted its utmost skill upon this point of the animal economy; and the beautiful pendulous nest, that ingenious contrivance for denying the unwelcome visit of the snake to its retiring inhabitants, is but one among a thousand means provided for discharging the function of the "not at home" of the human species.

The right, then, being indefeasible, the fiction by which it is guarded is perfectly honest, and stands upon the same ground as the most approved fictions of law. The pretended moral obligation to refuse its protection is not, therefore, more reasonable, than that which should compel the criminal to plead guilty, and be hanged in maintenance of his character for veracity.

Of all the privileges which a great city enjoys over the country, that of being thus denied is the most valuable. What are fresh eggs, and milk warm from the cow, to a peaceful interior; and what the privilege of inhaling the fresh air, to the independent mastery of one's own time? In the country, where a man is obliged to know every body whom chance has made his neighbour, for no better reason than because he lives within a calling distance, where propinquity is the chief bond of friendship, and get-at-ability the *summum bonum* of sociality, the power of being "not at home" would have been especially desirable.

Every man, it is said, must, in his time, "eat a peck of dust;" but, if he be wise, he does not leave the "when" at the unrebuked discretion of his cook; neither does he remit the occasions of taking physic to the indiscretion of his apothecary. In like manner it would be equally agreeable, that, though compelled to put up with the dulness of the prosy parish rector, or the vulgarity of the half-bred squire, we should still possess the fullest opportunity of selecting for ourselves the occasions for such an infliction. In the country, however, the thing is quite impossible. The intruder finds you "walking, not unseen," in your shrubbery; spies you through the open windows of your library, or

catches you in the act of looking over your farm. There is no escape. Nay, should you have the good luck to keep out of sight, your butler cannot turn away unrested the horses that have come so far. He must offer the visiter refreshment : while you, a prisoner in your hiding-place, are reduced to the repetition of St. Ernulphus's curse against the whole race of morning visitors, as your sole recreation, till the guest chooses to give up possession of the premises, and beat a retreat.

To a family of any taste, sense, or feeling, a morning visit in the country is the *ne plus ultra* of insipidity and mawkishness : the men all bored to death at being dragged into the scrape ; and the women, sad and silent as so many Dalai Lamas, wrapped up in the contemplation of their own equipages and finery ; or haply chattering like magpies, to make amends for a long week's silence at home.

Abominable as this is to a country gentleman, himself "a native, and to the custom born," the affair is ten times worse to the Metropolitan, when the casual inmate of a country-house, to whom all the parties are absolutely unknown, and all the trivialities of their confabulation wholly unintelligible.

"*Je l'ai toujours dit,*" says Rousseau, "*et senti, que la véritable jouissance ne se décrit pas.*" How, then, shall I hope to describe the joys of "not at home?" Who is there that has not experienced the delight of hearing a threatening intruder depart unsatisfied from the door, while, with loosely-slippered feet toasting on the fender, he himself continues the uninterrupted thread of a well-written novel? Not longer ago than last week, I was hastily torn from an unfinished meal on Sir Walter, because my stupid servant chose to admit the most notorious professor of boring in the parish of St. James's, against whom I had given the strictest general orders ; but I was even with the fool, and sent him packing the next morning to seek another service, and more *vous* to keep it.

Oh ! it is so provoking, when one has made up one's mind for enjoyment, and completed every arrangement for spending an evening comfortably, to have the little scheme of domestic happiness overthrown by any villanous intruder, who thinks his intimacy sufficient to warrant him in bestowing "all his tediousness on your worship." This is worse than the case of an unfortunate gentleman, who, having made up his mind to suicide, was obliged to break off in the middle of his parting letter to his relations, by the intrusion of a set of self-invited acquaintance, whom he was compelled to entertain with champagne, punch, and oysters, and, consequently, was forced to put off his journey to the other world till the following morning.

On the convenience of "not at home," as a refuge against tradesmen with unsettled bills, or a protection from borrowing friends, whose importunities are too well founded to admit of a *viva voce* refusal, it were needless to enlarge. Every Collegian who has "sporting oak" is aware of this pleasure. But no one can understand the full value of "not at home," who has not heard it from the lips of the fair object of his tenderest preference, when, on entering her boudoir, she impresses it on her servant, with the emphatic addition of, "whoever calls." What a long string of delightful conclusions flow from the enchanting premises! What a flattering innuendo in favour of the privileged mortal, for whom all the world is excluded! It is not merely the *seccatore*, the obliging gentleman, who, like Madame du Deffand's Englishman, "always spends the evening where he dines;"⁽¹⁾ it is not the casual acquaintance, the routine visitor, who are to be denied; but, "whoever calls," *i. e.*, wits, *beaus*, worth, genius, the friend of her bosom, the adoring rival, or the time-honoured relation; all that is most desirable in sociality, all that is most intimate in affection: lucky dog!

The usages of modern society have given a vast increase of utility and importance to this *para-bore*, this innocuous conductor of the *fulmen* of the street-door knocker. In the old times, when none but the select few sought admission to the interior of the mansion, no visits were common but such as were perfectly acceptable. A man would as soon have thought of turning from the door a tenant on rent-day, as giving a general order of exclusion, unless when the physician was the sole exception. But, in these days, "not at home" is a very necessary *convenance* interposed between the visitor and visitée, in those numerous calls of mere etiquette, which, while they are perfectly essential to the maintenance of social order and civilized society, are insufferable taxes on time and patience.

In order to reap a few dinners, it is necessary to sow an infinity of visiting cards; and if the bearers were always received *in propria persona*, a bachelor would run considerable risk of being starved, for want of leisure to overtake his invitations, and qualify for their repetition. What between visits of introduction, visits after balls, friendly visits for jogging the memory, and "*visites de digestion*," a diner-out might spend his whole life in the vocative case, were it not for the paper currency, in which he is permitted to discharge these honourable debts.

But the matter would be still worse with the ladies, who are forced to carry on a diplomatic exchange of visits, with a punctilious list of some six or eight hundred particular friends, not one

(1) "Où je dine, je reste."

of whom would acknowledge them at an assembly, or exchange a salute through the carriage window, if the annual visit at the commencement of the season had not been duly paid. Like the service of a writ, the putting in of a refreshing card (and lucky it is that this suffices) is an essential preliminary to bringing the parties to a hearing. Without this protocol, there is no re-establishing the accustomed relations between the high contracting allies of the last season; two square inches of pasteboard, more or less, make all the difference between the most intimate friendship and the cut direct.

In a case so weighty as this, nothing is more unpardonable than that carelessness and inattention to good-breeding, with which an *étourdie* will sometimes suffer herself to be at home when she should not. Every one who possesses a knowledge of the art of living in decent society will take care not only to guard against such an error herself, but also to hire servants whose instinctive tact has been sufficiently refined by long and habitual exercise, to enable them, without specific orders, to determine when their mistress is or is not at home. The want of this talent in domestics leads to a dreadful abuse. When a blockhead of a porter has not the skill to distinguish between the bullion of his employer's drawing-room and the paper currency, when, after examining his man from head to foot, he knows no more how to class him, than a naturalist how to place the ornithorhynchus, he coolly replies to the customary interrogatory of, "Is your lady at home?" with "I'll see, sir;" and away he trots to decline the visitor's name and appearance, and take orders, according as these happen to be in the vocative or the ablative.

This is perfectly abominable! Much better is it to give a bold "No," at once, at the risk of dismissing the bearer of an offer of marriage, or a rich brother from the East Indies; for how, after this, can a negative answer be taken in any other light than that of a personal affront? Gullibility itself would not credit the statement; and the most egregious vanity must sink under the unpleasant truth it develops.

Besides, how *gauche* it is to leave a gentleman waiting in the hall while this errand is doing, and permitting him to hear the loud whisper of "Oh! no, by no means, *to him*," followed by the loud shutting of the drawing-room door. There are few houses in London large enough to admit of this manœuvre being decently performed.

But to return to the awkwardness of being improperly at home. There are thousands of dear friends who so perfectly understand each other, that, between being "at home" at night, and *not* being at home in the morning, they carry on an intimate inter-

course through life, without ever meeting in private. Husbands in trade, or in professions, are apt to be saddled with connections which the wife cannot disavow, yet will not be too familiar with ; and though every one seeks to live only with those above them, yet no one can so far succeed as not to *know* a few, of whom they are ashamed—persons dangerous to cut, yet impossible to bring into absolute evidence : with such persons, all the decencies of life are fulfilled, “ all parts absolved, ” when an annual card is dropped at their door, and an annual invitation given to the *omnibus* party, which gets rid of “ the sweepings of the porter’s book ” (the metaphor is not the most elegant), at the close of the season.

Friends upon this footing are not more than known to each other by sight ; and if their faces are recognized, it is often without suggesting, by any very precise association, the names they bear. Judge, then, how very distressing to all parties it must be, when a blundering servant brings them into close action, and forces them into the accustomed inquiries after family and connections, of which they are reciprocally in the most absolute ignorance ! Think of asking a thrice married widow for the wrong husband, who has been buried these thirteen months ; or of making tender inquiries after Master Tommy’s cough from a spinster of forty ! Think of asking for a runaway daughter ; or a son, absent without leave, on suspicion of swindling, —for a brother horsewhipped at Newmarket, or on the black board in Capel Court.

Then, supposing all these difficulties happily vanquished, how dreadful is the appalling want of common topics for eking out the visit, the tomb-like silence and monumental stiffness, that precede the telegraph signal for departure, and the ringing of the bell ! Verily the prime cause of such a disaster merits not less than a little hanging.

But, if it be wrong, under certain circumstances, to admit visitors, it is a still greater breach of the peace not to take a denial when it is fairly given—to force the *consigne*, and to insist on “ getting in. ” The impertinent familiarity of “ I know your master is at home *to me*, ” is a direct violation of the fundamental laws of visiting intercourse ; and the Roman was quite right who insisted on being believed on his own assertion, that he was “ not at home ; ” for who ought to know better the necessities of the case ?

An intruder of this description can never be sure that he will not lay bare some weak point in the domestic economy by his Marplotism. In small families the ladies may be in *déshabillé*, or the house in no state for public exhibition. In greater establishments, he may pop into the middle of an execution, or derange

an unacknowledged *tête-à-tête*. How does he know what third person he may meet with in such undue efforts to gain admission, whom he himself would rather not encounter? How can he foretell that he will not run bolt against his own divorced wife, the man who has thrown him out of parliament, or black-balled him at the club, the holder, perhaps, of his promissory note, the plaintiff in his action for damages, or the lady who has just rejected his addresses? In mere self-defence such practices should be abandoned; and no friendships, no intimacy, can justify them. As well might one tolerate the impertinent curiosity of the prying friend, who pumps the servants to learn who called on you yesterday, or what you have for dinner, as overlook an indiscretion at once so dangerous, so annoying, and so indicative of uncivilized vulgarity.

There is, however, one exception to this rule; there is one personage who has a prescriptive right to admission at all hours, and who never takes a denial. But this gentleman is universally admitted to be so great a bore, that no one in his senses would think of imitating him. He'll knock at any door he pleases, whether it be in Grosvenor Square or St. Giles's—

“Æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres;”

and, like his friend the doctor, he stops to ask no question, but walks up stairs at once, even to “my lady’s chamber.” With a fellow of this peremptory character, there is but one point of good manners to be observed; which is to be always ready to receive him with a good grace, neither weakly dreading his visit when he does not come, nor treating it, when he does, as a thing unexpected and unusual. Receive him with the firmness of a Stoic, the cheerfulness of an Epicurean, and the respect due to the power in whose name he intrudes: for he was never known to retire from a bad reception, nor to remit his claims, to tears, struggles, or supplications: and as for “not at home,” and leaving his card, show me the porter who would dare to propose it.

A GOOD NAME.

“He who filches from me my good name,” etc.

“Would you, sir, if a Jew of a godfather had proposed the name (of Judas) for your child, and offered you his purse along with it, would you have consented to such a desecration of him?”—TRISTRAM SHANDY.

I NEVER could understand why Sterne should have thought it necessary to put so much of insinuation into old Shandy’s manner, in order to pass off his hypothesis concerning names, as if the matter

were either new or rare, or as if the theory were not as good and lawful a theory as any that passes current among philosophical speculators. Certain it is, that I, for one, have had but too many proofs of its validity, in the innumerable instances in which I have been the victim of two mischievous appellations,—the worst, perhaps, that the lexicon of personal nomenclature can furnish: inasmuch, that I never reflect upon the question in the Catechism, which asks, “What did your godfathers and godmothers then for you?” without wishing them—no matter where, for their part of my designation.

In spite of the well-worn quotation from Shakspeare, whoever has lived in the world for ever so short a time, no matter in what rank, must know that *every thing* is in a name. Names, like physiognomies, produce the strongest impressions unconsciously, and in spite of the most resolute predetermination to laugh prejudice out of countenance.

In the present days of refinement and school-masterization, the calling names, *à propos*, constitutes the whole art and mystery of politics and criticism: and if the mere sounds of traitor and patriot, orthodox and heterodox, make such sweeping differences in the nature of individuals, and their acts and writings, it is not too much to presume that the *tantum valet quantum sonat* applies equally to proper as to *improper* appellatives. In one word, does not “*la sagesse des nations*,”—that wisdom which cries out in the street, but which every one disregards,—expressly declare, that to give a dog an ill name is as bad as to hang him?

Not, however, that I am absolutely superstitious in the affair, or would go the whole length of honest Mr. Shandy, in believing that “there is a strange kind of magic bias, which good or ill names irresistibly impress upon our characters and conduct;” yet this opinion has been entertained, ay, and by wise men too. Augustus, the night before the battle of Actium, met a poor fellow driving his ass, and their names being respectively Eutyches and Nicon (that is to say, Fortunate and Victor), he thereupon drew a happy presage of the morrow’s fight. The more ass he for his pains, perhaps you will say; and I so far agree, that, if there be any thing in the augury, the benefit could lawfully belong to none but the owners. To have acted consistently, he should have given the command of his army to the man and his beast, and it would not have been the first ass the world had seen in that responsible situation.

When that modern Eutyches, Mr. Goodluck, sometime keeper of a lottery-office on Cornhill, assumed his fascinating appellative, he had an undoubted eye to his own good fortune, and not to that of his customers; who, if they fell into the mistake of

Augustus, and speculated upon its influence on themselves, most frequently paid very dearly for the "flattering error." But soldiers are ever superstitious; and the ass of Augustus was, after all, as good a hobby-horse as the "*Cæsar's fortuna*" of his predecessor, or as the rival *stars* of Napoleon and the Wellesleys, about which so much has been said and sung.

St. Jerome takes a more Christian view of this matter, and tells us that certain names were applied by the ancients, "*quasi ob virtutis auspiciū, sicut apud Latinos, Victor, Probus, Castus;*" or, as Camden expresses it, in his quaint English, "upon future good hope conceived by parents of their children, in which you might see their first and principal wishes towards them." (1)

Now this is precisely the case with certain *little* personages, who give their children the names of *great* personages, "upon future good hope" of something to be got through their influence,—just as the Catholics give their offspring the names of favourite saints, with a view to ensuring the holy protection of the patron for his namesakes.

Mankind are, in general, prone to believe that what they desire will happen, the simple wish gradually warming into a presumption of cause and effect; and whenever philosophy fails in discovering a why for the wherefore, credulity gets up a nice little occult cause to justify the supposition.

The superstition of *onomantia*, or divination by names, of which the quintessence lies in Mr. Shandy's creed, that a man may be "nicodemused into nothing," is but part and parcel of this common infirmity of our nature. The whimsey has had more or less of vogue in all times,—being, as usual, prevalent in proportion to its emptiness and absurdity. It was influential among the Covenanters, as is witnessed in those elegant euphonisms, "Tribulation," "Holdfast," "Freegift," "Praise God Barebones," etc.

Camden mentions a German of his day, who drew up a table of good and ill names, "which," says he, "I wish had been suppressed; for that the devill, by such vanities, doth abuse the credulitie of youth to greater matters, and sometimes to their own destruction;" and, truth to tell, I have myself thought that "the gentleman in black" had more to do with my own christening, than at first sight comports with the holiness of the ceremony, and that personage's well known aversion from the consecrated element. From this conceit about names arose the singular custom of pricking with a pin into the Bible, in order to obtain a fortunate *prænomen*: a custom which the "without note or comment" folk might have once more brought into

fashion, had not an unlucky onomant thus stumbled upon Beelzebub for his child's namesake, which (as Paddy would say) was "the devil's own name to give a Christian."

Leaving all such superstitions on one side, there is an abundance of natural causes, whose operation is sufficient to justify the hypothesis, that names are not indifferent to the fortune of their owners, and that a good name, like a good address, is a powerful letter of recommendation. They, for instance, who are acquainted with the history of Ireland, will well understand the reasonableness of that common Irish remark, applied to an O'Flanigan, a Geoghegan, or an O'Flaherty. "Arrah, is not that a pretty name to go to church with;" which is only as much as to say, that nothing Protestant could wear such a Milesian appellative. Such names, therefore, must be unlucky in the highest degree; and I put it to any man of common sense, if a Terence O'Phelim O'Shaughnessy (no offence to the worthy bootmaker so called) should apply for a place under government, at the same time as an Augustus Frederick De Courcy, or a William Henry Fitzwalter, would not the latter names, *cæteris paribus*, carry the day, in any office in Downing Street, or the Castle of Dublin?

A good name, right or wrong, implies a good parentage, and a fashionable name implies a fashionable nominee. Giovanni della Casa has written a spirited *capitolo* on his own ill luck, in having been christened John. I cannot understand how any parent, having the bowels of compassion for his offspring, could impose upon a boy such a trivial and insignificant appellation, to be held in common with all the tag, rag, and bobtail of society.

"Cosi, qualche intelletto di cavallo,
Barbier, o castra-porci, o cavadenti,
Sempre ha viso, d'aver quel nome, e hallo."

John is, indeed, one of the worst of names, and is applicable to every thing that is common-place and contemptible in *rerum naturâ*, to a "boot-jack," "a saucy jack," "a jack in office." What personal merit can withstand being called Jacky, or Johnny? When was a "Gros Jean," or a "Petit Jean," ever known to thrive, or, at least, to become genteel? No.

"Mutalo, a sminuiscil, se tu sai,
O Nanni, o Gianni, o Gianino, o Gianozzo.
Come più tu lo tocchi, peggio fai,
Che gli è cattivo intero, e peggior mozzo."

Then, again, consider Thomas. Who, above the condition of a footman, would be called Tom? Nay, even the very footmen reject so contemptible a *sobriquet*, and endeavour to get a step on in the world, by dropping it, and assuming their surname, even

though it should be Atkins, or Hodges itself. "Is it Tom, the footman, or Tom, the cat?" asked a little Thomas of his grandam, when she was accusing him by name of some mischief; and it was a good enough stroke of policy to derive this incidental advantage from the obscurity of an indiscriminating name.

But though many such cases may occur, in which a certain ambiguity, "whether it be Mrs. Sullen or Dorinda," may have its use; yet, *per contra*, it would be rather disagreeable to one Tom Smith to be hanged for another; or for a Jack Jones to lose a fat legacy, for want of "that ilk," to distinguish him from his numerous name-fellows.

If Christian names sometimes show the vanity, cupidity, or ambition of parents, sir (or sur) names are often proofs of the malignity of the world. The Maleverers, for instance! though their name is now a good aristocratical name, it comes not the less from "*malus leporarius*," and must, in its origin, have been applied either in fun or malice. The Malduits also betray the *animus imponentis*; for he must have thought the founder of that family better fed than taught, and entertained but a bad opinion of his scholarship. Innumerable are the family names thus imposed in the true spirit of dicacity.

The Romans were prodigal in such nicknames, probably owing to their military habits; just as the French army called Bonaparte "*le petit caporal*;" and as our men christened the great captain of the age, "Nosey." The Scrophas, the Strabos, the Cæsiuses, the Ciceros, and the Balbuses are cases in point. The low wit of the middle ages expended itself rather by certain scurvy additions to the Christian name, such as Long-Shanks, Lackland, the Bald, the Stammerer, the Unready, etc. etc. Baldwin Le Pettour is said to have acquired his untranslatable addition, from the singular tenure by which he held his lands, "*per saltum, sufflatum, et pettum, sive bumbulum*;" so that it was, in those days, probably, "*proprior honori quam ignominia*."

Such could never have been the case with those horrible nuncupations, the Higginbottoms, the Ramsbottoms, Badcocks, Glasscocks, and Heavisides: "disguise them how you will," they must ever remain a reproach and a by-word against their unfortunate owners.

Platina, in his "Lives of the Popes," tells us that the custom of changing the name, on arriving at the Pontificate, arose with one BOCCA DI PORCO, who, "*per la brutezza di questo nome, si facesse Sergio II. chiamare*."

In this his Holiness did perfectly right; for, surely, it would have been both a sin and a shame, if the infallible decrees of heaven had been suffered to find a vent through the mortal

mouthpiece of a hog. This, indeed, was a fit case for applying the vulgar adage, that "a pig may whistle, but it has a very bad mouth for it:" and to see a pig's muzzle perched in the chair of St. Peter, would have gone nigh to justify a whole encyclopædia of Exeter Hall diatribes.

Mr. Shandy has divided names into good, bad, and neuter. In this division I can by no means agree. Every undistinguished name is *malum in se*. If a man without a name is like a man without a shadow, a man with an undistinguished name must be no better than a man with an undistinguished shadow, which is equivalent to no shadow at all. Names are imposed for distinction alone; and every name that leaves its owner sticking in the mud of society must be a bad name, even though it does not, in itself, hold him up conspicuously as a cockney and a vulgarian. It would indeed be utterly impossible to look a Higgins or a Spriggins in the face without laughing; or to be introduced to a Buggins without an internal movement of discomfort from the association.

The irredeemable *roture* of these sounds stares us in the face, and the simplest observer cannot mistake them: but Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, though they have crept into the peerage, are not a whit the more neuter on that account. They differ in degree, but not in kind, even from the Simpkins, Wilkins, and all other diminutives in "kin," which I look upon as the very *ne plus ultra* of unfortunate denominations.

The value which mankind in general set upon a good name is strikingly illustrated by the convulsive efforts which are made to twist, modify, and disguise a bad one. Some men, conscious of the indignity of their family appellation, seek to qualify its vulgarity, or insignificance, by bestowing on their children a high-sounding christian name. The Amelias, Wilhelminas, Rosa Matildas, abound chiefly in low life, and I never knew a restaurateur's *garçon*, in all Paris, who was not an Auguste or an Hippolyte. This, however, is a poor come off, and only produces a startling catachresis, which serves but to make bad worse. What is to be made of an Augustus Tofts, a Michael Angelo Crooks, or a Wilhelmina Skeggs? Many a poor fellow has hanged himself for a smaller combination of ill-luck.

Others have tried to mend the matter by sliding in a distinguished termination, like the Thomasière of the French. Thus, a celebrated architect adopted the addition of *ville* to his name, at the expense of forming a mulish cross between the Saxon and the Norman. Hogsflesh (in the whimsical, though d—d, farce, called "Mr. H.") gets a license to change his name to Bacon, sheltering himself under the wing of the mighty restorer of phi-

losophy ; and no greater instance can be cited of the triumph of virtue over the malignity of fortune, than in the gentilization of so homely and culinary a name as that of the philosophic chancellor. Who now would not be proud to bear it?

There are certain other attempts a getting rid of a bad name, as abortive as they are disingenuous. The exchange of Smythe for Smith, for instance, of Tayleure for Tailor, Ryder for Rider, are paltry equivocations, unworthy either of a great or a good man : but I must approve of the conversion of Armstrong into Strongi'th'arm, both on account of its ingenuity, and of the middle-age sort of look it carries with it.

The sly smuggling in of a prefixed *de* is a dangerous deceit ; since any fool knows that *de* is exclusively the avant-courier of a Norman or French name. Much better is it to exchange the offensive sound altogether ; like that worthy Irish gentleman, who, shocked at the nationality, and therefore vulgarity, of his family name of O'Sullivan, called himself O'Neal, to prove his English blood.

This changing a name is, I am aware, a very serious business, when it is not done with authority. "Polyonymous," indicating a man of many names, is almost a synonym for a thief. But this is arguing from abuse to use. There is no more shame in coming out of a bad name, than Cato thought there was in coming out of a suspicious house : only it is prudent not to avail one's self of the occasion for committing a capital felony.

Neither ought a man to change his name as often as the fashion of his coat ; for, exclusively of the inconvenience, the world, perfectly satisfied that you can have no right to such a variety of appellations, will surmise that you never had even one name that you could lawfully call your own. On the subject of these variations, it will be well to hear Camden—an excellent authority. "But hereby it may be understood that an *alias*, or double name, cannot prejudice the honest ; and it is known that when Judge Catiline took exception at one, in this respect, saying that no honest man had a double name, and came in with an *alias*—the party asked him what exception his lordship could take to Jesus Christ, *alias* Jesus of Nazareth."

The natural ways in which a bad name produces ill-luck are many, and fully prove that nomination, not "conduct, is fate." Its sinister influence on the owner's political fortunes has already been demonstrated. In love, an unromantic appellation is as bad as a snub nose or a squint. Thomas Trott, subscribed to a love letter, would effectually overthrow the finest oratorical structure that ever was raised by Rousseau himself. I know not what effect it might have had on the world, had *Julie* been depicted with a

broken back ; or if St. Preux had been drawn with one leg three inches shorter than the other, or endowed with a wen on his head as big as a twopenny loaf ; but of this I am certain, that the most quizzical bodily infirmity, a full-bottomed wig, or a set of false teeth, could not more completely dissipate all the illusions of sentiment in the *Nouvelle Heloise*, than the simple conversion of the two protagonists into Bill Gubbins and Judy Goodbody. This, in some measure, has become matter of record, produced by the effects “of Giles Jollop the knave, and the brown Sally Green,” on the imaginations of the reading public.

If to marry for a title be an object of lawful ambition, the choice of a name cannot be beneath the consideration of a wise woman. Mortimer and Montmorenci are, in themselves, almost as good as a peerage ; and far beyond a baronetage when it illustrates a Sir Dilberry Diddle, or a Sir Barnaby Tallowkeech. Nicks, on the contrary, and Junks, Titmouse, and Bumford, are names that would frighten the most despairing spinster, if she have the slightest taste or good-breeding.

A bad name not only reflects upon its owner and his immediate relations, but even on his friends. It would be better to cut a dear and valued connection at once, than to linger under the chronic malady of an obligation to introduce to every stranger that comes, “my old and valued friend, Mr. Jeremiah Sneak.”

I knew a lady whose custom it was to arrange the cards on her chimneypiece according to her estimate of the relative value of the names they bore. Thus, Mrs. Veal would be hidden from view by Mrs. Constantine Cavendish ; Mr. Crump would be eclipsed by Mr. D'Aubigny Mountjoy ; and Miss Jenny Jones would play least in sight behind Mr. Beauchamp Sellinger Capel.

But the evil to the offending parties did not step here : in making up her entertainments, the good names were scrupulously reserved for this curious lady's select dinners and snug suppers, while the Atkinses, Wilkinses, the Smiths, *et id genus omne*, were asked only to routs and squeezes. Her most intimate acquaintance was a stupid, apoplectic, alderman, whose sole social recommendation was, that his godfather had called him Marma-duce ; and she absolutely cut her own mother, for taking, in second marriage, a worthy gentleman of the name of Cheese.

This singularity is not so much to be wondered at. I never leave my ticket at a tolerably genteel house without blushing to the eyes when the servant spells my two unlucky names ; and it has cost me more money than I will mention, in lodgings situated in the most fashionable streets, simply to redeem the vulgarity of my *calling*. Yet even this is a miserable set-off. What is Mr. Boot, of Albany, or Mr. Garlic, of Waterloo Place, to Mr. Paganel,

or Mr. Tailbois, even though the one should live in Houndsditch, and the other in the Minories? Any defect in residence may be concealed in a neat running-hand, and banished to the extreme corner of the card, as thus—

Mr. Villeneuve Grandmaison,

Bethnal Green.

Or it may be omitted altogether, or the address be given to a club-house or a fashionable coffee-house. But what is to be done with a bad name? It was I who first brought up the fashion of printing names too small to be legible without a lens; but I found, on experience, that this only piqued curiosity, and drew attention to the infirmity it was designed to hide.

As a general rule for the government of name-giving, let it be remembered that the more outlandish and pagan a Christian name may be, the better for the wearer; and that the poorest surname is preferable to that of the best Saint in the calendar. Orlando, Hector, or Ulysses will pass muster well enough, with a decent family appellative to tack to them: but Mr. Scott Lot, or Mr. Roe Doe, is better still, and will find favour where Mr. William Lot and Mr. John Doe would be utterly rejected. This is especially important to citizens, in the way of being knighted. Sir Montague Pattypan, or Sir Wilbraham Tomtit, would make a dreadful inroad on the heart of a city damsel, where nothing could be expected for a Sir Jonathan, or a Sir Moses.

When there are rich relations in the way, whose vanity must be soothed by your adoption of their silly name, the addition of a second surname will patch up the business with some credit. A double surname always proves that the bearer belongs to somebody who is something. This effect is improved when one of these names is in duplicate. Tim Tompkins, for instance, is the very devil! But Mr. Timothy Tompkins Tompkins is respectable enough. So, too, Henry Jones is a name for nobody; but Sir Henry (I prefer Sir Harry) Jones Wills Jones—Wills Jones Jones—or Jones Jones Wills (I don't care which)—is a real delight. None, however, but a genuine true-blooded aristocrat will venture on such double reduplications as Mr. White Brown Brown White, M. P.

The Lady Fitz Hamon, a respectable feudal dame, mentioned by Stow, and no descendant from the gentleman who was hanged on a gallows forty feet high, had a very just notion of the value of a double name. This she expressed in the following distich—

“ It were to me a great shame,
To have a lord without his twa name.”

The Spaniards, also, who are famous for the plurality of their cognomens, show great intelligence in that particular, for it would

be hard, indeed, if, among the whole aggregate, there were not one or two names tolerably respectable.

The importance of a name being thus established, the intelligent reader will at once perceive the necessity for some regulation to prevent its capricious change. As every one would be born to a title and an estate if he could choose for himself, so every one would be a Howard or a Talbot, if the royal licence did not put some restraint on individual inclinations. The Catholics indeed, in confirmation, have permission to change their baptismal appellation, which to a person doubly unfortunate in his names, must be an acceptable relief. It is really shocking that Protestant liberty does not possess an equal privilege. If ever I should be tempted to apostatize, it certainly will be in order that I may no longer be obliged to subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,

EZEKIEL TIBS.

PRESENT STATE OF PARTIES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

“Aujourd’hui, muse, il nous faut rire,
Nous pleurerons un autre jour.”

“Do you not think, my dear,” said Mrs. Stubshaw to her loving spouse, taking an artist-like advantage of one of those *mollia tempora fandi* (whatever they may be) in which husbands are supposed to be unusually complaisant, “do you not think, my dear,” that it is high time we gave a party? It is absolutely necessary that we should make some return to our friends for a whole winter’s civilities, and now that the girls are coming out, we *must* (laying a particular emphasis on the obligatory monosyllable) do something to get them married. I am sure, you, too, would be much more popular, and get on better in your profession, if you would live a little more like yourself, and lay yourself out for making friends.”

To this proposition Mr. Stubshaw did not answer affirmatively, and at once, either from an acquired habit of self-defensive refusal, with which all such conjugal demands are best met, in the first instance, or, perhaps, because he did not altogether sympathize in the matter *avec sa chère moitié*. Neither did he absolutely say “no;” and this possibly from a well-founded apprehension of the *probo aliter* of Mrs. S. It is not very easy to explain in print precisely what answer he did make; but it bore no very distant similitude to the solitary ejaculation of a *basse-taille* hog, upon a passing invasion of his share of the trough by the mother of his little ones. The fair rhetorician, therefore, who took the reply for what it was worth, proceeded with her attack.

“Why, Mr. Stubshaw, there are the Joneses, the Higginbottoms, the Toms, the Jenkinsons, the Badcocks, the Turnpennys, the Redtails, and a dozen of other families, to whom we owe I know not how many entertainments; and you must own it is exceedingly shabby to be always taking, and never giving any thing ourselves.” (“Mighty convenient, though,” thought Mr. S.) “If you don’t choose to live a little more genteelly, the girls may lie on our hands” (I rather think she said *lay*, but *n’importe*). “It need not cost us more than a few cakes and some lemonade—nobody gives suppers now, they’re not genteel—the fiddles, and half-a-dozen pounds of palace wax butts, will be all you will have to pay for. The young man who did your picture will chalk the floor for nothing, and we can borrow any thing we want from the tradesmen.”

It is not very certain what part of this matrimonial oration found its way to the soft corner of Mr. Stubshaw’s heart. Whether it was the general issue, as the lawyers phrase it, or some special plea, such as the utility, the cheapness, or the moral fitness of the plan, I will not undertake to determine. It is not impossible that the affair might have gone off on some collateral point, as is often the case in graver discussions. Among the proposed invitees there might have been something feminine, not altogether indifferent to Mr. S. Perhaps his vanity might be tickled by the opportunity afforded of exhibiting the aforesaid full-length portrait of himself which had just come home; and in which he figured “to the life,” in a pink and peach-coloured face, his hair powdered to the exact resemblance of the head of a pot of porter, and his hand hidden in the breast of his waistcoat, after the manner of the Marquis of Granby on a sign-board: perhaps it was only a desire to sleep, that rendered the worthy gentleman amenable, a desire which it is said will tame the fiercest animals.

But, whatever was the cause, Mr. Stubshaw did not repeat his grunt; and the dialogue went on with a mutual understanding that the main point was conceded, as assuredly as if it had been established by a dozen of protocols.

“There never was a better time than the present for giving a party,” continued the lady, “for both the county members are in town with their families. Your clients, the Dunstanvilles of Beaumanoir, are at Thomas’s Hotel, on their way to the continent. Besides, we can have the young lord, who goes every where, and Lady Betty Lackland, who goes about with us in our carriage to parties, and who was so kind as to *chaperon* Kate for me when I was in my confinement. Then, there is our new acquaintance from India, Sir Josiah Rumpot Row, with his three sons, all marrying men; and your old schoolfellow, whom you

have so long neglected, he, I mean, who was made a commissioner of customs the other day. I'm sure he might serve a school-fellow, with the minister, since he is in place. At all events, his wife sees the best company *now*; and, if she *is* vulgar, no one minds vulgarity in a commissioner's wife."

So many reasons for giving a party might have mollified even Molière's miser; and the treaty was accordingly formally ratified. The party, however, being carried, the next thing that suggested itself was the expediency of prefacing it by a snug little dinner, to *secure* the Lord Lickplatter, the Rumpot Rows, *père et fils*, and the most desirable of the dancers for the girls.

Exquisites never dance under claret and venison. A dinner also was a *sine quâ non* to a renewed intimacy with the commissioner. "Let me see," said Mrs. Stubshaw, reckoning her guests on the tips of her fingers as she spoke, "there are the two M. P.'s and their wives, are four; Lord L., five; the five Rumpot Rows, make ten; Major Spinham the waltzer, eleven; Cornet *Queue-de-Chat*, twelve; Captain *Lookandie*, thirteen; the commissioner and his vulgar wife, fifteen; and our two selves seventeen, (for the girls need not dine with us,)—who else shall we have? Suppose Mr. Splutter, eighteen; he is called Conversation Splutter, because he lets nobody talk but himself. Then, there's what's his name, the reigning dandy of last winter, who never opens his mouth but to swallow his soup, or to gulp down a bumper of hock or champagne. He and that strenuous diner-out, Hopthetwig, who spouts verses and plays the short-armed orator, will just make twenty."

The uninitiated may, perhaps, object that there is a great want of keeping in this narrative, and wonder how Mr. Stubshaw could begin by resisting a dance, and end by agreeing without a struggle to a dinner. But, such is man! Not a wife in the whole parish of Bloomsbury, with the addition of its adjunct St. Giles's in the Fields, to boot, but knows that in matrimonial struggles *c'est le premier pas qui coûte*, and that if a woman can once insinuate the point of her tongue into a crevice in her husband's obstinacy, she will soon drive a coach and six through his opposition.

Moreover, Stubshaw himself liked a good dinner, and rather thought he shone at the foot of his own table; he had a choice batch of claret (a professional *douceur*) in his cellar, that only wanted drinking; and, more than all, he had just received a magnificent piece of plate, duly inscribed with a pompous eulogium on his professional and moral merits, from an insurance company, whose charter he had steered through a stormy opposition in the House of Commons. Nothing, therefore, was more explicable than his condescension in the article of the dinner; and no difficulty was started, save as to the filling of the table.

"Well," said Mr. S., advancing, in his turn, his claim to a nomination, "won't you ask some of those friends to whom you say we owe so much? What say you to the Thoms, or the Turnpennys? There is no one sets off a party half so much as pretty Mrs. Jenkinson, with her bright eyes and her diamond drops."

"Not the Thoms, my dear, *this time*. They go out four in family! and what can we do with two sticky, hole-faced, ill-dressed idiots, taking up the table? The Turnpennys might do; but, then, he is deaf, and she is so affected, she'll give a *mauvais ton* to the whole entertainment. As for Mrs. Jenkinson, as she is *your* favourite, we'll have her, by all means—that is, if her husband's on circuit; but he, poor man, is absolutely not *presentable*. The Dunstanvilles and Lady Betty would do much better. To be sure Lady B. is a good soul, and would not mind being left out at dinner, if there was any body *very* particular to take her place. What think you of Sir Whirligig Logarithm? He talks mathematics to the blues, and fox-hunting to the philosophers, and he is at every thing that is good. I should prefer the Rev. Peter Plimpton, but there's no getting him."

"Very good, Mrs. Stubshaw, very good," exclaimed Mr. S., with a slight exacerbation of voice that implied "very bad;" "you quite forget the Redtails, with whom we have dined three times running; and he is very useful to me in the way of business."

"Oh! Mr. S.! ask an attorney to meet such company!—impossible! The poor creatures themselves, too, will know nobody; and then what will you do with his squinting wife, who *will* commit that breach of the first laws of heraldry, the placing flowers upon feathers; which go together as ill as her singing the "Minstrel Boy" does with the accompaniment she plays, in one key in the bass and another in the treble? No, dear Stubby, no Redtails, if you love me."

Much in this manner were the Joneses, the Badcocks, the Higginbottoms, and divers others *cjusdem farinae* successively put in nomination, and rejected, for some mode or other of that constructional offence *mauvais ton*, so difficult to define, yet so impossible to pardon. In vain were the claims of friendship, kindred, and the "long arrear of *treats* to settle with Alonzo," urged by the good-natured husband. Mrs. Stubshaw vehemently declared that *inconvenance* was the greatest of social faults, and persisted, with something like a show of reason, that the harmonizing of guests requires as much *tact* and nicety as the assortment of colours in the furniture of a room, or in the composition of a ball-dress.

Had it been well cooked and well served, nothing could have been finer than the dinner; for the Stubshaws, when they did entertain, liked to do things well, and in all particulars to follow the customary forms (in that case provided) with the strictest precision. Four chased silver wine-coolers (hired for the day) stood sentry, dripping with dew, at the four corners of the table; while a detachment of two kept watch and ward over the pink and white champagnes, on each end of the plateau. There were the two soups *obligés*, white and brown, removed by a turbot and a salmon; and these again by a stewed fillet of veal and a saddle of mutton. There were the usual *côtelettes*, and the customary *pâtés*. There was the inevitable *fricandeau*, bristling “like quills upon the fretful porcupine,” and sweetbreads to match at the opposite corner. There were the *fondus*, and the *Charlotte Russe*, and Carmel edifices, which beat the tower of Babel, and which rivalled, in the boldness of their obliquity, the leaning tower of Pisa, surpassing the new churches in Regent Street for fantasy—“all Lombard Street to an egg-shell.” Then there were the harlequin ices, and the pines, the *Crème de Peko*, and preserved ginger; every thing, in short, which makes one dinner as like another, as the daily courses of the mutton-eating collegers of Eton; and all as much a matter of course, or rather (forgive the pun) of *three courses*, as the table-cloth or the salt-cellars.

Every body arrived fashionably late, except the dining lord, who was punctual,—the dandy, who came in with the woodcocks, —and Lady Seraphina Dunstanville, who—did not come at all.

For such a derangement of time and opportunity, Mrs. Stubshaw’s cook was not broken in; her mutton, consequently, was not warm through. Like the man who would have written a shorter letter if he had had more time, she would have roasted her meat sufficiently, had she been more pressed for punctuality. But amongst the small fry of fashion, the being too late for all appointments is esteemed a sure test of ton; and the opinion is backed by its happy adaptation to circumstances; for those may be late, by whom all other tests of notability are unattainable. *En revanche*, the woodcocks were burned to a cinder; the whole economy of the service was deranged; and every dish ill served cold, and uneatable.

Such being the *physique*, the arrangement of the *morale* was in perfect keeping with it. The most rigid etiquette being observed by the company, in “the order of their going” to the dining-room, the guests were not marshalled either according to their previous acquaintance, or to the similarity of their tastes. But, most persons would prefer being seated next to a Newfoundland dog, rather than to one totally different in all his ideas, feelings,

and propensities, even though that one should happen to pass current, by courtesy, for a man. Such antipathetics are the true professors of the unknown tongues; and the disappointment, when they do open their mouths, is the greater, because the words sound so provokingly like English.

Particular care, however, was taken that husbands should not sit near their wives, and that ladies and gentlemen should alternate, like beef and bread in a pile of sandwiches; but that was all. The natural consequence was, that a "gentlemanly and melancholy" silence prevailed after that universal nodding, "nid, nid, nodding" of heads, which is currently received as grace before meat, in this land of formalities.

This was maintained through the first course, interrupted only by occasional challenges to take wine, or a passing remark on the cookery, or on that *refugium stultorum*, the weather. Even Splutter, the never-failing Splutter, fixed between the vacant chair left for the dandy and the commissioner (a sort of man who takes jokes *à la lettre*, and mistakes dullness for dignity), and placed, moreover, opposite a large bouquet of flowers, which overshadowed the plateau, and cut off all communication with the opposite side of the table—Splutter was, for once, thrown off his centre, and reduced to the necessity of eating a sufficient meal, for want of other employment for his mouth.

This Pythagorean abstinence from words has one striking advantage, that it enables the guests fully to appreciate the noise, clatter, and knocking about of spoons and forks, which an insufficient staff of domestics occasions, in hurrying to overtake the demands of the company;—while it leaves the master of the house perfectly aware of every glass that is broken, and every dish overthrown, to the great increase of his personal comfort.

Towards the close of the second course, "*postquam exempta fames, et amor compressus edendi*," the broken whispers of tête-à-tête conversations might have been caught crossing each other somewhat after this fashion. "Perkins's steam-gun went off with"——"The governor general, who ordered a detachment to lay siege to"———"Lookandie's whiskers. Oh! our colonel ordered him on parade to shave"———"La belle Henriette's upper lip, who was preluding to an intrigue with"———"A strong corps of Pindarees."

When the cloth was removed, a sort of general conversation was commenced, immediately round the master of the house, who was shocked that the lady at his right hand would not take more wine (she must, by calculation, have drunk between a pint and a bottle, having entered into the usual—in that quarter of the town—relations of wine-drinking amity, with every gentleman

present, besides champagne). This introduced a dissertation on wine, in which it was clearly proved that French wines are not so strong as Port, and that Madeira is thought by the doctors to contain more acid than sherry, together with some other novelties on the relative merits of over-eating and excessive drinking in promoting health.

The attempt however was, on the whole, a failure. The conversation flagged, became interrupted, paused, as a fire goes out, for want of fuel to feed it. And the hint was taken by the mistress of the house to beat a hasty retreat, with the forces under her command, to the drawing-room.

When the ladies had retired, things seemed for a while to mend. That one subject, which Sir R. Walpole thought every man equal to discuss, served to keep the company on the *qui vive*; and Splutter, released from the commissioner and the plateau, told three capital stories, as good as new, besides making several puns which many present had never heard before. But soon, too soon, the gaiety of the party was eclipsed. One of the M. P.'s, a fellow who never opened his mouth in the house, took violent possession of the conversation, to launch forth in praise of a joint-stock company speculation, of which he had recently become a director; and he would have prosed on till the end of the evening, if Sir Rumpot Row, an experienced old soldier, had not, by a manœuvre worthy to take its place in the *stratagemata belli*, availed himself of the moment, during which the member was emptying his heel-tap, to break through his lines with a diatribe against Leadenhall Street politics, especially addressed to the dull ear of the drowsy commissioner, but, in reality, inflicted upon all the society.

This introduced a long string of scandalous anecdotes of divers important personages in the Governor General's circle, in Calcutta; but, unfortunately, in the present instance, "of no interest to anybody but the" narrator.

As the claret continued to work, the spirits of the elder part of the company ebbed, while those of the juniors rose to a spring-tide flood. The conversation, if not more amusing, became louder; and, in a dinner-party, noise is sometimes a great relief. The Park, the Opera, the Derby, the Salon, and the Palais Royal, the major's horses, and the captain's dogs, had ample justice done to them; and some spirited criticisms were hazarded on sundry d—d fine girls, clever coach-makers, and famous good shots, until the gentlemen were duly summoned to coffee, when, having washed their respective mouths with a glass of white wine, they separated to obey the summons.

The evening party, like the party below stairs, was intended to

be select; and great efforts had been made to attract divers luminaries of the higher order from their own resplendent spheres in the west, into the nether space of Mrs. Stubshaw's drawing-room, which, being considerably to the east of Regent Street, could scarcely be deemed in London.

Along with these stars, were asked a whole army of the *Dii minorum gentium* from the *back slums* of Baker Street, who form the connecting link between some fashion and no fashion, and who, being sometimes seen in good houses, are in the greatest request in the parties of bank directors, East Indian Nabobs, speculating members of Parliament, etc., etc., striving to work their way to better things, and sometimes tolerated because their entertainments are convenient. Strange to tell, not one of the "*Medontaque Thersilochumque*," the Joneses, Thoms, Higginbottoms, for whose sake the party had been made, were more lucky now than they had been in the affair of the dinner. There were so many reasons why each of these friendly *serviables*, but undistinguished individuals, should be excluded, that gratitude and friendship, *pro hac vice*, were forced to give ground.

Still the party was a disappointment. The two members went off to the house without *showing* up stairs. The Lady Dunstanville, *mère*, had a headache, and retired to her hotel at ten—the younger Rumpot Rows and the military were a little too elevated to trust themselves in a dance. Apologies poured in from those whose presence would have given *éclat* to the rout; and all the "*fruges consumere nati*," the unprofitable swallows of ice and Roman punch, were punctual in their attendance, as is their wont. In short, "the rooms were full to suffocation, but there was nobody there"—a notice to quit, which the rats of would-be fashion never fail to profit by.

The pretty Mrs. Jenkinson, invited by Mr. S., brought not only her non-presentable husband, but a tall gawky son, fresh from Rugby, and a nodding ruin of an aunt, blind, vulgar, and presumptuous, and withal in dress at once fine and shabby. The old gentleman was quickly spirited off to a remote card-table; while, under the pretence of making my aunt comfortable, Mrs. Stubshaw "stowed her away" behind the folding-doors of the two rooms. But the provoking hag was too fidgety to remain thus *perdue*; and, observing a young friend on the point of committing matrimony, she pounced upon him and dragged him to all parts of the room, for the charitable and delicate purpose of roasting him on his situation.

Misfortunes, they say, never come single. The lamps, in spite of all intreaties to the contrary, would go out, making up, in a foul smoke, for all deficiencies in light. The fiddlers mistook

their orders, and only arrived in time to wake the family from their first sleep on the following evening; the dancing was, therefore, performed to a cracked square piano-forte, and a performer unconscious of time, whose memory was incapable of containing the whole of any one tune.

To add to these miseries, Matthews, having an "at home" of his own, sent an apology; the witty editor of a newspaper, who plays punch more for his own amusement than that of his friends, sent no apology, but did not the less absent himself without leave; and the gentleman asked for his fine voice, not being "i' the vein," had a sudden paroxysm of sore throat, which all the entreaties of the despairing hostess were unequal to relieve.

"Time and the hour," however, "runs through the roughest day; and the worst of ills must have an end. Mrs. Stubshaw was well pleased, when the last guest having departed, and the last candle being extinguished, she laid her weary limbs and aching head upon her pillow.

But the worst was yet to come. The commissioner lost his place; Sir Rumpot ran through his fortune and returned to India, without having placed a remnant of his pagodas on the head of either of the Miss Stubshaws, and of "those children she may have in consequence of the said marriage to be so had and contracted" between her and a junior Rumpot; Lady Dunstanville, being *exceedingly* shortsighted, (she always wore number one,) overlooked, or looked over, the Stubshaws at a rout in Portman Square, three days after the dinner. One of the members borrowed a hundred pounds of Mr. S. to show his intimacy; while the other, in return for his entertainment, refused him a frank.

On the other hand, even the second-rates were offended at being asked merely to meet their equals; and all the great absentees forgot to return an invitation which they never had dreamt of accepting; and finally Messrs. Jones, Thoms, Higginbottom, Badcock, Turnpenny, and Red Tail, *cum suis*, never forgave their old friends the splendour of this feast, or the omission of themselves, in their list of invitations.

THE MUSIC OF ORATORY.

"Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante."—BEAUMARCHAIS.

"The force of sound in alarming the passions is prodigious.—AVISON ON MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

A FAMOUS orator of antiquity, we are told, was in the habit of "going down to the house," attended by a slave bearing a pitch-pipe; to the intent that, whenever the master became heated in debate, and raised his voice above the concert pitch of senatorial

politeness, the man should breathe a gentle note into his ear, and retune his soul to the humdrum monotony of aristocratic decorum. This was a bright idea of the old Roman's; and it is impossible to listen to the discordant screams of certain fire-eating debaters, without regretting that "the oaten reed" has not been adopted into the *matériel* of modern oratory. Every day's political experience shows more and more the necessity for its application, and proves that it is worthy of a place among the instruments of eloquence, far before Burke's dagger, or Lord Sidmouth's green bag, of immortal celebrity. A trifling fact sometimes suffices to lay the foundation of an elaborate hypothesis. As the fall of an apple developed in Sir I. Newton's organ of constructiveness the noble theory of gravitation, so has this little anecdote of the pitch-pipe fermented in an humbler imagination, and elaborated a system concerning public speaking, which, it is scarcely too much to suppose, will cause a radical reform of the art, and make the immortality of its fortunate author. Whoever has taken the trouble of studying the great masters of eloquence, whether political, contentious, didactic, or patibulary, must have perceived that the whole art depends on the single physiological fact, that words are persuasive, not in virtue of their conventional meaning, but of the mode in which, as sounds, they affect the organs of hearing. Fools, indeed, may sometimes be successfully led by the nose; but men of the highest intellectual powers are only to be seduced into extravagant absurdities by the ears.

The word "humbug," and its concomitant expression of "humming the people," are clear evidences of the musical agency of oratory, and of the paramount influence of sound over sense, in the business of persuasion. The specific design of all oratory being to deceive, the means are certainly well adapted to the end, for sense would be little likely to lead an audience into error. That such, however, is the scope of oratory, can scarcely be disputed. "Plain sober sense admits no flowers of speech." Demosthenes himself could not have made more plain the far-famed proposition (whose discovery was estimated at a hecatomb by its grateful inventor), than it is evinced by the unadorned demonstration of the geometer; nor could all the figures of Burke or Curran effect the slightest change in popular opinion, concerning a fifth place of decimals, in a well-constructed logarithm. The force of truth is diminished and often lost, when wrapped in a multitude of words. A simple "I promise to pay," is more convincing than the most florid address that ever fell from the lips of a candidate; and his late Majesty's "done," in reply to Lord Grey's "peace, reform, and retrenchment," was more satisfactory than a speech as long as the *Iliad*.

For the purposes of deception, however, eloquence is omnipotent, and an infallible expedient for those who have nothing else to give. If popular assemblies were moved by their brains, the more a speaker abounded on an erroneous topic, the more evident would become the fallacy. But the tune being every thing, and the words as inconsequential as the verses of a Vauxhall song, the triumph of the art is certain; and the mass of mankind, having their ears well tickled, are caught like a trout, and believe what every clever speaker chooses to advance for their edification. Every third-rate demagogue and Old Bailey counsel is aware of this, and is long-winded in proportion to his own doubts of the goodness of his cause.

A strong confirmation of this theory is to be found in the efficacy of party watchwords in debate. Every one knows that there are certain words and phrases, whose bare utterance is sufficient to set a whole population in a flame; and of these, the distinctive quality is, that Johnson himself would be puzzled to reduce them to the ranks of common sense. There was in his day "Wilkes and liberty," a combination of sounds about as intelligible as "Hie diddle diddle;" and in our times, we have the "constitution in danger;" which, though more musical than "Rum-ti-tiddly pig bow wow," is quite as senseless. The efficacy of such phrases can only exist in the sound; and yet they are more moving arguments than the best-drawn syllogism that ever was constructed of major, minor, and conclusion. Observe, also, that it is precisely on such words as these that the practised orator bestows the utmost care in the enunciation; for though they are the nerves and sinews of a well-built speech, yet if they are sung out of tune, they will fall as flat to the ground as if there were not an ear to intercept them.

Those who have arrived at years of maturity must have heard their fathers before them dwell upon the tremendous efficacy of the solemn and sepulchral cadences in which Pitt arranged the cuckoo song of "thrones and altars," "anarchy, and dissolution of social order." But the effect of these talismanic vocables would have sunk from the sublime to the ridiculous, if they had been squeaked forth by a voice like a penny trumpet, or delivered with the hubble-bubble confusion of a tongue-tied orator: and they would have been about as heart-stirring, perhaps, as the same words now are in the orations of country gentlemen to Pitt clubs and county meetings. It is to little purpose that the propositions are the same, the tune is different; and being sung by inferior musicians, it has lost its charm, and is listened to with impatience and disgust.

If there be the slightest truth in these speculations, it must at

once flash upon minds even the least apprehensive, that oratory is still in its infancy, and that the cause of its limited power of persuasion is its lamentable separation from the kindred art of music. It is notorious, that the finest oration ever delivered by patriotism and eloquence personified, never succeeded in detaching a single vote from a party phalanx; and the most pathetic sermon ever preached could not withstand the charity-freezing strains of the "hymn to be sung by the children only."

To give oratory its full effect, and to render popular speakers really masters of the passions, their addresses should be given in recitative, and should be accompanied by a full band. A great master of the art has placed its essence in action, and I do not dispute that a D'Egville might increase the powers of a declaimer. Every one knows the expression of "dancing mad;" nor can it be doubted that the turning a debate into a ballet of action might add much to the *δευότης* of parliamentary eloquence: but surely melody is a matter of infinitely more importance!

Nature, indeed, points out to the rudest ears that each passion has its proper key, and every discourse its limited compass. If an actor should declaim the speech of Portia on mercy, at the same pitch at which Shylock deplores the loss of his daughter and his jewels,—or if Cassius should quarrel with Brutus in the insinuating tones of Anthony haranguing over the body of Cæsar, the very stage carpenters and lamp-lighters would detect the blunder. Not only has each variety of declamation its appropriate gamut, but every public assembly has its peculiar tone; of which, if the novice be unaware, he will surely break down, though possessed of the logic of Brougham, and the rhetoric of Mackintosh. The House of Commons is notorious for its delicacy of ear, and for the fastidiousness with which it rejects the orator, whose tone is at variance with its habitual style. Thus the honourable Member, sometime representative of the Duke of N——, was coughed unmercifully down, because he addressed the House in the music of the conventicle; and the no less honourable Member for all Ireland has again and again provoked its irascibility, by singing to that assembly the chant which was once so popular in the Catholic Association. Why is it that Dr. Drowsy, who is heard with pleasure in the pulpit, is universally cut in good society? Simply, because he tells his stories in the same sleep-compelling rhythm with which he preaches.

But to make this more clear, let any one imagine for a moment Orator Irving asking a lady to take wine with the same depth of intonation in which he "dealt d—nation round the land;" or announcing the coming millennium, to the tune of Mr. Merri-man's "strike up, physicianers." It would be as unmusical as



Engraved by Geo. Thompson F.R.S.

Designed by G. Kneller

THE RT HONBLE SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

James Mackintosh

FISHER JUN & CO LONDON 1833.

7-28-86.
wy.

an organ point in one of Rossini's *prestissimo* finales! Conceive, again, a right reverend bishop lecturing the house to the music of Mr. Canning's "red lion;" or Mr. Hume dissecting a budget to the sprightly air of one of Sheridan's good stories; *nil fuit unquam tam dispar sibi*. Let every deliberative body, therefore, be forthwith provided with a complete orchestra, to drown the sense in an accompaniment; send the orators to school to Welsh or to Costa; let discourses be noted in score; let *florature* be substituted for trope and metaphor; let the transitions of the subject be introduced by appropriate modulations; and every speech be brought to a scientific conclusion by a regular coda, with at least four repetitions of the sub-dominant, dominant, and keynote. The superior attraction of the opera-house to all other theatres will give some notion of what oratory would gain by such a reform.

Nature, which in all things is superior to art, has given the common people the start on this point over the more accomplished and aristocratical speakers. Without the least knowledge of theory, and guided only by their own instincts, our deceased friends, the Charleys, bestowed all their attention on the music with which they announced the flight of time; and in their customary "Pa-a-a-ast — o'clock!" sacrificed the distinctness of the specific hour to the graces and flourishes in which they enveloped the preliminary syllable. The itinerant venders of small wares also uniformly rely less on the merits of their goods, than on that of the melody appropriate to each different calling. The sense is as subordinate to the sound in these outpourings of the ignorant, as in the most elaborate speeches of the practised orator: and a stranger would be as much puzzled by a cry of "fresh salmon," or "live cod," as if the announce were uttered in Arabic.

The truth of these popular chants is the *ne plus ultra* of oratorical effect; and they cannot be turned from their original purpose without destroying the innovator. "Dust ho," sung to the melody of "meolk below," or "groundsel for your birds," performed according to the notation of "lily white muffins," would be perfectly ridiculous.

For the introduction of the improvements proposed now in oratory, the times in which we live offer especial inducements. The old school of public speaking is rapidly declining; no new orators are rising to take the places of the Pitts, Foxes, and Cannings, and a growing difficulty is felt by the most able politicians, in tuning their speeches to their party pitch, insomuch that debates often degenerate into a Dutch concert; a section of the Tories are every now and then surprised into bursts of libe-

rality, appalling to the out-and-outers; and their harangues are mistaken by their astonished partisans for the "*te dominum confitemur*" of the back benches of the Treasury. To abate this confusion, and to restore the order of regular debating, a musical reform would be most effectual. Sir Robert may be an excellent leader in the House of Commons; but what is he to the little gentleman who, with a roll of music in his hand, keeps the chorus singers of the French opera in such excellent controul? Import, then, forthwith, the *generalissimo des doubles croches*; place him in the most conspicuous seat in front of the Speaker's chair, and his manœuvres will do more towards keeping the band together, than all the standing orders of the House, collectively and individually.

The master evil of parliamentary affairs is, beyond all question, the loss of time and hindrance of business produced by the too prevalent intemperance of tongue. Every member thinks it for his dignity to speak upon every subject; and when once a man is fairly on his legs, he is only to be brought down by the most determined and indecent coughing. Now, if singing were substituted for plain speaking, only the good voices would dare to open their mouths, while the time of each oration might be rigorously determined by means of the metronome. The imputation of wrong *motives*, also, that *pons asinorum* of intemperate speakers, would be impossible, since it would be prevented by an immediate appeal to the senses; while all *untimely* remark would spontaneously end by putting the singer out, and forcing him to sit down.

By the judicious choice of appropriate airs, the effect of a speech would be wonderfully increased, and a member entering the House, however late, would at once know by the tune what was the subject of discussion. Complaints of grievances, for instance, would move a Sejanus to tears, if warbled to "Queen Mary's lamentation;" and the budget would be appropriately illustrated by "Total eclipse." A war speech would come off well in a *tempo di marcia*; and a proposition for peace could not fail to succeed, if made to the tune of "The soldier tired of war's alarms." So, also, the flippancy of a junior lord of the admiralty, or a treasury clerk, would derive fresh spirit from a *motivo* in triple time; and a maiden speech on the address would go admirably to the air of "Gentle echo." In finance committees, business would go on merrily to the tune of "Money in both pockets;" game-laws might become palatable, if proposed to "How sweet in the woodlands," and periodical tirades on the flourishing state of the country, like the end of an Italian chorus, might be made up altogether of "*felicità, felecità, felecità.*"

To men of single ideas, and to those whose business it is to speak against time, an invaluable resource would be opened, in that repetition, which, although most intolerable in speaking, is not only allowable, but beneficial in music; while those unaccustomed to public speaking would find their account in covering up occasional pauses in the flow of their ideas, by the intervention of orchestral symphonies. Parliamentary coalitions would still continue to be prepared by judicious overtures. Waltzes would be most appropriate music for recantations of former opinions; and rats might "change sides and back again" to the sprightly country dance of "Moll in the wad." Largo movements would answer the purpose of adjournments to this day six months; high pressure measures would be carried through both Houses "*prestissimo con furia*;" and the price of wheat would, probably, be maintained at the level of the landlord's expectation and wishes, to the tune of "Corn riggs are bonny." Parliamentary reform would be effectually deprecated to "O no, they never mention her;" and official peccadilloes be propped by bills of indemnity, to the popular old melody of "Could a man be secure."

Great effects might likewise be produced by a masterly choice of instrumental accompaniments, after the manner of Collins's "Ode to the Passions." Those who have something to say for themselves should imitate the simplicity of Paesiello; while they who are not given to thinking might make a very taking speech, by dint of a laboured instrumentation *à la Rossini*. Panegyrics upon officials in a scrape should go to a flourish of trumpets; divorce cases would find their way to the hearts of "my lords" with a sufficient accompaniment of horns; and motions to fund Exchequer bills would alone be appropriately introduced by a prelude on the jew's-harp. Addresses to the throne from either House should be set to the violoncello accompaniment of "Softly sweet in Lydian measures;" angry retorts should be accompanied by the "ear-piercing fife," with an occasional grunt from the trombone and the serpent; while bills for the better observance of the Sabbath should, according to all analogy, be supported by a due intermixture of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

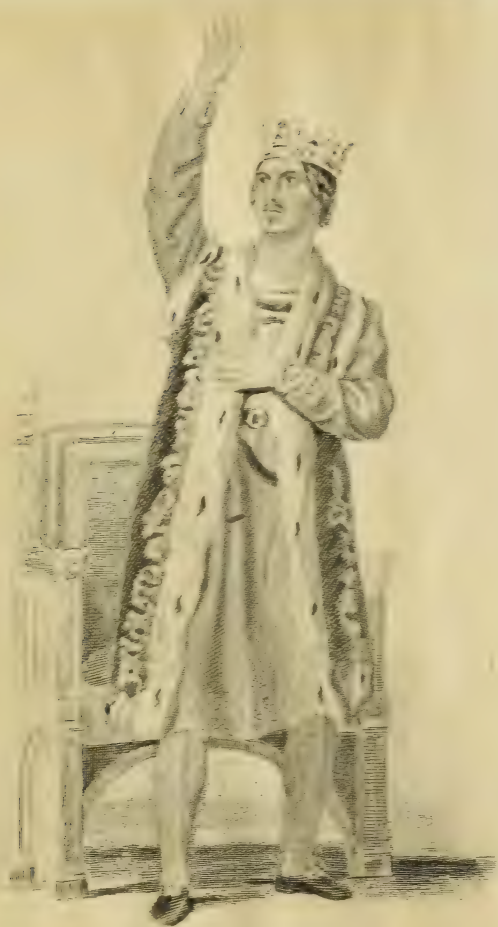
General rules respecting style can hardly be expected where every man must consult his own genius; but country gentlemen should, as much as possible, confine themselves to the "*pastorale*;" the lords should affect the "*largo maestoso*;" appeals for indulgence should be made "*con espressione*;" and new taxes proposed "*non troppo presto*." Hume would shine especially in the "*canto figurato*;" while the Attorney-General must, *ex officio*, adopt the "*canto fermo*." Sir Robert would be elaborate, Mr. Macauley

florid, and the Duke's discourses continue, as of old, to be delivered "*staccato*." The Speaker, when called upon to address the House, should never exceed the gravity of a "*cinque pace*;" the heavy speakers would inevitably choose the "*tempo di bore-ia*;" and the votes of the members always be counted to an elaborate *division* of running notes.

Should this improvement in public speaking be relished, it might be appended to some bill for reforming law, chancery, the parliament, or the church, to any of which it would form a natural rider. The changes it would require are very few : all that would be necessary would be the appointment of Sir George Smart as Speaker, *pro tempore*, to put the machinery into movement; to place Beriot for six months on the woolsack; and (as the printed *libretto* would supersede the necessity of reporters) to convert the gallery into an orchestra. Some objections, of course, would be started by those who, like Pizarro, "want no change," however necessary or just it might be. The plan would be baptized "a revolution;" the downfall of prosing would be called an "overthrow of our venerable constitution;" and all who are unable to turn a tune would bubble about "vested rights." A little perseverance would, however, eventually carry it through. Catholic Emancipation was not won in a day; and if Conservatism prove obstinate, with a little jockeyship, the singing bill might still be smuggled through the House with the connivance of all parties, under the guise of an act for reviving the circulation of *notes*.

The application of the new system to forensic eloquence would probably meet with some opposition from the benchers and seniors of the bar, who do not like to be put out of their way; but the juniors, who are at present oftener seen in "Fop's-alley" than in Westminster Hall, would give all their influence to forward the change. To judges and juries it would recommend itself in many particulars. In the first place, much time might be saved, by making all the counsel engaged on the same side address the court together in a fugue or a canon, instead of each one performing, as at present, his separate solo. The melody would also materially assist the memory of the judge in recapitulating evidence; and, in passing sentence, the "Dead March in Saul" would at once be vastly imposing, and would save a world of twaddle. Lastly, a musical speech from a Chancery barrister of three mortal hours would be less likely to set the court to sleep, if delivered to a sprightly tune, than the monotonous orations which at present make such large demands on the judge's snuff-box.

It is, however, from the church that the most formidable oppo-



PRINTED BY JOHN JOHNSON, NEW SPAIN-STREET.

6-17-85.

sition may be expected. Reforms in the church are bad in the abstract. Polemic divines also are the sworn enemies of harmony; and the saints already object to the cathedral service as profane. It must be honestly confessed that, if certain incumbents were to sing as badly as they read, there would be some danger of driving their flocks into the arms of the sectarians, instead of sending "their souls upon a jig to heaven." But then, on the other hand, would it not be a decided convenience to throw the whole labour of the church service upon the vicars choral, and to leave the sermon, as well as the hymn, to be sung by the charity children? A weekly concert, too, in the parish church, might, it is to be hoped, reconcile the parishioners to the payment of rates, and materially relieve the *ennui* of a country incumbency, and the high prices paid to opera singers would afford a precedent exceedingly favourable to the interests of dignitaries and rich beneficiaries.

With respect to the patibulary department of public speaking, it is falling into such general disuse, that little need be said on the subject. There is no reason, however, why felons should not die singing as well as swans; and there is both a precedent established, and music already prepared for the occasion, in the Beggars' Opera. On the stage, the reform is already as good as completed: Rossini has superseded Shakspeare; and Kean and Macready may resign the boards to Vestris and Haughton. "Cherry ripe" will draw better houses than Juliet; and Macbeth only goes down by the assistance of Locke's music. In a short time, therefore, it may reasonably be expected that all speeches will be sung; that all public meetings will commence with three taps of the fiddle-stick; that Hansard will be published in score; that the leading speakers will regularly practise their solfeggio; and that the whipper-in will go through Bellamy's and the lobby, crying out, after the manner of the theatrical call-boys, "First music is playing." The moral, social, and political consequences of this revolution must be left for a future occasion.

RICHES.

RICHES!—what a flourish of trumpets lies in that one word! Riches, the great object of civilized existence, the mother of consideration and respect, the fountain of pleasures infinite. The very sound of the word is talismanic, and every one of its magic characters a spell and evocation. To such a subject all preface or preamble is supererogatory. Its simple announcement awakens attention, while the bare fact of its selection proves the

author on a level with his age; both of them circumstances which save an ocean of preliminary ink.

From the beginning of recorded time, the world has been occupied in producing, using, and abusing riches, without having by its labours advanced the philosophy of the subject a single iota. The theme, indeed, has been sufficiently be-essayed and be-maximed, and "hypocrisy and nonsense" have done their worst with it. But, were it not that actions speak more plainly than words, and that one deed is more indicative of the heart than a dozen of the most elaborate treatises, it might readily be supposed that men had not even made up their minds whether wealth in itself were a good or an evil. This, to speak the truth, is not so very surprising. They who have the greatest practical acquaintance with the subject, by passing their days in the accumulation of money, find no leisure for theoretic speculations on their own account; or, perhaps, they are too deeply imbued with the spirit of monopoly, (their besetting sin,) to write down the results of their experience for the instruction of others; while the professed and professing philosophers, teaching from hearsay or imagination, and often without so much as having handled the material of their discourses, have rather led their followers astray, than carried them forward in the path of true knowledge. It is only, therefore, in this present century of perfectibility, when men of wealth write, and writers become men of wealth—when the figures of the *millionnaire* give vigour to his style, and the notes of the student are convertible into specie, that the theme has acquired any chance of being treated in a rational and experimental manner.

Political economists tell us, that whatever contributes to supply a want, whether natural, customary, or capricious, constitutes wealth, as, indeed, the derivation of the word itself plainly indicates; and from this it should follow that youth, health, knowledge, a pleasant climate, a cheerful temperament, a very good or a very callous conscience, (all of which, by contributing to happiness, supply the master-want of existence,) are real and genuine riches. It would be curious, however, to hear what the firm of Rothschild would have to say on this notion. Would they not tell us that such articles have no value in the market, that they do not perceive them in the lists of the price-current, and that there is no mention of them in their letters from Amsterdam? Is it not, indeed, inculcated with the catechism, by every master to his apprentice, and by every prudent father to his son, that such trifles should be perseveringly sacrificed without scruple, in search of money and money's worth, the only things which enter into the ordinary notion of this complex idea? Here, then,

the philosophers and the practical men are directly at issue, and separate from the very starting-post; no wonder, therefore, that they arrive at such opposite conclusions.

But if the definition of wealth be matter of controversy, differences no less extraordinary prevail concerning its sources. However much economical writers dispute among themselves on the nature of rent, and other leading points of doctrine, they all unite in asserting that labour and parsimony are the sole bases of capital,—a dogma which the conduct of the men of experience denounces as a gross mistake. There is not a warm fellow upon 'Change who will not acknowledge that watching the turn of the market is a more effectual method of advancement; while merchants and manufacturers all act upon the conviction, that more is to be made of the labour of others than of their own. Labour may be defrauded of its reward, and economy may fail for want of a sufficient field for its exertion. Saving-banks cannot avail those who have nothing to invest, and the poor-house is a more frequent resource to the mere labourer than these receptacles for stray shillings and sixpences. To become wealthy, "a lucky hit" is infallible, whether it be "God's providence," or, as in the case of Sir Balaam, the dispensation of another power. Royal favour and ministerial influence have raised many to unlooked-for riches; but the shortest and easiest cut is (in the language of Figaro) to "take the trouble of being born to a good estate," or to a respectable slice in the three per cents. It is to no purpose that the Millses and the Ricardos din into men's ears their notion, that these cases are exceptional, and that labour and economy are the established turnpikes to competence. It is in human nature to be most forcibly excited by whatever is accidental; while that which is in the common course of things fails to strike, and is overlooked or disregarded. Universal prejudice, therefore, runs in favour of the shortest roads; and the broad highways are abandoned to those who do not know the country, or who do not choose to risk their *necks* in a steeple-chase pursuit of their object.

This singular propensity or instinct of the species has had considerable influence upon language, and it declares the reason why in most civilized tongues the wealth of each individual is termed his "fortune," as if chance alone were the parent of well-doing. In a perfectly well-constituted condition of society, such a metaphor would with difficulty gain currency, the association between luck and riches being less frequently suggested; but, in this work-a-day world of ours, in which "things as they are" take so decided a precedence of "things as they should be," Mercury is the common god of thieves and of merchandise. The influence of

language on our ideas is in all cases considerable; but in that of this strange association of ideas, it produces manifold mistakes. There is no instance in which men more frequently expect the effect, without reference to its causes, than in the acquirement of wealth; and they, consequently, fall into most unreasonable discontents. When a thoughtless fellow has spent his life in dissipation, or passed his time in hunting butterflies, writing verses, speculating upon virtue, beauty, patriotism, the *summum bonum*, or the like unprofitable pursuits, he "looks upon himself as a very ill-treated gentleman," if in his old age he is less well to do in the world than they who have all their days minded the main chance; and he imagines that the order of the universe has been suspended, to inflict upon him a miraculous injury.

The stumbling upon this egregious and palpable blunder is a prevalent error among authors and artists. Their merit, or their vanity, leads them to place a high value on themselves, and they become discouraged and mortified, when they are forced upon the unlooked-for discovery, that their attainments are but imperfectly convertible into pounds, shillings, and pence. This, however, is all just as it should be, and as much in common course as the regular succession of the seasons. Talent, genius, and "all that sort of thing," are not the requisites for money-making, and there is not the slightest relation between a fine style and a fine fortune. If a genius will give up the whole powers of his mind to Pindar or Demosthenes, instead of studying Cocker or Bonnycastle—if he will "pen a stanza when he should engross," he should abide tranquilly by the consequences. If he will follow the course of the stars, instead of the course of exchange, he should be contented to remain a good astronomer, without looking to be a good man in the city.

Riches being destined to supply the common wants of humanity, it is requisite that their production should be placed within the reach of the most ordinary faculties. If genius alone were capable of making money, the world would be steeped to the lips in poverty, and the aristocracy of talent would be the most insufferable of inequalities. Falstaff, in sounding "the bottom of this same Justice Shallow," is a genuine type of the whole race of wits, when he exclaims, "yet has he lands and beeves;" as if sack and sugar were the primary elements in the character of a thriving grazier; or, as if to qualify for a goodly inheritance, it were necessary to master the art of setting the Thames on fire.

Superior gifts, so far from favouring the process of accumulating wealth, are among the most serious impediments to that pleasant operation. Turning a penny and turning a rhyme are very different processes; and, as a delicate touch is incompatible

with the habitual wielding of a sledge-hammer, so a pursuit of the finer investigations of nature and mind assort not with the coarse speculations of the corn-market and the Dutch walk.

The Medici, indeed, and their brother merchants of the Italian republics, sought to combine the two objects, and, to a certain degree, accomplished their end. But what was the result? Their minds expanded with their fortunes; they became ashamed of their humble utility, and they ultimately abandoned their calling, set up for gentlemen, took to politics, and turned out the most arrant knaves that ever lived by bread. If there is no serving God and Mammon, Apollo and the Muses are in this sense true deities; and the more experienced of our merchants, in these times, have cut the connection at once and for ever. Their writings are strictly confined to invoices, or a pamphlet on the currency, and they dabble in no drawings beyond a bill of exchange.

Genius, in comparing its productive powers with those of the money-spinners, is unjust to itself. Its superiority in every other point is sufficiently uncontested; and, however its sons may grumble, there are few, if any of them, truly deserving their reputation, who would exchange lots with the pains-taking and laborious children of Plutus: the butterfly does not envy the condition of the muck-worm. Money then is no standard of talent: the two things are incommensurables; and it is absurd to expect that they should bear any certain and constant ratio in the market.

The very rarity of genius, which in other cases enhances the value of a commodity, is against it. The produce of mind is only relished by mind, and the consumers are not sufficient to support prices by an extensive demand. He who produces a bushel of wheat produces what every man desires: but the discoverer of a great moral truth is so far from offering an article in common request, that he will seldom fail to find it an unsaleable drug; and he may even count himself fortunate, if he is not persecuted and reviled by his customers, as if he had been convicted of a poisonous adulteration.

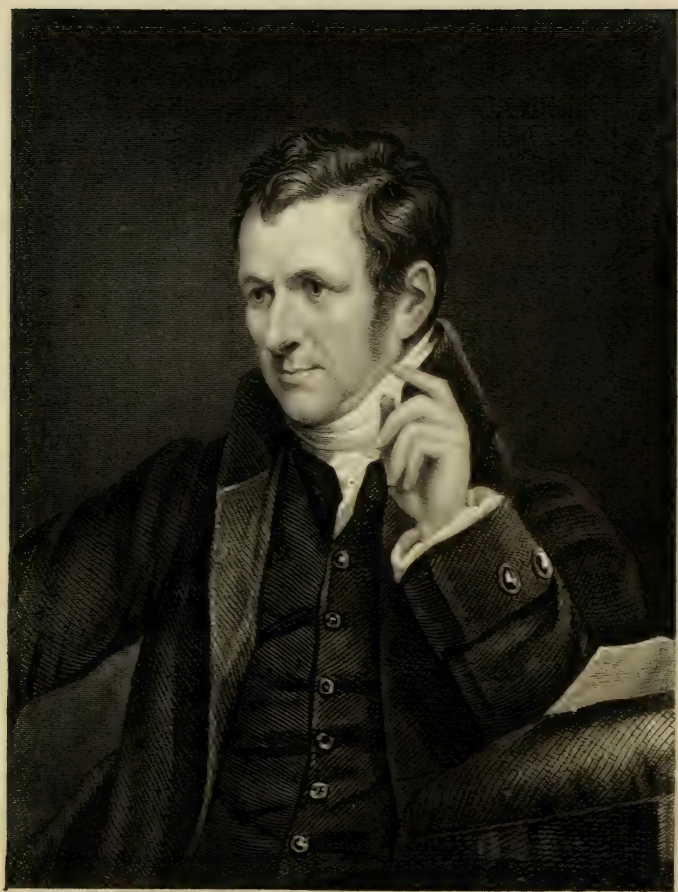
But though the poverty of genius be thus, like death, "a necessary end," and to be expected with equal philosophy, still some natural yearnings may be pardoned, even in the more stoical, at witnessing the triumphs of successful dulness. Men of genius must eat, as well as commoner folks; and, for the most part, they are more susceptible to the differences between good and bad fare than their neighbours. Then, your rich blockhead is so provokingly self-satisfied! he invites comparison at every turn. There is, however, one class of the intellectually superior who

treat this case with the utmost philosophy—I mean those eminent geniuses who consider the world as “mine oyster:” instead of entertaining a sulky jealousy of the money-getter, they stick as close to him as his skin, and employ all their faculties to render him the purveyor of their pleasures.

To those to whom the acquirement of wealth is an object, the exchangeable value of commodities is every thing. Intrinsic worth, without currency, is like a light under a bushel—very brilliant, but very useless; or, rather, it is like the lost papers advertised in a journal—“of no use to any one but the owner.” An inattention to this golden rule has been the pecuniary shipwreck of some of the greatest geniuses. Had Mr. Haydon, for instance, not confounded intrinsic excellence with money-value, he would not have painted gigantic pictures for a nation whose houses are nut-shells; nor would he have addicted himself to historic composition, in the service of a race who know no more of the poetry of painting than their brother christians of Otaheite. A very ordinary portrait-painter produces an article which all the world can appreciate; “we are vain upon our own portraits,” and caricature-likenesses are the most striking. Why, then, should a genuine artist be scandalized at the wealth of these subalterns of the brush? Complaints of neglected genius and want of patronage are foolish and unjust. The public of the present day buy what they want, and the Medici themselves did no more.

The market-value of genius rises rapidly when its products can be offered to the simultaneous enjoyment of large assemblies. It is thus that a popular actor gets more for reciting another man's thoughts than the poet who produces the play—simply because the former sells to the public, the latter to the manager. The same difference subsists between operative musicians and composers; between the painter of a diorama and a David or a Reynolds.

If you desire to make wealth quickly, give yourself to the production of articles that have the least intrinsic value. Between the natural wants and the physical powers of man to supply them, there is a definite proportion, which fixes the standard of prices for all articles of primary consumption. But caprice is a principle to which no measure can apply. The most extensive incomes are insufficient to meet the demands of fancy, whose “appetite increases with what it feeds on.” For objects of this class the purchaser pays not merely according to their first cost, but for the strength, also, of his own desire. A man of fortune will give the most extravagant price, in the gratification of his favourite whim, for a race-horse, a picture, a morsel of rare antiquity, even when he refuses himself a decent coat. His lady distresses herself for



SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, BART. P.R.S.

Humphrey Davy

111

8-2-25.

a diamond necklace, and her son, perhaps, anticipates his inheritance, to purchase the voices of the worthy and independent electors of the borough of Guzzledown. What is thus true of individuals is equally true of society; and most things produce a larger profit in proportion to the smallness of the solid benefit they occasion in their consumption.

The price-current of inutilities is, in a great measure, conventional. Lip-honour finds a better market than the staple support of a numerous population. A king's mistress is better paid than his minister—a dancing-master than a professor of philosophy. A ballarina gets a hundred pounds for a *pas seul*, while a soldier is knocked on the head for a shilling *per diem*. Music is feed at a guinea a visit, better paid than the physician's fee; languages and litigation at six-and-eight-pence. A bishop earns more than a general. A weekly (or weakly) sermon brings the beneficiary more grist to his mill, than a navy captain obtains for the sacrifice of time, labour, independence, and personal safety. A good actress has a larger salary if she is pretty and a coquet; but her emoluments are infinitely increased, and she sometimes gets a titled husband, when she has the good luck to possess—a bad character.

Although merit and money both begin with an M, any other connection which may subsist between them is purely accidental; and genius is wanting in self-knowledge if it repines at neglect. Complain you are poor, “complain you are a man;” still however, if money be an object, there are not wanting money-making trades within the reach of genius itself. Demoivre applied his mathematics to calculate the chances of the dice; and the moral philosopher might calculate the movements of the passions on the Stock Exchange. A man of letters may thrive as the editor of a newspaper; a critic may sell himself to a party. The professor who cannot enrich himself by cultivating the inside of the head, may do a tolerable stroke of business by dressing the outside. A disappointed artist may rise in the world as a house-painter. A musician, who starves on his own notes, may turn an honest penny in discounting those of his neighbours; and the poet, who is more in want of pudding than of praise, may write hymns, or comment on the Apocalypse. Sir Humphrey Davy did not disdain to apply his chemical science to the manufacture of gunpowder; and Watt was far too wise to suffer his genius for mechanics to waste itself on the “desert air” of theoretic abstractions. Anybody may grow rich, who really and sincerely desires it; but then he must give himself up to the pursuit, and suffer no other passion to interfere with his avarice. Fame must have no charm in his eyes, and he must not be inordinately given to

fiddling. If his conscience be tender, he may be as virtuous as he pleases when he is rich; but, while he has his fortune to make, he must "hold out his iron and wink." Above all things, he must not encumber himself with a wife and family, unless the woman be pretty, and then marriage is not always such a formidable consideration.

That man is a money-making animal, is a definition beyond all cavil; for though, by the infirmity of the species, or by the corruptions of society, it happens that individuals may here and there be found without the power of accumulating, or rather endowed with a strong instinct to dissipate and to destroy, yet was there never a man who would not do a little business when it lay in his way. Saints and philosophers are rarely in earnest in their professed contempt for wealth; and even so, they form an exception too small to disturb the generality of the rule. There is, then, great inconsistency, as well as ingratitude, in the contempt which is heaped upon the money-makers, and in the preference given to the liberal, over the lucrative arts. It is difficult to conceive why those arts should be exclusively liberal, whose culture cuts off the sources of liberality, or why the pursuit of money should derogate from gentility, when its possession is the only indefeasible title to the rank of a gentleman.

This is, however, a fundamental error, and it re-appears in almost all our opinions on wealth, and leads to the most abominable absurdities. What, for example, can be less tenable than the metaphysical distinctions which are drawn between wages, salaries, and fees? Why, also, should a banker look down on a merchant, a merchant on a retail-dealer, or a shop-keeper on a hawker and pedlar? These silly niceties very evidently depend on the great master-error, which creates a baseless and ideal difference, between the dealer on 'Change and the dealer in Downing Street, between the costermonger and the boroughmonger, the lacqueys in livery of a private gentleman, and the lacqueys out of livery of the minister for the time being. The feudal baron, who won his castle at the point of the sword, was as much a dealer and chapman, as the modern lord, who acquires an estate and title by figs and raw sugars. The earl, who traffics with his coronet for a pawnbroker's daughter and her hundred thousand pounds, is as complete a tradesman as "my uncle," his father-in-law; and the sporting baronet, who plucks a pigeon in St. James's Street, is not a whit better than his rival operative—the poulterer in St. James's Market. Vespasian, and the philosophers of his school, were much more reasonable in conceiving money-making an excellence paramount to all such finical refinements.

The only solid distinction to be drawn among the producers lies in the relative amount of gain to be derived from their respective trades or professions. If the devil is to be honoured for his burning throne, and the miser for his money-bag, the throne and the money-bag, *a fortiori*, are worthy of respect also. The man who plunders his country of thousands is justly thought to follow a more liberal profession than the "whipper-up of unconsidered trifles," or the forty-shilling prig; and a wholesale defaulter is a much more honourable gentleman than a white-washed greengrocer.

These truths are every day gaining fresh ground. Philosophy is becoming more tangible, the relative pretensions of the rich and the noble are brought to the test of sensation, and the aristocracy of wealth is rapidly superseding all other sources of greatness. Wealth is a communicable quality, while rank is personal and unparticipated. The former is the true metallic currency, but the latter a discredited paper, which will not be taken, though endorsed with the signatures of the Earl Marshal himself.

The Italian proverb says, that "happy are the sons whose fathers go to the devil;" and a man must be unreasonably proud, if he would not prefer descending from the loins of a rich slop-seller, to inheriting the barren honours of decayed gentility. The English nation, the wisest and best of people, are at the same time the most money-getting: *ergo*, money-making is the most intelligent and moral of employments. The Lord Mayor of London is a greater man than Socrates, and he that looks down on a *millionnaire* is a pharisee or a fool. "Put money in your purse," then, reader—no matter how; deem it the "one thing needful," and I may probably, on a future occasion, tell you something worth knowing, concerning what you are to do with it when it is yours!

NO. II.

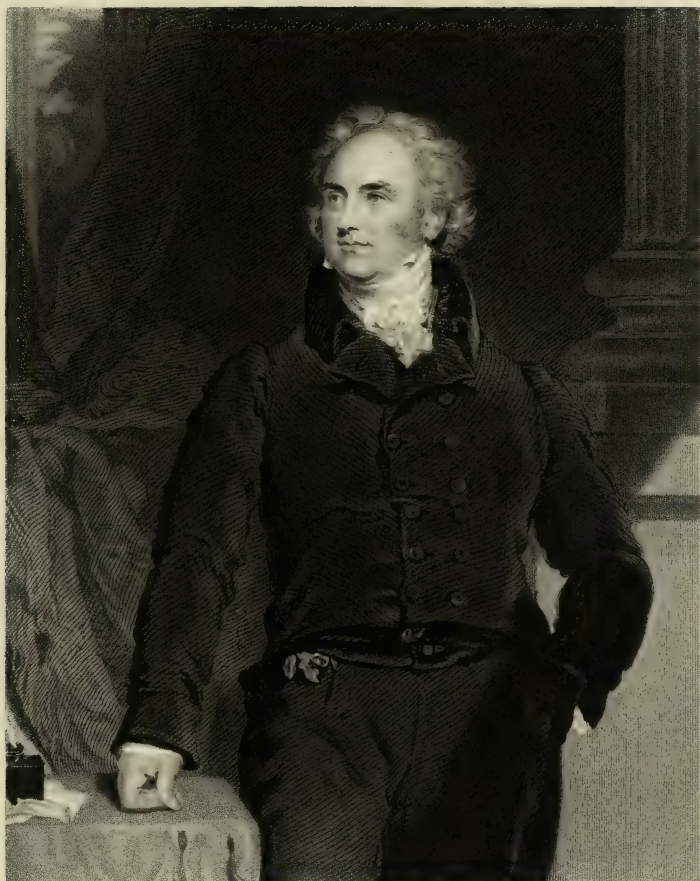
"De la panse vient la danse, et où fain règne force exule."—RABELAIS.

"Effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum."—OVID.

PROVERBS are the invention of the people, and they all more or less smack of their origin. The great majority of them turn on the means and uses of thrift; and they arise out of the development of caution, patience, forbearance, or some other faculty or passion familiar to suffering and helplessness. Had Aristocracy been equally sententious, the "wisdom of nations" would have been less lop-sided, and we should have possessed more abbreviated expressions for the embarrassments of wealth. When our nurses in bitter irony tell their charge, that "he is more trouble

to them than all their money," they little conceive that money in large masses is a most troublesome concern; and they who indiscriminately declare "a fat sorrow to be better than a lean one" have principally considered only one half of the question. Hard and up-hill work as is the accumulation of wealth, the business of spending it is often more recondite and laborious. Few are they who accomplish the task with credit and comfort to themselves, and with benefit to their species; and the richest man upon 'Change is often not more advanced in this department of political economy than the lame beggar who sweeps the crossing.

To the frequent errors and mistakes committed by the rich in the employment of their means must be attributed the still undetermined problem concerning the general utility of wealth as an instrument of happiness. Whether the dogma of the nothingness of riches be a cunning device of the favourites of fortune, to reconcile the destitute to their hard lot (and the sermons of stall-fed pluralists, lay and clerical, on the anti-needle-passing properties of wealth, do look very like a plot to secure the lion's share in the advantages of established order); or whether the notion has arisen in the envy and spite of the poor, who cry "sour grapes," because the golden fruit is placed beyond their reach; or, lastly, whether the whole proceed from a tacit conspiracy of both parties mutually to dupe each other—imposition would be equally impossible, unless some accidental obscurity were cast round the subject. If the distribution of happiness among the different classes of society were really equal, the universal thirst for wealth would be a spring in the moral machine without an object; and let saints and sinners, cynics and dreamers, say what they will, no man in his senses could conscientiously believe that poverty is not an insufferable nuisance, if those in the possession of the good things of life did not, by gross mismanagement, occasion great misery, and convert what should be a general blessing, into a scourge for themselves, and for all within the sphere of their mischievous energy. As it is, indeed, the diatribes on this subject smack so nauseously of cant and affectation, that it requires no ordinary stretch of credulity to believe the declaimers in earnest. The boasting stoic, who proclaims his superiority to the accidents of fortune, if he does not always, like Seneca, write on a golden table, is, usually at least, far removed from the fear of starvation. The tooth-ache is not the only ill which philosophy bears best at a distance; and the humblest of those who pray for neither riches nor poverty do not contemplate so low a rate of competency as would imply the loss of caste. Even Diogenes stipulated for his tub; and, though



Painted by Sir John Jackson, P.R.A.

Engraved by J. Thompson

SIR ASTLEY PASTON COOPER, BART. F.R.S.

Astley Cooper

careless of other worldly goods, he was a miser and a voluptuary too in the article of sunshine.

It must, however, be admitted, that if riches have their use, it is not always very easy to find it out; insomuch that the man is no mean philosopher who can spend a princely income without feeling the weight of the burthen, and without forfeiting respectability or comfort.

What riches give us, let us then inquire;

and the answer of the poet comes as pat as rhyme and epigram can make it—

Meat, fire, and clothes. What more?—meat, clothes, and fire.

And is this really the whole, Mr. Pope? Why then did you take the trouble to translate Homer's two interminable epics for the amusement of your subscribers? But, admitting this poetical philosophy (for it can hardly be called philosophical poetry), these little things are still great to little men, who, when all is said, must eat and find protection from the inclemency of the seasons. What with corn-laws, coal monopolies, and tailor's charges for stay-tape and buckram, these are points not so easily mastered; and no man who knows what it is to have dined at a slap-bang shop, to have bought a coat in Monmouth Street, or to have dealt in fuel by the bushel, would venture to turn up his nose at the poet's narrow measure of the uses of wealth. A comfortable supply of "meat, clothes, and fire" is a very comfortable thing; and though it may be thought that an exceedingly moderate sum of money will suffice to procure these matters in a simple but satisfactory abundance, yet there is more difficulty in producing this sum (the first element of future wealth), than in all the subsequent accumulation of millions put together.

Can riches, it is confidently asked, give health, or peace of mind, or real worth? Not the mere possession of riches, certainly; but, well applied, they may much increase the sum of these blessings.

Is it nothing to be able to insure the services of Sir Astley, when in need of an operation? Is it nothing to have a carriage for exercise, when you can't walk? Nothing to escape being nursed for charity? Besides, to be master of your own time, and to be exempt from the necessity of plunging into the turmoils of the world and its doubtful honesty, is an infinite blessing; and if a man have a vocation to sanctity, it is something to command such a table as will insure the spiritual comfort and godly conversation of the very best of the pious who conjoin the practical virtue of good eating with the flow of zeal. It were as reasonable to rail against the gold, which is the material symbol of wealth, because it cannot be manufactured into steam-engines and razors,

as to despise the thing signified, because it is not the immediate cause of all it can indirectly effect. But if riches cannot in all cases confer health, poverty is too often the occasion of malady and premature death. Ramazzini has written a whole quarto on the diseases of operatives, without having exhausted the subject; and it is well known, that the average term of life is shorter for the poor than for the rich: even in great cities, where dissipation offers such seductions, and makes such ravages on the strongest constitutions, the upper classes enjoy a greater longevity than the industrious poor.

Riches also are, to a certain extent, indispensable to the culture of the intellect; and even to a physical sense of that beauty and harmony in the creation which is necessary to the enjoyment of the arts, and to a perception of the moral beauty of truth and virtue. Nay, wealth has more to do with practical morals than Epictetus or St. Francis ever imagined. There are thousands of honest men who want nothing but the pressure of poverty to become incorrigible rogues, for one who could "bear the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" with unblemished reputation.

To cry down wealth as indifferent to happiness, is to fly in the face of daily experience. The richest nations, when they do not egregiously misemploy their resources, are, after all, the most civilized and virtuous. Even beasts of prey are less ferocious and dangerous, when plentifully supplied with food, than when pinched by hunger; and is man, indeed, so untameable an animal, as to be inaccessible to the genial influence of agreeable sensations? Riches, however, are a great power; and, being so, they require knowledge commensurate, in order to wield them with discretion. Wealth, in the possession of a fool or a knave, is like a firebrand in the hands of a maniac. Hitherto, wealth has developed itself in societies faster than knowledge; and too much ground has been given for the fallacy of arguing from the abuse to the use. Nations, in accumulating riches, have less sought for diffusive comfort than for the formation of close aristocracies, and the interests of the many have been sacrificed to those of the few. The consequences have been wars, national and civil, inordinate luxury, and a population of beggars; while individuals, possessed of more power than they could properly wield, have ruined their health, and dissipated their fortunes in the search of ideal gratifications, and the pursuit of pleasure without enjoyment.

But the various uses of money are yet more numerous. Who would not place, at a high value, that delightful, though somewhat metaphysical, attribute — "respectability?" Nobody on

earth likes to be cut, or to be left out, in the most agreeable hospitalities; even genius and virtue personified must feel rather uncomfortable, if the seams of their outward garments are a shade too visible, to procure civility. For the poor there is no friendship; or if pity, habit, old acquaintance, or affections not quite frozen by the world's north-easters, should now and again induce an act of eccentric benevolence towards an unfortunate, it will rarely extend beyond a dinner, "quite alone," in the privacy of the country, or a salutation in a by-street when nobody observes it. The friendship of a rich man, on the contrary, is a matter of public boast; it is claimed in the circle, and canvassed in Rotten Row. His wishes are anticipated, his society sought on the most *select* occasions; and no circumstance in life will deprive him of a single admirer, but the loss of his—property.

There are many who imagine that this idolatry of wealth proceeds from a parasitical desire of participating in the rich man's advantages; but the fact is not so. The admiration of wealth is not always connected with the expectation of benevolence or hospitality; there would be something rational in that. Riches are esteemed for themselves alone; and the less generous the possessor, the larger will be his fortune, and the greater his consideration. Moral qualities, like false stones, are valuable only in proportion to the richness of their setting; or, rather, the gold is the subject, and man and his virtues accidents only, scarcely worthy of consideration. In trade every one prefers dealing at the greatest warehouse;—in politics the rich candidate is the sitting member—in religion "a saint in crape; is twice a saint in lawn;"—in literature the scientific Amphitryon is the greatest wit;—and, even in police-offices and gaols, a capital felon and a felon of capital are two very different personages.

According to the new lights of modern discovery, the advantages of wealth are not confined to mere worldly interests. It is also a very powerful adjunct in that process, which is known in Ireland by the phrase of "making your sowl." The laws of morality are much less rigid for the rich man than the poor; and conduct assumes a very different colour, according to the pecuniary circumstances of the agent. The wag, who in a drunken frolic stabbed the waiter in a tavern, and coolly ordered him to be charged in the bill, overstepped, perhaps, the modesty of the purse's license; but, as far as a common assault goes, a rich defendant is usually permitted to "speak with the prosecutor out of court;" which is a technical euphemism for buying off fine and imprisonment. The purchase of a borough wholesale, has long been allowable; but the receipt of a two-guinea bribe for a single vote is scandalous and penal. Every man, also, is allowed as

much adultery as he can afford to pay for; while the poor devil who suffers, when he cannot advance the parliamentary fees, is, with more than Mezentian cruelty, tied for life to the wife whose innocence the rich man has legally purchased. So, also, the most rigorous sticklers for a judaical observance of the Sabbath graduate its violations by the cost, and punish severely in the poor man practices which they freely tolerate in the rich.

Generally speaking, he whose name is down for large sums in the subscription-list of the multitudinous religious societies, has a *carte-blanche* for all vices that fall short of an infraction of conventional decency; exactly as in the middle ages, when to found a monastery was a receipt in full for murder and usurpation: and when a great man might live pretty nearly as he pleased, provided, when he died, he disinherited his son to endow a church. Can such things be reconciled with the Scripture metaphor of the camel and the needle? If not, what is the inference? Why, plainly, that the passage is an interpolation of some blasphemous Jew, either to bring Christianity into contempt as Jacobinical, or, by disgusting the feeblers brethren with wealth, to throw it more decidedly into the hands of Hebrew monopoly. Riches, a stumbling-block in the way to heaven, forsooth!—what, then, is the use of cheap tract societies, orthodox charity schools, and missions to convert the sallow-faced dealers in Turkey rhubarb, red slippers, and lead pencils?

But, perhaps, the most decided advantage of wealth is, that its possession, *per se*, and independently of all its applications, is a source of intense gratification.

How beauteous are rouleaus, how charming chests
Containing ingots, bags of dollars, coins!

The mere contemplation of such objects is a beatitude in itself; and it seems to have been provided by nature, in mercy, to occupy that portion of human life in which the passions of youth have lost their spring and temper. Observe the countenance of any man in the act of buttoning up his pocket, and its expression will plainly indicate how the said pocket is lined. There is a self-complacency in every lineament, which bespeaks the latent gold beyond the possibility of mistake: while the man of empty purse sneaks about the world as if he had committed larceny. This is a matter of much moment; for half the success in life is derived from self-possession. Give a man a comfortable independence, and he is enabled boldly to take the head of the table, to engross the conversation, and to assume the confident tone and manner that bespeak applause. This the poor man, though the greatest coxcomb upon earth, can rarely achieve, except in the very best society. To do the modern great justice, agreeability,



W. B. B. 1807

W. B. B. 1807

What numbers once in Fortune's lap lay lost
 Seek the cold hand of Charity
 To lock us in—seek it in vain

11-7-'85.

art, and science, are welcomed, when mere moneyed dullness is *chassé* without pity. In less refined circles, the old rule, however, prevails, and conscious merit cowers before wealthy ignorance. At best, the poor man must understand the subject upon which he advances an opinion, and be very sure that he has something to say worth listening to, before he hazards an anecdote or a jest; which is one of the greatest drawbacks on shining in company that a diner-out can experience.

To make the most of the thousand privileges inherent in the possession of money is the great secret of happiness. There is no spectacle in the moral world more distressing than that of a rich voluptuary, who has reduced himself to envy the keen appetite of a starving beggar, or to blow out his own brains, in order to escape from intolerable *ennui*. Every one is not born with a taste for those pleasures which gold can buy; and without it, riches are often but a splendid misery. By a defect in the order of nature, the instinct of money-making is very rarely connected with the faculty of enjoyment; but then, the pleasure of accumulating is perhaps enough for one mortal; and Providence may have "shown itself more just" in reserving the gratifications of expenditure for the heir. "Why call we misers miserable?" asks Lord Byron; and it certainly is a complete *lucus a non lucendo*. Elwes, with his hard eggs, and roof that let in the rain, may have been as happy in the indulgence of his whim, as if it had been the most rational and epicurean; but the case is very different with him who scatters abroad his wealth, and does so without the due return of pleasure; expenditure without object, is mere vanity and vexation of spirit. How many wretches do we meet with in life, who, born to large possessions, have wasted their means in vague experiments on happiness, and have arrived at their last guinea, without discovering the true sources of enjoyment!

It is not every dissipated person who relishes dissipation; it is not every horse-racer who loves the turf; nor every collector who delights in pictures. Yet, without the proper *gusto*, thus to waste one's means, is about as wise as to ruin one's fortune in marrying portionless girls, building hospitals, or throwing the money into the abyss of the national debt. Nothing can be more weak than such impertinent expenditure; yet there are few who can resist the imperious calls of fashion, at whose bidding such painful sacrifices of time and fortune are unhesitatingly made. Why should a rich man care for fashion? What need has he to game, to drink, or to lose his money at *écarté*, unless he likes it? Why should he ruin his health on the treasury-benches of the senate-house, when he wants neither place

nor pension? It cannot be sufficiently borne in mind that the world was made for the rich, and that they should never do any thing which they do not perform with a perfect and entire relish. In this respect, there is no greater voluptuary than the wealthy man of benevolence. While he is diffusing happiness around him, and calling down blessings from hundreds of grateful hearts, he is himself luxuriating in delicious sensations, and is nothing better than a refined epicure. It is very much to be regretted that the speculators upon the next world indulge so little in this sensual enjoyment; and that, in scattering abroad their assets upon post-obits in Paradise, they place them so rigorously on their own heads.

To make the most of riches, then, requires a knowledge of nature, and more especially of our own nature. We laugh at the madfrolics of sailors when the ship is paid off; but their errors are not less gross than those of the dissipators in high life. A wise man, were he as rich as Croesus, should eat his venison and drink his claret with some reference to the powers of his stomach, and should remember that money is meant to purchase pleasure and not pain. Figure to yourself a splendid establishment in some fashionable street for the sale of diseases. How strange it would appear to see carriage after carriage drive to the door; one man putting down a thousand pounds to carry off a commodity of chalk-stones; another bidding hundreds for a butt of London particular liver complaint; while a fine lady pledges her jewels for a complete set of shattered nerves, or a domestic establishment of blue devils! Yet nine-tenths of the west-enders are practically doing this, and worse than this.

The mastery which wealth gives to its possessor over his own time, is by mismanagement converted into a perfect curse; and the first lesson bestowed on a young heir should be upon the use and economy of this element of happiness. As the world goes, a rich man is singularly well off who has picked up the art of wasting his hours gracefully, and who gets rid of "the enemy" without falling into dangerous or dishonourable vice. There is many a warm fellow who might envy the convicts at the treadmill; for they, at least, do not endanger their lives like the fox-hunter, and their labour is much lighter than that of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Some of the most pains-taking people to be met with are the injudicious expenders of superfluous time, who go through more real discomfort in their attempts at occupation than they who are obliged to work in order to eat.

England, which is the most wealthy of nations, is, perhaps, also the most miserable in its abuses of the powers of wealth. A



THOMSON.

CHARITY INSPIRED BY SPRING.

Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard and unfeeling of another's woe!
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
With warmest beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invoked
Can restless goodness wait: your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplored;
Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head:

5/20 '86.

Birmingham,
Eng.---

large part of its resources go in the purchase of direct and positive evils. The chemist and philosopher, Kirwan, used to say, that the money thrown away on the revolution-war would have built a bridge between Ireland and England; and if half the money which is wasted in riot and debauchery, or scattered in foolish litigation, remained in the pockets of the possessors, or were even thrown in the sea, the sum of human happiness would be incalculably increased.

Volumes upon volumes are printed on the theory and practice of accumulation; while a few short sentences are thought sufficient for the more vital question of wholesome expenditure. No wonder, therefore, that the end is sacrificed to the means. The slave who works in the gold-mine, and the artisan who pines in the poisonous atmosphere of the cotton-mill, are popular objects of pity; but what is the world at large but one vast elaboratory of wretchedness, in which successive generations are sacrificed in useless toil, and in production, unaccompanied by enjoyment, while the few favourites of fortune are not less essentially miserable in the possession of inordinate wealth, which they know not how to employ, and have not the honesty more fairly to participate?

LETTER FROM A YOUNGER BROTHER.

SIR,—When a man has been accustomed from his birth to move in one particular sphere of life only, and has had no opportunity of correcting his opinions by mixing generally with his species, the incongruities and absurdities of the world's arrangements scarcely touch him. Whatever is habitual seems natural and inevitable; and it enters not into his thoughts that things could be otherwise.

Such has long been the state of my mind respecting primogeniture; and, although an ungracious thought has, I confess, sometimes arisen touching the extent to which I should profit by my elder brother's "slipping his wind," together with some occasional repinings that I had not taken precedence of him in my entry into life, yet it never occurred to me to imagine any other possible disposition of property than that which gave him all, and left me and the rest of the youngers nothing.

From this condition of thought I was awakened rather abruptly, by a conversation at which I was present the other evening, between a foreign professor of law and my elder brother, who represents the rank, and enjoys the estates, long hereditary in our family. My curiosity was intensely roused, when the professor, after some general remarks on the anomalies in our poli-

tical institutions, and their want of harmony with our prevailing love of liberty, illustrated his theme by a reference to our law of succession.

The opinions of this foreigner were of the cast which the members of our family censure as revolutionary; for, like most of the great aristocratic houses, ours has always been sufficiently haughty and exclusive in its notions.

With that timidity so common to the natives of the despotic states of the continent, or perhaps through the politeness of a travelled gentleman, he was, at first, rather unwilling to speak out in the presence of strangers, whose opinions, he felt, could not be in unison with his own; but, being pressed on the point by my brother, and encouraged by a sort of wondering attention in his auditors, he at length entered at large into the bad consequences which, as he imagined, proceed from the establishment of the right of eldership, in the distribution of property.

His statements were any thing but relished by the company he addressed, whose ideas on this point (derived from the cradle) were strengthened and confirmed, on this occasion, by the authoritative support of a reviewing lord, and of an official M.P., known also to be in close connection with a high-flying journal. To these persons, the professor's notions, both of the end of good government, and of the possibility of attaining it, without the preponderance of a powerful landed aristocracy, appeared supereminently *mauvais ton*. And the sneers of the diplomatic peer, and the broad hoaxing earnestness of the pert commoner, would have put an abrupt end to the debate, if their opponent, being a foreigner, had not been wholly unacquainted with these truly English logical weapons, and therefore, unconscious alike of their rudeness and their meaning. Accordingly, he continued to develop his ideas, and to bring forward his argument with calmness and clearness; and, notwithstanding the indisputable proof of their insufficiency, afforded by the reception they encountered from the great coryphæi of our political adherents, they, somehow or other, did seem *to me* to have more weight than the company gave them credit for.

My brother, however, who is accustomed to be listened to, and who, therefore, speaks with an air of decision and self-conviction, maintained an excellent defence: he was "on his legs" (figuratively) for full three quarters of an hour, to the manifest stagnation of the bottle, and he talked as fluently as if he had crammed for a debate. No wonder, therefore, that he had the thing hollow, and that the poor professor was voted a twaddle and a bore. I question, indeed, if he will be asked in a hurry to dine a second time at — house.

For my own part, though I do not pretend to understand all that was said pro and con, yet I was surprised and amused to perceive how little either of the parties knew of the real facts of the case. Both, as I soon found, were alike ignorant of where the shoe really pinches, and omitted the most important point in dispute; and, though I do not usually affect to be a judge of any thing but horses and wine, yet I was soon satisfied that I could have given them some hints, that would have vastly enlightened their weak minds on the subject. But my public speaking never extends beyond a monosyllable; and, moreover, I do not, for certain reasons, choose to contradict my noble brother, whose table is convenient. I purposely, therefore, abstained from joining in the debate.

Authorship, however, is at present voted a good concern, and to scrape together a few guineas by the pen does not derogate; so, being unwilling that my experience should be lost to the world, I shall proceed, Mr. Editor, to open my mind to you; and you may send the needful to my lodgings in Albany.

Much, sir, as was said on both sides respecting the influence of the law of primogeniture on the state, on the distribution of capital, on manners, customs, and morals, not a word was dropped concerning those who are the greatest and most immediate sufferers by the institution. None, indeed, but the unlucky parties themselves, can conceive what a cursed thing it is to be a younger brother, or can imagine a tithe of the annoyances which we poor devils undergo, who are launched into the world of fashionable extravagance, with no other means of carrying on the war, than a commission in the army, and an odd five thousand pounds. We are neither provided for by our parents, nor qualified for shifting for ourselves. However much we may be blunted and cramped by an imperfect education, and by habits of indolence, I, for one, am conscious of powers, which, in another rank of life, would have enabled me to earn a sufficient and creditable fortune: but, then, for the Hon. Major — to work for his bread! What a solecism in the nature of things!

The miseries of a younger brother's position in society begin from the starting-post. The line of distinction between the cadet, and the heir of the family, is a straightforward, bold, broad dash, which is as promptly perceived by the nurse as by the herald. Servants are sufficiently quick at seizing the difference between uncommunicable blood, and wealth, which may be made to diffuse itself by flattery and sycophancy; and the rascals can be as insolent to a seedy Lord John as to a tradesman.

At the public schools, indeed, things generally go somewhat

better ; the natural unsophisticated spirit of boyhood tending powerfully towards equality. There, to do the masters justice, my Lord Duke has as liberal a share of the birch as the son of a tradesman ; and woe betide the unfortunate aristocrat who should presume on his privilege. Yet, even in schools, there are such things as sucking toadies and infant tigers ; and there are tutors who know what is what, and distinguish, with becoming sagacity, between the embryo dispenser of deaneries and livings, and the uninfluential dependent on family patronage.

Of this, indeed, I do not so much complain. It would be better for us if matters were pushed much further, and if the ultimate difference between our destinies, and those of our elder brothers, were marked from the beginning, by a corresponding difference in all the details of our treatment and consideration. Why should we be permitted to partake of the privileged idleness conceded to the life-tenants of the family estate ; or why, by participating in their lavish expenditure, should we be encouraged in habits of indulgence, so unsuited to our future havings?

My brother and I, as boys, were always on the best possible terms ; and, at college, all our amusements were in common. We hunted, drank, shot, etc., etc., together ; and, at the end of three years, my debts were nearly as heavy as his. By this time, also, I had acquired the same inaptitude for application, the same distaste for wholesome labour, and the same devotion to a trifling and lounging life.

Thenceforward, however, our condition became widely different. My brother could borrow as much, and as often, as he chose, while I had no estate to anticipate. With the same taste for extravagance as he, “ with all the elegant desires that fill the happiest bosom,” I found old ten-in-the-hundred as deaf to my prayers as a lawyer to a *formâ pauperis* client.

My father, it is true, pushed me on in my regiment, and more than once paid my debts ; but he was himself a man of expense, and had his daughters to portion : so that, one day, I found myself unable to purchase a lieutenant-colonelcy, and had the agreeable sensation of being commanded by the younger son of a rich city alderman.

A thousand times, in my better hours, I have lamented that chance had not placed me in a merchant’s counting-house ; a thousand times, in the depression of *ennui* and embarrassment, I have cursed my stars for not having made me the child of my college tutor, the now thriving bishop of ——. All the four companions of our child’s plays, his lucky sons, have snug births in the church, and two of them are already dignitaries ; while my

honourable self have not a shilling to ring on a milestone; and but for the privilege of parliament, for which I am indebted to my brother (in return for a blind submission to his will), I should be unable to walk the streets.

Formerly, indeed, a good provision was made, at the expense of the nation, for the younger brothers of such noble families as were on the ministerial side of the house; and now and then the opposition houses got a turn, either through family connection, or the spirit of "the order:" but the Reform Bill has cut us up there, root and branch. No governments, no embassies are going now for us; no colonial establishments are created for our special use, even in that slaughter-house, the coast of Africa.

The contrast between the situation and the circumstances of our class—between the loftiness of our pretensions in society and the scantiness of our resources—comes home to us in a world of particulars. From the tyranny of the parliamentary whipper-in, and the impertinence of under-secretaries, to the insolence of the duke's porter, who refuses an entrance to our "Jarvey," through his master's aristocratic *porte cochère* (1)—from the haughtiness of speculating chaperons, to the slights of unbribed chambermaids, the cut-mutton Lord Charleses, and the Dowager virgin Lady Marys, we are the butts of all sorts of indignities.

Even in my father and mother's lifetime, my poor sisters were regarded by her *femme de chambre* as a natural enemy—as interceptors of all the "unconsidered trifles," which that personage construed into her perquisites. But now, when they are in my brother's house, and not of it—when they are thought as much a burthen on the family establishment as on the family estate—when they are tolerated merely by the lady of the house—they are looked upon by the servants only in the light of visitors, as troublesome guests who give no vails; and they are treated with just that degree of respect and attention, which cannot be withheld, without a formal complaint, and a consequent dismissal from a profitable service.

Young men of our rank generally come from the universities, where we have figured in gold lace, or in silk, with a pretty strong conceit of our own importance; and the finery of a guardsman's uniform is but little calculated to abate the failing. To these pretensions I also could add the advantages of a good person, and a strictly aristocratic demeanor and address. But a very short acquaintance with the world was sufficient to bring me to my senses, and to make me feel the hollowness of such claims upon its consideration.

On my first entrance upon London life, I was soon taught that a younger brother is the natural enemy of all prudent mothers

(1) Fact.

and high-spirited daughters; that I was not only useless myself to all matrimonial purposes, but an impediment in the way of the designs of these ladies upon others. My brother, who, by the by, is as lively as aristocratic dignity and diplomatic *morgue* could make him, was at once admitted to all the snug dinners and family villa parties of the disinterested mammas, but I was as uniformly left out, and thrown, for my meals and resources, on the mess-room and the club-house. For him every fair hand was extended, and to him every bright eye was directed, while I was an object of cold respect, or of apprehensive indifference.

If by chance I could, once in a way, prevail on a disinterested Lady Jane, or on an uncalculating Lady Cecilia, to trust herself with me in a waltz, neither fun nor fire could thaw the ice of her reserve, not, however, that *that* was of much consequence. All the Lady Janes in the world might have gone to the devil, for any interest they possessed in my affections; but Clara, poor dear Clara, she *had* a heart, and I also was but too well convinced, that had I possessed the most modest independence, we might have both been happy. Even now, when I see her dragging through the world the intolerable load of her dotard lord, her fine form faded, and her lovely eyes involuntarily betraying her bankrupt hopes, it requires all my knowledge of the world to preserve the calmness of my exterior, and all my affection not to urge her upon guilt and shame.

But I do not mean to be pathetic: younger brothers have no right to the luxury of love, and with Malthus staring me in the face, I was a fool for thinking of it. A summer in Spain, and a ball through the thorax at Badajos, had taken the sting out of this disappointment of my wishes, and I do not wisely thus to recall her image.

There are amongst us many noble cadets who make themselves a place in society by dropping a grade or two in the scale, and living upon those with whom the presence of a lord gives flavour to a repast, and who require nothing in return for their frequent "feeds," but the privilege of boasting of your acquaintance. Some contrive also by this means to slip into very profitable matrimonial connections, saddled only with an insipid or a vulgar wife, and with relations, never acknowledged by their own noble family.

But these resources suited neither my tastes nor my habits. Thanks to pride also, which "oft saves man and woman too from falling," I could never stoop to cheat in horseflesh, or to slip a card—those favourite resources of the man who cannot dig, and is ashamed to beg. What then was left for me but to rub on, sometimes with my regiment, and sometimes in some miserable

lodging in London, living in the club, and combining the narrowest economy with as much show of equipage and dress as my means and credit would permit!

I am now no longer young, yet have I neither the purse nor the habits for growing decently old. Failing of promotion, I have retired on half-pay, and pass my winters in an endless round of London gaieties—which to me are no longer gay—without occupation, and without pursuit. I am too gouty to drink, too poor to gamble, too shattered to intrigue, and too honest to play the hypocrite. I pass my nights in sleeping over debates I do not understand, and in voting on interests I cannot comprehend, according to the implicit directions of my fraternal nominator. I listen to operas that have ceased to charm, and attend at assemblies as dull as a Methodist conference.

My summers, too, are equally wasted in the country seats of my friends, who are charitable enough to give me shelter from my creditors, and a retreat from that worst of all duns—myself. There, I visit horse-races, and bet my money upon other men's horses; I hunt with other men's hounds; shoot on other men's preserves; talk with other men's ideas; and save money to pay my tailor and my club-house subscription, for the next winter's campaign.

With just sense and spirit enough to detest the thing I am, I want both activity and motive for becoming any thing better. A burthen to my country, my family, and myself, my life slips away in weak repinings and unavailing regrets. In the mean time I daily witness the rising eminence of my plebeian contemporaries in school and college, who were then the objects of my childish contempt; and I behold virtues, from which I have been excluded by noble but pauper birth, obtaining rewards to which titled *fainéantise* must look up in vain.

Yet, unhappy as I am, in my own individual person, I am by no means the worst of my class. With many of its vices and follies, I still have avoided its graver crimes. I have beggared no minors at cards; I have not played booty at Newmarket; I have not married a wealthy dowager to dissipate her fortune, and break her heart; I have not very grossly trallicked with the liberties and happiness of my country (that admitted field of aristocratic industry, though I fear opportunity, rather than inclination, has been wanting, to perpetrate this criminality—the temptations are so strong, the excuses so plausible, and the influence of example so seducing. I am not an ordained pluralist, nor a lay dealer in sinecures; I am not a fungus on the state (to adopt the professor's plain-spoken phrase), an excrescence on society, nurtured at the expense of honest industry, under the false plea of decorating “the Corinthian capital” of the national edifice. I am no great

man's tiger, I am no minister's jackall ; nor have I profited by the frailties of a mother, a sister, or a mistress.

All this my brother would, perhaps, call radicalism, and the bishop term irreligion ; and, for aught I know, they may be right in their denunciations. But this I can tell them, and all other sticklers for things as they are, that if such beings as myself must exist for the benefit of social order, and for the maintenance of great families, none suffer more severely by the establishment than we, who are supposed to profit by public abuses the most directly.

I may, perhaps, be told, that many younger brothers, feeling all of which I complain, are still partizans of the doctrine and practice of the law of primogeniture, and are well contented to suffer for the maintenance of the family pride. Such, indeed, is the force of prejudice ; and we know that the Hindoostanee women, in like manner, laud and uphold the practice of the suttee. Examples, however, prove nothing but the imbecility and degradation of the parties themselves ; and for myself, as I hope to be saved, if I had the world to begin over again, and could choose between being an honourable younger brother or a brewer's horse, I should not hesitate for a moment to prefer the dragging the drays of the fermentator, to plodding in the harness of idleness and dependence.

I am, sir,
Your very obedient servant,

GOOD SORT OF PEOPLE.

“Vir bonus est quis?” etc. etc.

“A good sort of man is a sort of a quiz,
Who lives within law, and does nothing amiss.”

THERE is a class of unfortunates, to whom society is pre-eminently ungrateful, and for whom I am just at present inclined to take up the cudgels for an odd half hour.—I allude to the class well known under the proverbial designation of “good sort of good-for-nothing people.”

The common judgment of mankind, which runs so hard against this useful and innocent variety of the human species, is but a part of their ordinary inconsistency. Man, in all debatable matters, is never so contented as when he is the dupe of two contradictory absurdities, and is maintaining concurrently the consequences of both. Accordingly, in his opinions concerning these “most respectable” persons—while the great end of all his institutes is to multiply their numbers, to abate idio-

syncretasies, moderate passions, and reduce every exuberance of eccentricity to a civilized level, in which nothing shall be salient, nothing irregular—he does not the less actively go to work to run down the victims of his own systems; and when education and law have succeeded in moulding the greater part of the species to a golden mediocrity of mill-horse thought and action, he turns short on the patient, and coolly stigmatizes this acquired nullity as an intolerable nuisance.

By an original defect of mental constitution, we are all predisposed to admire little, either in action or character, except in proportion as it is injurious; and to disdain whatever is homely enough to be merely useful. Now, in this serviceable but despised category, the good sort of people stand confessedly high. From the beginning of time, poets and historians have been at once the slaves and the ministers to this absurd leaning, and have given up themselves and their pens to the exclusive eulogy of the great men who have bathed the earth in tears and blood, while they have directed the shafts of their ridicule against those who have not the wit to be mischievous, or have been withheld by a timid conscience from doing all the harm of which they were capable.

There is something horribly base in this sycophantic prostration before brute force, this tendency to devil-worship; and if there be any particular in which the condition of society gives evidence of a tendency towards perfectibility, it is in the fact that, at length, in this nineteenth century, the better part of the species are beginning to abandon the inveterate error, and to suspect that human happiness is not exactly promoted by the desolators of the earth. As far, at least, as public life is concerned, society is awakening to a sense of its injustice to the merely useful, and are slower in surrendering their esteem without a valuable consideration.

Kings and heroes have fallen to a considerable discount; and an epic poem, stuffed to the very margin with fire and carnage, will no longer make a god of a madman, or preserve even its own existence through a second edition. The “wrath of Achilles” has degenerated into a by-word; and Alexander the Great, if he is to live in the admiration of posterity, will be more indebted to the friendship of Aristotle than to his victory over Darius. Historians also have discovered that nations are not confined within the precincts of a court, and that the intrigues of ministers and mistresses do not embrace the sum of public affairs. Nay, so potent has “the schoolmaster” become, that there are many who prefer a Bentham to a Wellington, and have more affection for a Franklin than a Pitt. Watt has his statue, as well as

the holy allies; and philosophers are promoted, and take their places by the side of the burners of gunpowder.

Est quoddam prodire tenuis: statistics and political economy have elevated the interests of the meanest mechanic to a higher consideration than awaits the vicissitudes of the proudest wholesale butchers of the species. There is scarcely a "scrubby boy" who does not resolve state questions by the rules of pounds, shillings, and pence; and who would not stop the march of a hundred thousand men, horse, foot, and artillery, with a *cui bono*?

This is a wonderful revolution, and if it goes on and prospers, it will effect surprising changes in the destinies of man. It is not, therefore, without some hope of success, that I propose carrying the same line of reflection into private life, and saying a good word for those, whose purely useful qualities have hitherto been treated with unmerited contempt by their neighbours and acquaintances.

On the comparative importance of good sort of persons to the world, it is sufficient to observe, that a single statesman may govern a nation, a single general lead an army; and that a very small knot of wits and philosophers will earn for the times in which they live the title of an Augustan age, and place the scientific reputation of their country on a proud eminence; whereas it is essential almost to the existence of any community that the great majority of its constituent members should consist of beings, whose biography is amply set forth in the entries of the parish register.

The good sort of people are, in truth, the feather-beds of society, upon which public order reposes in security; and a single glance at the books of morals provided by state-teachers for the formation of the public character shows that the very *beau idéal* of religion and virtue can only be displayed in the traits and characteristics of this part of the species. It is in the drama of life, as in that of the stage, the Laerteses are many, and the Hamlets few; and the affairs of the world at large would fare as ill as those of private theatricals, if all its members were equally determined on playing only first characters.

But, alas! the desire to be separated from the good sort of people—that marked symptom of the original sin, which gives us all, God help us! such an upward-spark-shooting tendency to go wrong—is strong in all classes of persons, from the prince to the peasant. The very meanest of the rabble is not less anxious to escape from the crowd, and to become somebody, (though it be but in the pages of the Newgate Calendar,) than the loftiest crested of the notables of the land. Every body sets up for some-

thing; and folly and impertinence are freely resorted to for distinction by those who have neither wit nor wisdom to render themselves otherwise conspicuous. It is safer to call your enemy a rogue, or an impure, than to designate him, or her, as a good sort of person; and nobody would dream of saying "good man," or "good woman," to any one above the condition of a common beggar, and that only when the offensive appellation is softened by the act of alms-giving. Nay, I verily believe that there are few individuals who would not prefer having a hump, and being called my lord in virtue of that crooked pre-eminence, to walking uprightly and unnoticed in the ranks of the people.

This irritable susceptibility of the good sort of persons is a most lamentable weakness—a suicidal self-abandonment, which in a certain sense justifies the popular contempt for a class which all its members are so anxious to desert. To no portion of society can the "*suum superbiam quesitam meritis*" more appropriately be addressed. Instead of flying from the designation, a good sort of person ought to make it his boast, and, pluming himself upon his utilitarian mediocrity, hold his head at the highest.

Why is it that the hypocritical Machiavellians are so fond of repeating, that religion, if good for nothing else, is necessary to the people, if it be not in reference to the utility of good sort of persons? It is a specific admission, that they who think for themselves are not half such good citizens as their less talented or less obtrusive fellow-subjects, who believe prostration of mind to be of divine authority; and that, if pains were not taken artificially to decrease their numbers, there would not be enough beasts of burden to grow corn, and pay tithe and taxes.

A nation of eminences and notables, whether intellectual or hierarchical, is a mere political chimera—an equality of the most mischievous levelling—an architecture composed exclusively of capitals—an apple pie, all quinces. The qualities which elevate an individual above the condition of a good sort of person are merely exceptional in nature; and they are only tolerable while they are so rare as to be diluted by the negations and nullities of the greater number.

The indignities which the pretenders to distinction heap upon the whole tribe of good sort of persons, and to which these submit with such misplaced humility, are the more ungrateful, inasmuch as to them, alone the shiners are indebted for the eminence to which they lay claim; for it is as clear as demonstration itself, that in whatever order a man may set up for being somebody, whether it be for rank, wealth, wit, science, or fancy, he is at least as much advanced by the want of such

qualifications in the many, as by their residence in his own proper person.

Projectors and inventors may boast of their ingenuity and adroitness, but they would have a bad time of it in this best of all possible worlds, without the co-operation of that more valuable portion of society who could never be suspected of setting the Thames on fire. The highest qualities in human nature, no less than the vilest manufactured product, falls in price, when there is a glut in the market; and literature itself has become dog cheap, from the diminution of that subdivision of the good sort of persons, the "gentle readers," who have, one and all, been seized with the mania of authorship, and been converted into ungente writers.

So likewise in the political world, if a ministry ever finds itself for a few sessions on beds of roses, they owe that happiness exclusively to the good sort of persons who make their way into the house, and who are so far the true representatives of the many, that, like their constituents out of doors, they give themselves no trouble to inquire too deeply, but take every thing on trust from their leaders: and if, on the other hand, parliament has ever been able to effect any service for the public, it is to the same good sort of people that the nation are indebted for the benefit.

The good sort of people are in the state what the balance-wheel and the oil are in a piece of machinery; and the one could as little go on without such assistance as the other. If the oil has not the cutting acidity of vinegar, neither does it corrode the wheels and levers; and if the balance-wheel adds nothing to the momentum of the machine, it never, like the steam-boiler, blows the whole concern into the air.

These negative virtues of the good sort of people are neither overlooked, nor despised by the knowing, however their policy may pass them over *sub silentio*. To prevent friction in the movements of society, gives more trouble to modern statesmen than any other part of their multitudinous functions; and the effective balance-wheel of the British constitution (if it lies not among the good sort of people) is as difficult to find, and as desirable to be got at, as the discovery of the longitude.

The value of this portion of society, though studiously kept out of sight, is at once betrayed to a man of any discernment, in the uncommon esteem which is manifested for the class in the distribution of the loaves and fishes—a distribution which, as rarely as possible, follows the display of striking abilities, or an eccentric devotion to the public good. The promotion of a man of merit was in all times a miracle, and created as much foolish admiration

as the cures of Hohenloe, or the gift of tongues of Irvine. In general, the full tide of patronage has flowed in favour of those whose highest praise is placed in an offensive nullity, and in the claim to be rated, as never having done any thing calculated to remove them from the ranks.

In the beginning of this paper, the good sort of people were qualified as respectable, and the epithet was applied advisedly, and after due consideration. Respectability, in the common parlance of Englishmen, means wealth; and in spite of Dryden's ridiculous boast of the fleecy hoisery comforts of "virtue in rags," that somewhat arrogant quality will find but cold comfort in the sympathies of mankind, being by universal consent set down as scandalous and indecent. Now, though it must be admitted that the highest grades of wealth are but rarely within the reach of a good sort of person, and that "*criminibus debent hortos*" is as true at present as it was in the days of Juvenal, yet is there something in this class that admirably fits its members for the business of money-making. If they are not all Rothschildren, they are, to a man, at their ease; and it is as rare to meet with a good sort of person as a quaker in absolute destitution. Without strong passions to lead them from their scope, without imagination to betray them into idle speculation, and without a thought for those loftier pursuits, which distract attention from the one thing needful, their whole powers are concentrated upon those daily littles, which go, in the long run, to make the mickle of comfort.

The negative qualities of the class are not, however, thus confined in their beneficent utility, but accord admirably with the due discharge of the highest official duties. "*Qu'est-ce qu'un gentilhomme?*" says Racine: "*un pilier d'antichambre;*" and who is so fitted by nature to range among these state caryatides as the thick-headed good sort of persons? They make the very best gold sticks, and the most efficient of privy purses. No other description of men can so well maintain the decent gravities of a bishopric, or support the "dull suspense from pleasure and from pain" of a country curacy. None but a good sort of person could fill with credit the office of a gentleman-usher, or keep his countenance as a king-at-arms. Could any but a good sort of person cut sticks in the Exchequer without laughing, or lecture a country grand jury upon things in general, with the necessary solemnity? Your good sort of person is a heaven-born alderman, and the very perfection of a justice of peace. The whole history of mankind has recorded but a single witty banker, and his poetry is not the one swallow that would make a summer.

The most able administrations have abounded in good sort of persons. It is the good sort of people in the House of Lords who

enable that branch of the legislature to fulfil its specific function, as a drag-chain on the intellectuality and headlong innovations of the Commons; and it is the exquisitely absurd pretension of some, who, by nature, belong to that portion of their *lordships*, though they strive to figure out of their sphere, and to set up for statesmen and great characters, that has created all the turmoil of these latter times, by putting on the drag *mal-à-propos*, and contrary to the spirit of the constitution and the age.

There are numberless good sort of persons among the heads of houses in our universities, from which, be it observed *par parenthèse*, Swift and Locke were both expelled. There are some who have ranked high among the judges. Two, at least, out of every three of the most thriving merchants upon 'Change belong to the class, as do almost all tradesmen, who are not downright rogues. A shopkeeper, who should aspire to a higher character, would infallibly lose his customers by looking beyond them; and, if he dreamed of being a genius, all the patents in the world would not prevent him from awakening to find himself in the Gazette; while the true, civil, smirking, obliging nonentity, without personal ambition, science, or literature, whose soul is in his shop, will inevitably thrive; and he ought to do so, for he is a good citizen, and as worthy a member of society as the greatest wit or gambler upon town.

But, if a man of more decided volitions, and of stronger intellects, every now and then forces his way to wealth, or stumbles on it by accident, there is nothing more likely to cut him down to the level of a good sort of person than this improvement of his fortunes. It is truly astonishing how much the accumulation of a little yellow dirt deadens the sympathies of humanity, and predisposes the owner for that siding with the few, and that indifference for the many, which form the essence of a good sort of man. Sancho Panza says, that when the belly is full, the bones will be resting; and, by a parity of causation, when the purse fills, the brain and the heart will feel inclined for a nap.

One way or other, then, the two classes become identified—either the good sort of people grow rich, or the rich become good sort of people, which comes to the same thing in the end. It follows, therefore, demonstratively, that good sort of people are pre-eminently respectable, and there is no more to be said on the matter.

One of the leading objections which enthusiasts and hot-heads bring against the good sort of people, is what they foolishly call their selfishness, or the complacent indifference with which they bear the sufferings of their friends and neighbours. With cooler

philosophers, it is this very trait which constitutes the specific excellence of the character. If every body would but attend to his own affairs, every body's affairs would be well attended to.

The abbe Gagliani (1) has said, that "mankind are born with a disposition to meddle with other people's business; and that liberty consists in nothing else than the power of indulging this propensity." Without meaning to justify or adopt this abbé-ish definition of liberty, we must admit that the object of European governments seems to be the prevention of such an interference. Those, therefore, who of their own nature have the smallest tendency to the luxury, must be the very best of subjects—a conclusion to which we have already arrived by other routes. If the good sort of people see with equal eye the fall of a hero or of a sparrow, what more could the most promising disciple of Epicurus effect by a long life of study? What more can religion itself teach, than this perfect submission to the decrees of Providence?

It is the undue prevalence of some master-passion that hurries the *not* good sort of people into so many excesses and misfortunes. Virtue is but the *beau-milieu* between opposite and conflicting errors; and here, the natural neutrality of the good sort of man is worth all the teaching of schoolmaster, parson, and criminal judge put together. Of the virtues of the drilled and artificially good, we can never be sure; their neutrality is a forced neutrality. The passions of such men, however well subdued, may break out when least suspected. But the devil himself can make nothing of him whose heart is a blank, who is actuated only by a few appetites, easily and lawfully gratified.

Happy is the man, if humanity can ever be made sensible of its own felicity, who is blessed with a good sort of woman for his wife, good sort of children, good sort of servants, good sort of friends, and is surrounded by good sort of neighbours. He has no domestic cares, no lawsuits, no parish squabbles, no epigrams to dread, no anonymous letters to despise. He is certain that no one will scrutinize too keenly his little pretensions, or pry too closely into his little practices.

The good sort of man never doubts the skill of his apothecary, nor the learning of his curate, but swallows a draught and a dogma with equal confidence. The workhouse may be a pest-house, and the church a dormitory, without his ever pestering you with his outcry for reform. A good sort of person takes no part with vagrants, poachers, or disreputable defendants, nor cavils at the equivocal doings of the great unpaid. He has nothing to do with the laws but to obey them; or, at most, his activity goes but to the signing of a very proper petition, or addressing

(1) See "Grimm Mémoires," partie première, v. ii. p. 364.

the throne on a royal birth or marriage. He leaves the noble proprietor to "do what he likes with his own;" he approves of the time-honoured privileges of the close borough; and he quietly pockets his election fee, (for he never would call it a *bribe*,) without crippling a candidate by pledges and cross-questions.

But, above all things else, a good sort of person is an excellent reader, and by no means critical. He peruses a fashionable novel and a prosing essay with equal avidity. He disputes no facts, and he refuses no conclusions, but is always of the opinion of the book he is reading; or if, once in a way, he so far forgets himself as to think that he is thinking, he still takes his conceptions with unsuspecting confidence from the standard authorities. If he is pleased, (and it is seldom that he is not,) he is not ashamed to own it; nor does he stop to inquire why; and, if he is not pleased, he lays down the book, and takes up another, *sans rancune*, and without considering himself as an ill-treated gentleman.

To sum up, in a word, the virtues of this estimable class, it is only necessary to add, that the good sort of people make the best company, the most determinate smokers of pipes, the most patient listeners to old songs, and the readiest laughers at oft-repeated stories. They are, therefore, the great benefactors of their species, and the best promoters of the greatest happiness of the greatest numbers.

There is little ground, therefore, for the accusation sometimes brought against the good sort of persons, which charges them with being *tant soit peu* bores. This is only partially true. Let us not be the dupes of cant. With a reasonable man, your good sort of person will often be highly agreeable. He is, for example, the very best man to sit next at a city feast, when you are desperately hungry. He does not let your fish cool, while you explain an hypothesis on his interrogatories; nor does he choke you with your own *pâté*, by raising an ill-timed laugh. If he withdraws you from your meditations on your *entrée*, it is only to invite you to a glass of champagne, or to direct your palate to some dish that is unusually exquisite. He does not disturb your digestion, by forcing you into acrimonious disputes; and if he bestows his whole tediousness upon you, he only sets you the more comfortably to sleep.

A good sort of person, moreover, figures well as a fourth in a rubber of whist; and he is often enough of a chess-player to be beaten with relish. Rochefoucauld, who knew the world, and saw deeper into the human heart than many people care to acknowledge, has said, *ex cathedra*, that "*un homme d'esprit serait souvent bien embarrassé sans la compagnie des sots*;" and

daily experience shows us men, even of forty-Sharp powers of conversation, who are silenced by too close a contact with a rival wit. A good sprinkling of good sort of persons, in these cases, sets every one at his ease; as a woollack adjusts the quarrel between a wall and a battering ram. Each plays his own part, the amuser and the amused, and all is right.

Lastly, your good sort of person is neither a saint nor a pedant, a dealer in tracts nor a blue-stocking. He has neither the dogmatism of a Scotch professor, nor the irritable arrogance of a self-conceited Irishman. Unsuspicious, as he is unpretending, he is slow to take offence, and seldom provoked to give it. He is, therefore, the safest, even when not the pleasantest of companions. He dances with the plainest of spinsters, and waltzes with the fattest of dowagers; and he will neither seduce your wife, borrow your money, nor cheat you at cards.

But enough said: the art of fatiguing lies in exhausting the subject; and it is as well to stop in time, while there is yet room for the application of Diderot's *mot*: (1) "*Si vous me savez peu de gré de ce que je vous dis, sachez m'en beaucoup de ce que je ne vous dis pas.*"

LIFE IN LONDON.

"Non est vivere sed valere vita."

To be worth much is to live.

"THERE is no living in London," quoth I, buttoning up the pocket of my pantaloons, in which the smoothness of "a soldier's thigh" was disturbed by few folds, save those of the tailor's manufacture.

"There is no living out of London," replied my wife, as she placed the fourth card of invitation for the current evening on the chimney-piece.

Both parties were right, (as is often the case in disputes,) each in his own sense—I, in reference to the actual state of my finances; she, without a due regard to that particular.

If London be the place to get money's worth for money, there is no place in the world where it is less possible to enjoy life without some intimacy with Plutus. London is the paradise of the rich, and far exceeds Paris in its pleasurable resources. There is more to be had for gold, and more to be got by the mere reputation of having gold; but then, as it is the purgatory of hackney-coach horses, so is it the hell of a poor man, with its eternal excitements to expense, and its everlasting drains on the purse.

(1) Jacques le Fataliste.

Entering the great city from Westminster Bridge, and passing straight on to the Regent's Park, the stranger traverses a line of streets, the opulence of which is disfigured by no note of abject and squalid misery. The houses are palaces, the shops teem with every article of sumptuous magnificence, elegant taste, and refined art. Entering it through Tooley Street, you might imagine it an universal lazaret-house, one vast and unbroken temple of misery and destitution.

How different is "life in London" under these contrasted aspects! On the one hand, pleasure, in all its endless varieties, ease, comfort, order, propriety; on the other, labour unrequited, pain, sickness, dirt, and disorder. To the labourer's use, London offers an aggregate of close, filthy, unaccommodated tenements; the means of industry it affords are life-wearing and unwholesome; and penury is there surrounded by an accumulation of many pains and penalties, from which the rural pauper, in the enjoyment of nature, is fortunately exempt.

Country folks, who make their visits to London an occasion of amusement, see in the capital nothing but its plays, its operas, its exhibitions, and its good eating and drinking; and the lower rural classes are taught to imagine its streets to be "paved with gold." But the great majority of the metropolitan inhabitants never saw a play in their lives, or at most but once or so in the course of long years; [1] and, as for the golden pavement, no people living by their own labour work harder, and in more disgusting employments, than the labourers of London.

Yet, for all this, there is scarcely a workman, who has drawn his first breath within the sound of Bow Bell, who does not pride himself on being "born a native of London," and look down with infinite contempt on the country *put*, with his eyes and his whole soul in every shop window. It is in vain that languor and disease prey on the cockney's etiolated frame, that rheumatism gnaws, or palsy withers his limbs, and that coming age beckons him on to his inevitable hospital and workhouse; he looks not the less upon the hale countenance and well-braced sinews of the man of fields with unenvying indifference, and says of the peasant, as Pan of Jupiter,

"He's a fool if he thinks
He's half as happy as I."

In London, it is true, there is a vast demand for labour, and an

[1] The general truth of this fact has been ascertained by direct inquiry of servants and the inferior artisans. Very recently, too, a female servant declared that she had never been in the country, nor seen a ship. For the most part, the servants of the poor, like their domestic animals, have more than their share of the hardships and privations of the family; and, in this respect, the poor of London have much the worst of it.

open field where enterprize may struggle for the attainment of enormous fortunes. Modes of exercising industry, and of practising economy, unknown to the villager, facilitate the acquirement of that first *peculium*, which is the foundation-stone of ultimate riches. Hence London is esteemed a favourable spot for the industry of the ambitious pauper; and the number of persons who, having made a competency there, return to the country, "to die at home at last," favour the notion. These are, however, but prizes in the great lottery of London life; and no account is taken of the thousands who perish in the unwholesome fumes of workshops, or who die broken-hearted and exhausted.

The effort to maintain existence in the metropolis is (all things considered) more severe than in smaller communities; and there are so many competitors for the wretched meal of the artizan and of the smaller tradesman, that, with them, living in London is anything but "life." The latter more especially feels this pressure, and suffers privations to which those below him in the scale are seldom required to submit. The exterior of this class in society may, in some instances, be more imposing; they may occupy handsome houses; but then all the better apartments are let in lodgings, whose weekly rent just serves to stop the mouths of the landlord, tax-gatherer, and the collector of the parish cess. (1) But if the minor tradesman's lot in the metropolis is hard to bear, that of the unendowed professional man is scarcely less oppressive. The necessity of making an appearance in the hope of making money, the obligation of dissipating those sums in equipage and show, which taste and good feeling would consecrate to the comfort of the domestic hearth, are bitter aggravations of the ills of poverty. Nay, the economy of the table itself is often narrowed to provide for the chariot, or to pay the rent of a disproportionate and half-furnished mansion.

The close juxtaposition of professional men with the really opulent is also a source of still severer mortification. Their self-love is perpetually wounded by the ostentation of the "*nouveaux riches*," their contemporaries, who in the more money-getting branches of industry, have gotten the start in life, precisely because they are wanting in that higher order of intellect on which the professional man founds his hope of success. "Let

(1) The working classes of London are, in general, more knowing, even when not better educated, than their equals in the country. They are therefore more laborious and more economical; and this it is that enables them so frequently to push their way in the world, rather than any advantage they have from better wages. If labour is paid at a higher rate in London, it is only that species of labour in which skill is largely combined. Mere day-labour, compared with the prices of the first necessities of life, is not materially higher than in the surrounding counties.

him draw his bill in Greek, or in Latin, and see if it will be honoured," says an old hunk in one of our farces; and the thought illustrates the habitual sentiments of the more plodding money-maker for those talents which, not possessing himself, he is not able to appreciate in others. The better part of existence is, by the professional man, wasted in weary expectation of that maturity which is to qualify him for a share of practice; and it has been expressively said, that he cannot earn his bread till he has no longer teeth to eat it.

But when success at length begins to repay his exertions, the life of the professional man and his family is no object of envy. If the practising barrister be traced from his early attendance at Westminster Hall till dinner, and again at his chambers from seven in the evening till bed-time, it is scarcely possible to conceive an existence of more uninterrupted and harassing toil. The physician in full practice in like manner knows no repose from his labour. The hours which others devote to pleasure or to rest, are not with him exempted from the calls of duty.

Even with the women matters are not much mended: for their time, being less employed in active occupation, is more exposed to the curse of *ennui*; and the unamiable soul-narrowing processes of saving money are less cheering and satisfactory than the toil of making it. To the professional man, marriage, if not an absolute necessity, is a great convenience; and he very frequently lays the foundation of a large family, long before he has laid the foundation of a large fortune. His wife, therefore, is inevitably condemned to practice a close and stingy economy, and to pay so minute an attention to domestic duties, as excludes much intellectual or social indulgence. Shut up between four walls, with no better prospect than the opposite side of a gloomy street, the females in this walk of life often pass their days in a solitude, occupied chiefly with the needle, and rarely broken, save by bickering conversations with cooks and nursery-maids. They read little, and often think less; and, when their first youth and beauty are passed, they become as dull and tiresome partners to their husbands as they are joyless in themselves. In the short and rare intervals, therefore, allowed for domestic and social converse, they are deserted by the men, who linger over the bottle to abridge the heavy moments of insipidity which occur between dinner and bed-time. Years thus roll on, in the practice of duties eminently respectable, and of virtues truly praiseworthy, but in habits closely allied to torpor, and totally divested of that gay excitement, which is supposed by the uninitiated to be the uniform appanage of every inhabitant of the stirring metropolis, and is believed to constitute what is called "Life in London."

In the exact opposite of position, but equally removed from real enjoyment, are a class of Londoners, not quite so respectable or so useful, who, possessed of an easy fortune sufficient for all rational enjoyment, are tormented with an absurd ambition of consequence and consideration, above their means and rank, and who inflict on themselves many of the evils of a narrow and dependent income, in order to entertain those who are above them in the hierarchy of fashion.

No rheumatic hypochondriac watches the variations of the barometer with more trembling anxiety than that with which this sensitive class of pretenders follow, at a respectful distance, the changes of *bon ton*. All efforts go to be in proper places at proper times, and to be daily seen in those *rendez-vous* of fashionable resort which, though open to all, are chiefly haunted by the idle and the great. The fashionable movements in the columns of the Morning Post are to them the "law and the prophets." Their ice is from a fashionable confectioner; their chariot from a fashionable coach-maker; their physic from a fashionable apothecary; and they fee the physician of the day, because he is patronized by fools of quality.

In this silly contest it is the woman who most commonly takes the lead, of which she is, indeed, the principal victim. Like the hind-wheel of a coach (that time-honoured simile), however rapid her motions, or thick the dust she raises, she must always lag in the race; and she is perpetually betraying the hollowness of her pretensions by the studied efforts she makes to place them in evidence. Though she ruin her fortunes, injure her health, and destroy her peace of mind, in the attempt, she will never worm herself into the exclusive assemblies of the higher aristocracy, whose energies are to the full as much exerted as her own, in keeping themselves safe from the approaches of such intruders, and in maintaining their quiet "order" undisturbed by the *Dii minorum gentium*, north of Oxford Road.

Another class of metropolitan strugglers who "let I cannot wait upon I would, like the poor cat i' th' adage," is composed of certain young men of wit and pleasure about town, of all ages and professions, who, living in a state of single blessedness, contrive to appear and figure in the fashionable world, on the strength of a decent exterior and a cabriolet. They are to be found swarming in the club-houses, where their cards are received, and their insignificance sheltered.

The regular-built club-men, the most constant quantities of the club-house window, are persons addicted to sensual indulgence, and amongst them are many who, by some peculiar cross circumstance of birth, parentage, education, or fortune, are pre-

cluded from "carrying on the war" on the grand scale, or of pushing their way in good society.

Not that there are wanting men of sounder pretensions who belong to these societies: on the contrary, it is their presence that gives vogue and currency to the establishment, and distinguishes it from a common coffee-house. But these only use the club as a relief to their other pleasures, to dine there when not better engaged, or to drop in for an hour in the intervals of their day's amusements. Such members are not, however, the main props or supports of the institution. The genuine club-man looks to the club with a mere view to economy, as to an ordinary, where he can dine better and cheaper than at home; where he can dispose of his person without charge; and where fire and wax candles cost less than a domestic mutton light.

To this description of person (the balloting-box safely passed) a club-house is, like a patent washing-machine, pregnant with savings. Being, as we have hinted, a respectable house of reference and address, he is enabled to sleep in some obscure lodging, or to emigrate daily from the remotest east. He writes his letters at the expense of the club, and, when franks were, he got them franked by the M. P.'s of the establishment: also gratuities to waiters are strictly forbidden, in these paradises of genteel pauperism.

In short, to obtain a thorough idea of the merits and conveniences of a club, to the man who is determined to make the most of it, it is only necessary to think of it as one of Robert Owen's parallelograms; with this only exception, that no poverty is admitted into the community but such as is either well-born or well-dressed. By these means, men of narrow fortunes or doubtful position may rub their skirts against Lords and other great men (to use the language of a tailor's advertisement) "in the most fashionable style, and upon the cheapest terms;" keeping themselves constantly in evidence, without the usual charges of ostentation.

To all such advantages there is but one slight draw-back; a club life is a dead bore. To a man of sensibility, at least, intercourse without intimacy is intolerable: and the absence of female society renders the club-room stale, flat, and unprofitable. Life without affections, dissipation without amusement, isolation of heart without the tranquillity of solitude, are the prices at which club fashion is purchased; and Heaven help those who are reduced thus to pay for it!

The true enjoyment of "Life in London" belongs, then, only to those who, in their class and sphere, know how to avail themselves of the superior civilization and multiplied resources of the

capital, and are not altogether without the pecuniary means of putting their knowledge into practice. Its substantial and opulent inhabitants have the command of luxuries, facilities, and comforts, of which the greatest emperors of antiquity had no notion : and the splendid harems of the East, like the marble palaces of Rome, were poor and unprovided in all that respects real enjoyment, when compared with the *boudoir* of a London lady of fashion.

But the enjoyment of true luxury is not exclusively confined to the upper classes. The universal prevalence of order and propriety has introduced the tasteful and the elegant into the domestic economy of all above immediate want ; and the small tenements which skirt the leading avenues to London are often mere miniature copies of the arrangements of the mansions in the great squares. It is by the supply of the middle classes that the tradesmen of England live ; and every effort is made by them to produce the greatest quantity of comfort for the smallest sums. For the middle classes the paper-stainer labours his designs ; the painter imitates *to the life* the most costly marbles. Musical instruments are expressly fabricated for the small houses and narrower purses of the struggling families. The circulating library supplies the more expensive works ; while cheap editions of every thing generally vendible bring knowledge within every one's reach.

With respect to the mere physical comforts of eating and drinking, the epicure of small income will find in London wherewith to exercise his discriminating skill. It is true that whatever is taxed is sophisticated, and that all exciseable objects retailed in London are detestable ; but there are ways of surmounting this difficulty, which those to whom it is an object will discover ; and, for the rest, facilities of all sorts for making money go far, abound ; so that the art of procuring a maximum of enjoyment at a minimum of expenditure is no where else to be met with in the same extent and abundance.

But the great excellence of London is its intellectual enjoyments. Literature and science have there fixed their head-quarters, and, from the Royal Society to the "free and easy songsters," accessible associations subsist for the culture of every modification of taste, and the enjoyment of every refinement. Not even in Paris, though it be the metropolis of the continent, is to be found such a constellation of genius and talent, as illumines the polished circles of the British capital. The intellectual resources procurable at a cheap rate, which arise out of the evening society of the struggling students of the learned professions, the labourers at the periodical press, artists, actors, authors (all, in short, who live by literature and the arts), are immense ; and they place the moral

existence of the man, who chooses to avail himself of them, far above that of the most favoured children of fortune in ancient times. So, too, the establishment of mechanics' institutions, public lectures, and scientific exhibitions, gives the Londoner a vast intellectual advantage over the mere countryman.

But, to enjoy life in London, something more than a possession of the mere pecuniary means (we have said) is necessary. A few only of those who can command whatever is best in London are capable of relishing its real pleasures. Of the thousand who frequent the Opera, how few relish the music; of the many collectors of pictures, how few understand them; and of the tens of thousands who crowd the various exhibitions of the metropolis, how few are they who do not visit them, in the vain hope of getting rid of themselves, and not from any expectation of positive enjoyment! Even that spiritual converse, which should naturally arise out of the high average attainments of the upper classes, is suppressed beneath an affectation of languor and indifference. No strong expression of feeling, or of thought, is tolerated in that quarter; and, amidst an universal shock of dogmas, and an absolute convulsion of public opinion, the surface of *bon ton* society runs as smoothly and as sluggishly, as if aristocracy had the world at its foot, and orthodoxy were undisputed lord of the ascendant.

Nay, the very physical pleasures are too frequently ill understood in London: pomp overloads enjoyment, and ceremony sets indulgence at defiance; while the awkward attempts at fashion to innovate on the senses, and of voluptuousness to multiply their excitement, make sensuality itself tedious and intolerable. Too many among the upper classes of society, when their secret is penetrated, are found to exist in a state of appalling distaste for every thing around them. An apathy, bordering on lethargy, accompanies them in their most splendid indulgences; and they are ignorant alike of the causes of their own misery, and of the thousand enjoyments which are within their reach, if they would condescend to make use of them.

With those who lack a plentiful supply of money, the skill required to make the most of a life in London is very much increased; and the number of those who succeed is considerably smaller than may be suspected. Of late years a taste for ostentatious display has cruelly interfered with the enjoyments of all classes. He who desires to appear richer than he is renders himself really poorer: for all that he sacrifices to show is as much lost to enjoyment as if it were really another's. The true epicure has no pride and no vanity. Whatever gives not an agreeable sensation is to him nothing; and, at the year's end, it will be

found that pride and vanity cost infinitely more pain than their pleasures, when most gratified, can compensate.

Still the greatest drawback on life in London must be referred to ignorance. Many have not the time to attend to their own enjoyments, and many want altogether the capacity for consulting it. To regulate the domestic economy of a wealthy establishment requires some head; but to extract comfort from penury, and to direct with effect a scanty expenditure, demands a specific genius. In ten thousand instances, a good thing is as cheap as a bad one; and a well-dressed dinner, a clean and cheerful habitation, well-selected furniture, cleanliness, order, propriety, and good society, do not necessarily cost one farthing more, (nay, perhaps much less,) than a hog's meal, a disorderly and coarse arrangement of the interior, dirt, and a company of blockheads: but how few make the discovery, or know how to avail themselves of it when made! How rarely do we find these points pursued with any thing like an approach to a tolerable perfection! Generally speaking, the money-making classes are too much occupied with business to attend to the regulation of their pleasures. Eating and drinking form the staple of city amusement, or, at best, pleasures are estimated rather by their first cost than by their return.

To make the most of life under any circumstances requires a knowledge of the machine to which the external sources of enjoyment are applied, that is to say, a degree of moral and physical philosophy which falls to the lot of very few. But in London, where the appliances are so varied and so many, and where the condition of the recipient is so complicated and unnatural, the problem to be solved becomes infinitely more difficult. It is not, therefore, saying too much, to affirm that, to steer one's way through the intricate navigation of a London life, or (as the mathematicians would say) to determine the maximum of pleasure derivable from a given quantity of London excitements, with the least possible waste of fortune, health, and reputation, requires as much sense, spirit, experience, and power of bearing and forbearing, as to fight against misfortune, and, from abject poverty, to arrive at opulence.

If the number of those who, without the aid of mere luck, have been the architects of their own fortune, be compared with those who, possessing a fortune, have known how to spend it like gentlemen, with advantage to themselves and for the general benefit of the community, the result would prove that the art of enjoying life is among the last and best refinements of civilized existence.

THE UNDISPUTED ONE.

"What a deformed thief this fashion is!"—SHAKESPEARE.

"Malheur à tout esprit qui veut être trop sage!"—LE DÉPOSITAIRE.

IF it were required to explain in a single phrase the overthrow of a monarchy so firmly established as that of France had been by Louis XIV., and to quintessentialize the long *sorites* of causes which brought about the Revolution, we should say that kings had ceased to be the fashion; and few would dispute either the truth, or the comprehensive fullness of the exposition. In like manner, if it were desirable to avoid a painful analysis of the intricate philosophy of the Reformation, and to account for certainly the most striking event in human history, without weighing, one by one, all its antecedents, could we render ourselves more distinctly intelligible, than by asserting, *totidem verbis*, that popery had gone out of fashion with the European population?

Mankind, uneasy under every other species of control, have tried all sorts of government, and adopted all sorts of religions, without being able definitively to please themselves with any. But to the rod of fashion the world has bowed the head with absolute resignation; and, whether the matter in debate were a creed or a kerchief, a code of ethics or the cut of a coat, the *esprit moutonnier* of the species has evinced itself in equal intensity.

But if, in this universal prostration, one nation has shown itself more helplessly unresisting than the rest, more tamely submissive to the dictates of fashion, and the ordonnances of the *qu'en dira-t-on*, it is that headstrong and recalcitrant congregation of odd fellows, whose privilege it is to laugh at all abroad, and whose practice is to find fault with all at home—the *populus Anglicanus*. Not Milton himself, who justified the execution of Charles I., and whitewashed his countrymen from the charge of regicide, could clear them of this more heinous execution of the right, the beautiful, and the fitting, at the bidding of an irresponsible and untangible authority. In England, fashion rules over all things, unquestioned; against her dictates there is neither justification nor mainprize; Magna Charta is but a parchment with a seal dangling to it, in opposition to her behests; and the Bill of Rights is as much waste paper as a last year's almanac. The haughtiest noble, who looks down from the height of his peerage on all uncoroneted humanity, and is ready to champion the whole world to the utterance in defence of his order, dare not stand upon his privilege so far as to employ an unvouched tailor; and the boldest popular orator, who tramples with one foot on the

crozier, and the other on the sceptre, bows in reverence to the bauble of Fashion, and would hold himself no better than a lost man if his boot were not, in every, the slightest, particular, "as gentlemen wear it."

This is a phenomenon sufficiently singular; and most provoking it is to be unable to explain it. Eating, drinking, and sleeping excepted, the only assignable reason for the existence of man is to find adequate causes for all he sees, hears, tastes, smells, and touches; and he is never so miserable as when he is at a loss to account for the most trivial circumstance. How, then, shall we endure our ignorance of the causation of a great national characteristic? If Aristotle drowned himself for want of a workable theory of the tides, what would he not have done had he been called upon to profess on so ticklish a theme?

That there must be some reason for our fashionable yearnings, is not to be doubted; nor can we be at all satisfied by a bare reference to the theory of the *libre arbitre*, and letting our "will avouch it." If the lawyers take good care that there shall be no causes where there are no effects, so philosophy acknowledges no effects without causes. Let us therefore look further into the matter.

When our neighbours on the continent are at a loss to understand some whimsical item of our national character, they *incon- tinently* set it down to the influence of our climate. We do not, however, exactly see how climate can be pressed into the service, unless, indeed, it be assumed that fashion-hunting is an agreeable exercise, adopted to banish the ennui of a winter in London—a remedy against the November fogs and November throat-cuttings, of which so much is said. November and December are indeed seasons in which the advertisements of new fashions crowd the columns of our newspapers; but, on the other hand, the same occurs in the spring of the year, when the sun does shine sometimes, and when the influence of humidity experiences a certain relaxation. Much stress, therefore, cannot then be laid on that cause.

Neither can we well place the grief to the door of the British constitution, that scapegoat of a thousand offences; for *that* is, as every one knows, a constant quantity, whereas fashion is perpetually changing. At times we have been tempted to refer the evil to the spread of education, and that, too, the more willingly, because the free and enlightened citizens of the United States are just as much the victims to fashion as ourselves. This same spread of education has done so much mischief in so many other particulars. It has undermined the state, endangered the church, destroyed all respect for constituted authorities, and forced the

proletarian population, in a body, to throw aside the spade and the shuttle, and to take to newspapers and pamphlets in the time of divine service. Why, then, may it not have done this deed also? There is much likelihood in the thought; but unluckily, fashion is in date older than Lancasterian schools, mechanics' institutions, or useful knowledge; so that here again we are foiled and utterly helpless.

The doctrine of races has of late years been called to the aid of political theorists. The Celts, we are told, are unfit for freedom, and the Teutons formed by nature to rule them, as the brown rats of Norway ate up our aboriginals of the black species. But race lends us no assistance in our attempt to discuss the causation of fashion. The Normans of England, it is true, claim to take rank as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form;" but the aliens in blood and religion, the wild *papishes* of Munster, are not less fastidious in the curl of their whiskers, than if they had not a drop of Milesian blood in their veins; and, what makes the case still stronger, distance does not save them from the contagion: for the bucks of Cork and of Limerick are as zealous, if not always as happy, worshippers of fashion, as if they habitually walked Pall Mall, and dealt with Nugée.

Again, philosophers and breeders are strongly inclined to favour the crossing of races, and it may be thought not so much the purity, as the commingling of blood, that is answerable for fashion-hunting. But if fashion be aristocratical, this can hardly be: for the aristocracy, when not pressed for money, are jealous of misalliance; and rank and fashion are in their vocabulary nearly synonymous.

We are thus driven, *nolens volens*, upon that *ratio ultima* of all perplexed disputants, the assertion, that the thing is so, because it is—a most lame and impotent conclusion. With such a conclusion we are any thing but satisfied; and the less so, because the ladies, with whom this formula is a decided favourite, indulge in it in all their argumentations; and we should rejoice if their logical fulcrum were better constructed. It is further lamentable that such a reason should fail; because, if the world were otherwise arranged, and things could be their own causes, may be, as Paddy sayeth, we would not all be dukes and duchesses at the least, as rich as the whole house of Rothschild, and the plainest of us so many Adonises; but this may not be—the more's the pity.

Leaving, therefore, all further search for a special cause of Englishmen's love of fashion, let us see if it cannot be traced to an exaggeration of some attribute common to all nations. But here we are fairly divided between the hypothesis of some undiscovered hump, lying *perdu* in the base of the scull, out of sight,

out of mind ; and that of an animal magnetic influence, by which a patient becomes fashionized, by simple contact, with a man of fashion.

In favour of this last opinion there are strong analogies. Who does not know that, when a magnetizer stands behind a magnetizee, and operates on him *secundum artem*, the said magnetizee automatically follows all his unseen movements. This, I say, we know, because there are numbers who profess to have seen it “with their own eyes ;” and there is nothing in the circumstance (is there?) so contrary to all reason and experience, as to warrant a suspicion that their “eyes were the dupes of their other (non) senses,” and to place them between the two categories of fool and impostor.

If folks, therefore, by a scientific process are compelled to imitate what they do not see, what more natural than that the same cause should make them imitate whatever they do see done by their betters.

To this latter opinion we are the rather inclined, because we have observed that there are certain localities in which fashion acts with a peculiar intensity ; we have known whole families to reside in the vicinity of Finsbury Square, for the better part of life, without showing any marked tendencies to the fashionable ; but when they have emigrated as far as Bloomsbury, they have taken forthwith to reading the Morning Post and the Court Journal ; or, if they have plunged at once west of Bond Street, have fallen into a perpetual agony, in their vain attempts to play their part in the game of follow-my-leader, and to say and do, and learn every thing that is said, done, or enjoyed by the select of Nature’s chinaware.

So, too, we have observed many rising young lawyers plain and sober in their attire, as long as they merely frequented Fig-Tree Court, or the great square of Lincoln’s Inn ; but exhibiting the most tigrish demonstration of fashion in their habiliments, on gaining admission to the Athenæum and frequenting St. James’s Street.

All this becomes still more plain and regular, when we reflect that animal magnetism is capable of being concentrated in certain substances ; for if trees and water may be thus affected, there is no reason *à priori* for denying that houses and streets may be similarly influenced. Fashion, then, may happily be only another form of animo-magnetic influence ; and it is not irrational to presume that places affected by fashionable (that is, by magnetised) persons, should by the bare contact become fashionable likewise, and communicate their magnetic influence even to casual visitors.

If it be objected that many individuals daily haunt the great foci of fashion, without experiencing the expected consequence

—we reply, that this only brings the case more home to the magnetic theory, which notoriously is the reverse of universal in its operations—affecting, at it were by preference, the nervous, the imbecile, and the diseased—that is, the worst organized of her majesty's faithful subjects.

All this, however, we throw out as a mere hint; for though, at first sight, the theory runs on all fours, it is not as yet reducible to a perfect concordance with facts in all its particulars. A year or two ago, indeed (and it was this, perhaps, that first put us upon the scent), the evidence of identity seemed nearly perfect; all the leaders of *ton* being likewise the leaders of magnetism; and it was impossible to eat one's dinner in peace, for the demands made upon credulity in all the best houses. Magnetizer and fashionable, then, stood a good chance of becoming synonymous;—to doubt of Dupotet, sent a man to Coventry, as effectually as to reject the thirty-nine articles; and to look grave amidst the general enthusiasm rendered the best known plain-dealer liable to be suspected of being suspicious. But at present, *on a changé tout ça*; Dupotet received a severe blow from Murphy and his almanac; he was further shoved on one side by Lady C. B.'s *Mémoires contre le genre humain*, and was finally driven from good society by Lord Brougham and the Canadian reform.

Not, however, to weary our readers or to dim the delights of fashion, by further exploring its cause, we will leave that matter to future philosophers, to be taken in hand as soon as all other political questions shall have been solved to the satisfaction of mankind, whig, tory, and radical. In the interim, we beg to be permitted a word or two on the various utilities, which fashion draws with it, to society at large, and to the fashionable in particular.

And first, as to the article of dress. Artists and antiquarians have been accustomed, in their reasonings, silently and without notice, to adopt the notion, that there are *in rerum natura* certain principles of dress, which should, could, might, and ought to lead mankind to definite forms, as the most suitable to the purpose of taste and convenience. But if any such principles really exist, we, for our parts, are quite satisfied that ordinary intellects are not sufficiently acute to detect and adopt them. We opine, therefore, that fashion, with its acts of uniformity, is absolutely necessary to relieve the mass of mankind from an awkward embarrassment; to establish one true school for dress; and to deter non-conformists, by its ban of exclusion, from the exercise of a private judgment, where, in reality, there is no judgment to exert.

In proof of this truth, we appeal with confidence to the common

every-day experience of mankind.—Is it possible for the least observant of men to enter any polite assembly at the west end, without being pleasingly affected by the aspect of symmetry exhibited in the habiliments of the parties? True it is that, to-day, hats may be church cupolas, while to-morrow's are fashioned upon the Lilliputian scale; to-day, the petticoat may train on the ground, long and plain; to-morrow, it may stop half way below the knee, and be flounced and furbelowed to the waist; but, like the decisions of the Venetian law court, it is, in its successive changes, *semper bene*. The unity of the effect begets a harmony out of the very excess of every extravagance; and no one will presume to think that the existing mode is not ever the most genteel, tasteful, and rational; that is to say, *durante bene placito*, and until it is superseded by something still more genteel, tasteful, and rational than itself.

Now, if this be not convincing, for the love of truth, Reader, take a peep into the assemblies of the non-conformists, east of Tottenham Court Road. Released from the trammels of fashion and a French milliner, the world is all before them where to choose, and a pretty choice they make. *Nil fuit unquam tam dispar sibi*. The raw-pork nightmares of Fuseli never raised such spectres of horror as are exhibited in the contrasted forms (if forms they can be called, which form have none). One lady has a pyramid of gauze flowers and feathers on her head, resembling the triple crown of the lady of Babylon, and high enough to shame the tower of Babel: next to her sits one with a skimming-dish, like a saint's *gloriole*. Then comes a rotundity of turban that would serve for the decoration of two black drummers; and then, a widow in the last month of mourning, sports a combination of wire and white crape, that would puzzle Archimedes himself to solve, or to imitate. Here, too, stands a young lady of forty-five, in flowing ringlets and a ball-dress of pink and silver; there sits a rural innocent, in a frock of coquelicot muslin, and a bright green bandeau in her hair. Here moves a staid and grave matron, in a puce-coloured silk, closed up to the throat; there, flaunts a *dé-colletée* dasher, in a gold tissue and court feathers.

Then, again, look at the men! True it is that the range of their fancies is more circumscribed: the most abandoned of gods and good tailors cannot launch into peculiarities, readily demonstrable by mere verbal description. Few are they who dare venture beyond a black coat, and fewer still who persevere in their obsolete short tights, or expose the nakedness of their ill-shapen legs in white silk stockings. But amidst this seeming uniformity, there is such an endless diversity of indescribable details, so many and such extraordinary ways of missing the mark, such a

want of *ensemble* in each individual, and in the whole mass, that the knowing observer will at the first glance be struck with the impression that he has fallen upon a race considerably below the average good-lookingness of humanity; or, if he be malignantly given, that they are the ugliest set of quizzes that his acquaintance ever coped withal.

Yet we cannot possibly believe that beauty really is governed by geographical considerations, or that people in fact change countenance as often as they change their domicile. We are driven, therefore, in spite of the elder Westminster Reviewers, to think that fashion is a potent beautifier, and “a true thing;” and to hold that Dryden was not correct when he asserted, that

“God never made his work for man to mend.”

If, however, we turn from the benighted individuals notoriously beyond the pale of fashion, who live and dress absolutely *lege soluti*, and cast an eye upon that numerous class who are perpetually following the fashion without overtaking it, we shall obtain still further proof of the natural incapacity of the mere man to dress himself, and of the necessity of a stronger social influence, to save him from quizzery. In no instance does the maxim, *decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile*, hold good more perfectly than in the unfortunate acolytes of a man of fashion, who, the nearer they approach in a close imitation of his outward man, the more flagrantly they display their incapacity to reach him, and the more desperately sin against the principles by which he is governed.

We may take two men, the nearest in their physical exterior and personal appearance; their hats may be from the same shop, their whiskers cut, curled, and dyed, by the same artist, the outline and colour of their clothes identical, and the gait and carriage of the one be a fac-simile of the gait and carriage of the other—yet shall the one be an unimpeachable man of fashion, and the other an unmistakeable tiger. The wildest eccentricity of the original is still within the line of licence; but in the copy, it is not the less a tangible absurdity, and an obvious caricature. A leader of fashion, like a poet, *nascitur, non fit*—is a born genius, and directs, rather than depends on the mere *fit* of his tailor; so that his happiest imitators can no more be trusted to go alone in their dressing, than the readers of a circulating library be trusted with the making of their own verses.

It is generally, by a studious exaggeration of fashionable peculiarities, that a common fellow endeavours to improve his appearance, when abandoned to his own discretion, and the aid of an unenlightened spoiler of cloth. The man of sense, who is conscious of no innate tendencies towards forms, frankly acknow-

ledges to himself his own deficiency, abandons the scissors to a well-educated tailor, and is content to receive the influences of *bon ton* through the medium of a regularly bred practitioner, who will not mislead him into a vicious excess.

The utility of fashion, conspicuous enough in all that respects the outward man, is still greater in its relations to the intellectual and moral individual. In proof of this (as far as literature is concerned) we have only to cite the weight and influence of Reviews. The editor of a Review is a sort of literary Brummel. He sets the fashion of ideas, laying down the law as to what is, or what is not *bon ton*, or, as he calls it, "sound thinking," or "right minded," or, if particularly to his taste, "truly English." He dictates what books are, or are not, to be read, as "Akermann's Fashions for May" prescribe or denounce collars and sleeves.

This saves mankind a world of trouble, and no small portion of mankind a world of unavailable trouble. In this mercantile country more particularly, it is a vast advantage for a man to find leisure to go to the Docks, the country-house, and the Exchange, in the certainty of finding his politics ready heated at the breakfast table with his muffins; his religion regulated weekly, like the family clock, and his literary taste posted and summed up once in three months, like his butcher's and baker's bills.

Another example presented itself not long ago in those eulogies on new plays, carefully composed and set forth at the head of the play-bills, which were intended to set the fashion in regard to the productions of dramatic genius. Without this assistance, an uninstructed public would not know which way to turn with their five shillings, or find out whether they were pleased or not with a representation. This much at least may be said, that after a frequent and attentive perusal of such documents, every man must rest perfectly satisfied, that he would not have discovered a single fact they announce, if unassisted by the lights they hold out.

In some of the earlier essay-writers there is a paper in which (after much discussion of fashion) the author recommends the leaders of ton to make it fashionable to be good; and it cannot be disputed that the influence of fashion reaches even to that extent. Not that even fashion itself would lead to an absolute moral perfectibility; but it clearly does determine what shall or shall not be deemed and taken as moral, at particular times and in particular circles.

It must, indeed, be admitted, that there is a sort of code of general morality contained in the "Whole Duty of Man," and other books of the same abstract and theoretical character, which

are said to be founded on the common sense of mankind, and sanctioned by an universal consent. But this morality, it is easy to perceive, is a mere matter of form, and has nothing to do with that practical code, which is not only for ever varying, but is not at the same moment of time alike in the many different portions and fragments into which society is divided. Every circle, in this respect, has its fashion, to which all the constituent members subscribe with undoubting fidelity. Touching the eighth commandment, for instance, how vast is the difference of opinion entertained between "the prisoner at the bar," and the twelve good men and true who "tell him his fortune!"

But, if fashion be necessary to correct our judgments of things, much more is it necessary to form our opinions of men. Mr. Sweetscent, for instance, the great soap-boiler, goes down to the independent borough of Fleecem, and sets up for a Parliament man. But not one person, perhaps, of the independent electors ever saw him before, or knew that he was in existence. How, then, could they discover that he was the profound legislator, the philosophical statesman, and honest man, that they require for their representative, were it not for his fashion? The Conservative looks into the "Times," the Whig consults the "Chronicle," and the Radical examines his Sunday paper; and, according to the odour in which the man happens to be with those authorities—according to the fashion in which he is held by them—they know at once whether he is a patriot or a traitor, a man to be trusted, or a man to be eschewed by all right-thinking voters.

To be seen in certain places, to frequent certain clubs, to be upheld by certain *coteries*, are so many abbreviated expressions of character, which enable men to determine with little labour whether any individual be indeed fit to be associated with, and are much safer guides than mere actions, which are not only liable to much misrepresentation, but may also arise in hidden motives the very reverse of those which are on the surface.

In professional life more particularly, the public would be quite at a loss, if fashion were not at hand to determine their choice. *In arte sua cuilibet credendum*, says the proverb, in an humble consciousness of its laical incapacity. But, if the patient, in this his ignorance, applies to his apothecary, he is straight delivered over to the physician who prescribes most medicine. If he asks of his neighbour, he is recommended to a customer, or to a cousin who attends the recommender *gratis*; and if he tries to make the matter out by his own personal investigation, he dies before he can hit upon the right man. Let him, however, walk round Belgrave Square, and scrutinize the doctorial chariots waiting at

the several doors, or let him search the journals to see who is called in when the minister, the Duke of A., or the Bishop of B., are sick, and his embarrassment is at an end.

By parity of reason, the attorney-general for the time being is ever the safest lawyer to trust your suit withal; and the preacher at the most fashionable chapel is the soundest theologian. Nor is it any derogation from the soundness of the rule, that Fashion is for ever changing her opinions on these persons. That the selected of to-day is the abandoned of to-morrow, proves not that Fashion has been mistaken in her men, but only that she has fortunately become acquainted with persons of still greater abilities.

We cannot further enlarge on this very copious theme; but, *verbum sapienti*, the reader will be at no loss to conclude that, were it not for the influence of fashion, society would be a congregation of floating atoms, a mere rope of sand; and the chaos of private ideas, *non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum*, would never coalesce into the necessary connivance, which constitutes that *cheville ouvrière* of nations—public opinion.

Let us, then, hear no more absurd railing against fashions and fashionable men. Before we take the child from the go-cart, we ascertain that he is able to walk alone; and before a man be permitted to cast aside the fashionable faith, let him first prove that he really is capable of forming one opinion of his own—no matter on what subject.

PHYSIC FOR THE MIND.

“And here I stand both to impeach and purge.”

ROMEO AND JULIET, Act v. Sc. iii.

WHOEVER has read the ingenious lucubrations of Dr. Gastaldi (1) (*et cui non dictus Hylas*,) must be aware, that when a man of hospitable aspirations has provided himself with an approved *artiste*, and with the necessary fortune to pass through his stew-pans, he will still be a hundred miles distant from a good dinner, unless he engages with Monsieur to submit to an occasional dose of physic, whenever his palate loses its proper tone; which, by the heat of the kitchen, his professional anxieties, and the frequent swallowing of degustatory morsels, it is very apt to do. Half a note above or below concert pitch makes a difference in the nerves of this organ, which sets all culinary experience at defiance; just as a similar incongruity in the tuning of musical instruments unspheres the harmony of a Mozart or a Rossini.

Accordingly, a true connoisseur in the table, when he notes his

(1) Almanac des Gourmands.

menu with a pencil, as he works his way through the three courses, and finds many "sweets," "sour," "pepperies," "*fades*," "insipids," &c. &c., he un pityingly concludes with an admonitory hint of a "screw loose" in the cook's digestion, and refers him peremptorily to the peptic persuaders, the rhubarb mixture, or the grain or two of calomel, according to the extent of deviations discovered from the *juste milieu* of culinary politics.

In this practice there is involved much recondite philosophy, if the world had possessed the wit to discover it; and it adds another instance to the many already recorded, in which a trifling fact is capable of changing the whole face of a science. It was the idleness of a truant boy, and not the meditations of a theoretic mechanist, that rendered the steam-engine a self-acting machine; and the flying of a child's kite introduced the invention of lightning conductors. When the attraction excited by friction in a stick of sealing-wax, or the effects of two bits of metal on a frog's foot, were first noticed, there was little reason for imagining that these discoveries involved all that is both brilliant and solid in the present advanced state of chemical knowledge. As little could it have been surmised from the first observations made on the loadstone, that this mineral would open to mankind a new world, and familiarize Europeans with tobacco-smoke and people-directed government!

To those who have made nature their study, such instances are any thing but uncommon; and the learned will not be surprised to find that an inference drawn from a Frenchman's dyspepsia may throw a much-wanted light upon morals and metaphysics, or that the theory of a good dinner, and that of a good public administration, are precisely identical.

The connection between the abdominal viscera and the gustatory perceptions of a *chef de cuisine*, which prevents him from doing his duty when his stomach is out of order, is by no means a solitary fact; but is one of a long train of phenomena, in which the condition of the mind is subordinate to the changes in the constitution of the body. Many such instances have long been known to the physician, and even to the common observer of nature. The connection between red hair and a passionate angry character is familiar to most persons; and melancholy was, early in the history of medicine, assigned to its physical cause—a peculiar derangement in the patient's liver. Every body is likewise aware of the influence of particular states of the constitution over our feelings and actions; and a man of the least possible knowledge of the world would abstain from asking a favour from a hungry friend, at the moment when a servant is

announcing that the dinner is *not* ready ; but would await his opportunity, until the genial influx of a bland chyle into his veins shall have tempered the acrimony of the fluids, and predisposed the mind to the softer and more amiable affections.

These facts, however, have hitherto stood in a barren isolation, and have been so overlaid by the cumbrous hypotheses of theological moralists and systematic metaphysicians, that they have not been able to germinate and produce that fruit with which they are manifestly pregnant. Many similar instances will assuredly suggest themselves to the recollection of the reader ; and it is needless to mention to the professional writer, that, when the stomach is oppressed, it is as impossible to write as to fry,—to compose an ode, as a *consommé*,—and to succeed in a *jeu d'esprit*, as in an “*epigramme d'agneau*.” Dryden always took physic as a preparative for poetic composition ; and Apollo, be it remembered, is at once the god of Medicine and of Verse.

An attentive observer will detect in himself, at every turn, a thousand *nuances* of temper, hitherto utterly inexplicable, which have been more or less injurious to his interests ; and which, by the aid of this clue, he will at once refer to an indigestion, or a fit of the bile : and he will not fail, in reading history, to discover an infinity of events, that have turned on the caprice of an individual ; which caprice was itself the consequence of some hitch in the animal mechanism, some *poco piu* or *poco meno* in the circulating fluids, or some morbid irritation of an internal organ. Thus, the downfall of monarchy in Rome was manifestly a proximate consequence of the turgescence of Tarquin's veins : the endless quarrels between the aristocracy and plebeians, in the same city, were maintained by crudities in the stomachs of the lower classes, occasioned by insufficient nourishment : and the execution of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth, with all its consequences, was occasioned by his liability to *bulimia* ; a disease which, in common language, may be defined an inordinate appetite for mutton chops. Every one knows that a sudden access of this malady led to his arrest at Varennes.

“It is but increasing,” says an ingenious writer, “or diminishing the velocity of certain fluids, to elate the soul with the gayest hopes, or sink her in the deepest despair ; to depress the hero into a coward, or advance the coward into a hero.” Who, then, shall say that there may not sometimes be a mere dose of physic, of difference, between a Whitelock and a Wellington ? Who shall say that, if Napoleon had slyly slipped some medicine into the breakfast of our grenadiers, on the morning of the battle of Waterloo—if he had found some “rhubarb, senna, or some

purgative drug," to cool their courage on that eventful occasion—he might not in reality have "scoured these English hence," and turned the tide of Fortune once more in his own favour? There is nothing in history more glorious than the victory which the English obtained at Agincourt, when labouring under the dysentery; unless, indeed, as is possible, the French themselves likewise suffered under the same courage-depressing complaint.

So, likewise, if some pharmaceutic preparation had, by causing a metastasis, removed the velocity from King James the Second's heels to his animal spirits, on the day of the battle of the Boyne, he might have had a better chance for his throne; and popery and wooden shoes might have still maintained their ancient supremacy in the land. Where, in that case, had been our glorious constitution of 1688, the American war, the debt, and all the other consequences of that monarch's under-stimulation?

All right-thinking persons attribute the courage of Englishmen to their beef: but the beef makes the humours, and the humours make the man. The continental soldiers fight upon brandy; and brandy, though a more diffusible stimulus, is less permanent in its efficacy: no wonder, therefore, if, in the long run, their fire is mastered by the obstinacy and bottom of the island heroes.

Notwithstanding all these partial glimpses at the real nature of human affections, the learned have never yet followed up their discoveries in this field to a practical result. The conclusion is not the less obvious. Generalizing such facts, we must be convinced that the application of rewards and punishments is, in itself, perfectly insufficient to reduce men's actions to any standard of right and virtue; that the moral world must be governed through the physical; that ethics are but pathology seen in a particular light; that history is a clinical course, and politics identical with therapeutics.

From all this it follows, irresistibly, that the constitutional deficiencies of heroes, statesmen, and diplomatists, may be corrected by the physician, and that their bodies, by a due course of medicines, may be preserved in that condition, in which they can best promote the welfare of "the people committed to their charge;" while it is equally clear that the world must continue burthened with all the evils of despotism, anarchy, and other misgovernment, as long as sickly and cachectic ministers are permitted to regulate, unpurged, the destinies of nations.

When we reflect that Mr. Pitt was in the habit of preparing for debate by eating highly-deviled chops and steaks, and drinking a couple of quarts of black-strap, we can no longer feel astonish-

ment at the many "just and necessary wars" into which his acrimonious policy plunged his country. If, instead of thus "applying hot and rebellious fluids," ay, and solids too, to his blood, he had made use of emollients and sweeteners; if, instead of inflaming his passions by inflaming his liver, he had cooled his brain and calmed his pulse to a peace establishment, with white meats and water-melons, who knows but he might have earned the good reputation of his father, and England might have been many millions the better, both in purse and person, for the regimen.

When these truths come to be familiar, and to be felt as well as seen by the public, there can be no doubt that a thoroughly reformed parliament will abolish Bellamy's, and substitute in its *locale* an apothecary's shop; and that it will place no confidence in any man's speech, unless upon a previous acquaintance with his regimen, or on a clean bill of health from a competent physician. Coeval with this change, it is to be expected that a national hospital will be established as an appendage to Downing Street, and to the two houses of legislature; and that as much care will be taken to forbid the access of a minister to the royal presence, when under a morbid excitement of mind, as if he were tipsy, or rather, as if he were under the direct influence of a contagious typhus.

While awaiting the advent of so happy a consummation, a learned physician has been busily employed in developing this greatleading idea, and verifying by private experiment the extent and influence of therapeutic applications, as well to the private as the public errors of mankind. Hitherto, success has justified his most sanguine anticipations; and in order that the reader may have some notion of the vast field which lies before him, he has only to peruse the few cases which follow, and which are not selected, as the custom is, for effect, and for bolstering up a weak cause, but fairly taken, without reference to their efficacy or failure.

Case I. Timothy Wildfire, Esq., and cornet of dragoons, a buck of the first head, hits the ace of spades at twelve paces, is of a jealous, touchy, and irritable temperament, has fought three duels in five weeks, and pulled seven inoffensive individuals by the nose. Application was made by his friends to request a visit to him at a neighbouring coffee-house, to which he had repaired with the intention of calling out a rival fire-eater, whose pretensions to bullying had crossed his own. Finding him very red in the face, with a sinister scintillation of the eyes, with a hoarse elevated voice, and "the lie" at every instant on the tip of his tongue—the medical adviser contrived to slip, unperceived, three grains of emetic tartar into his negus, while he was penning his

“reproof valiant.” Before he could seal the envelope with a hand and dagger, he became heartily *sick* of the business, retired hastily to his barrack-room, and, at once throwing up the affair, was cured completely—at least of the actual paroxysm.

Case II. Money-trap Gobbleton, citizen and goldsmith, after a series of civic entertainments, in an access of bile, disinherited his son, on account of what he called an imprudent match. Six weeks at Cheltenham brought his skin to its colour, and his temper to serenity; when, no longer viewing the transaction with a jaundiced eye, he agreed to see the young couple, and forthwith cancelled his will.

Case III. Lydia Lovesick, spinster, having, by a course of amatory poetry and romance, fallen into an inflammatory diathesis, accompanied by palpitations of the heart, hysteric weepings and laughings, and slight occasional aberrations of mind, was on the point of eloping with a married man. Fortunately the disease took another turn. A delicious walk by moonlight along the side of a pond, which bore the name of lake, brought on a violent cold. This falling, as the phrase is, upon the lungs, she was seized with a dangerous inflammation of that organ. The loss of thirty ounces of blood abated, at the same time, the fever of her pulse and of her mind. A large blister, applied to the chest, removed the inflammation of the pleura and of the imagination; and, in two days after the use of these and other cooling remedies, she confessed the whole matter to her mother, desired back her pictures and letters, and absolutely wondered what had made her in love with a man who was neither young nor handsome.

Case IV. Lord Loggerhead, a determined opponent of reform, and a resolute boroughmonger, expended half his fortune in contesting a county election. The loss of his money, and of his seat, together with the ingurgitation of large doses of sloe-juice and logwood, affecting his intellects, he was placed in a strait waistcoat, and submitted to a strict regimen. By a rather extensive course of county speeches, and Harrowgate water, he discharged an enormous quantity of peccant matter; and, about this time, being unable to remain at his seat, owing to his excessive unpopularity, he travelled for some months abroad. On his return home, the virulence of his opinion was considerably abated; but he sunk into extreme dejection and melancholy, and never afterwards attained to any positive soundness of mind. This, upon the whole, was the most unsuccessful of many experiments. Medicine seemed to have lost all power in his case; and, both pathologically and politically, he was fit only to end his days in an hospital for incurables.

Case V. Robert Sneak, pin-maker, was troubled with a constitutional coldness and timidity. He had, for years, laboured under a vixen wife, who snubbed him before company, kept the purse, and once even boxed his ears, for his interfering with her flirtations. By taking only one pint of brandy, his courage became so inflamed, that he was enabled to kick his domestic torment down stairs. After six hours' comfortable sleep, however, he awoke as bad as ever; or rather, I should say, much weakened by the effort.

Case VI. Benedict Snug, bachelor, aged sixty-five, under a paroxysm of the gout, had bespoke a license to marry his cook. Being interested for his nephew, his attendant advised him, on the plea of general health, to abandon his nightly brandy and water, and to premit the use of a warming-pan. This regimen had the most satisfactory effect. The cook was discharged, and the patient paid a long visit to his sister, in the country, where, by shooting, hunting, and card-playing, he staved off any notable access of his disease. On returning to town, this unfortunate gentlemen resumed his old habits: after one night eating a hundred of oysters, and taking a tumbler of stiff punch, he, the next morning, committed matrimony, in the face of the parish, on a giggling milliner who came to take his measure for some new stocks; and, in six months, his nephew was disinherited by the birth of a son.

Case VII. Aminadab Dismal, clerk, by dint of much fasting and solitary study, was attacked with a deep religious melancholy, alternating with paroxysms of raging fanaticism. Sometimes he thought himself spiritually lost, and, at others, in a state of perfect grace. He had frequent inspirations from heaven, and was complete master of the unknown tongues. Becoming acquainted with a rich rector, he insensibly adopted a more generous diet. Two daily bottles of old port, with fish, flesh, fowl, and pastry, *à discrétion*, considerably improved the tone of his spirits; and, upon his eventually succeeding to three lucrative livings and a deanery, he finished his days in a very comfortable state of apathy and indifference.

Not to trouble the reader with further details, sufficient evidence has been adduced to show that the judicious application of a blister, a dose of calomel, or a stimulant, might, on many an occasion, have saved a vast deal of calamity: so that there can be no doubt that a skilful physician, attached to congresses and private meetings of sovereigns, might tend to the preservation of the public peace, by the timely administration of physic to the "high contracting parties." Had Charles the Twelfth of Sweden been properly disciplined by medical authority in his youth, and

violently bled once a-month, he would not have ruined his country by ceaseless wars; and a vigorous course of exercise, combined with low diet, might have prevented Louis the Fifteenth from wasting the revenues of his kingdom on concubines and pimps. On the other hand, it would have been possible, perhaps, to have flogged even a Fleuri into a declaration of war, upon a really necessary occasion, or to have cauterized a Francis or a Nicholas into the grant of a constitution.

To the immediate application of this system there are some objections, which it would be unfair to conceal. One is, the number of incurables actually on the thrones or in the cabinets of Europe: another, not less important, is the state of public opinion, which is not ripe for subjecting royal and noble patients to the necessary discipline for improving their minds, either physically or ethically. It would therefore be best, following the customary routine of practice, to commence the trial *in corpore vili*; and to exercise, in the first instance, upon such thieves and murderers as are within the reach of the law; just as was practised in the commencement of inoculation for the small-pox.

For this purpose, Newgate might be divided into two wards; so that while Mrs. Fry is carrying on her operations in the one, by means of instruction and example, the physicians and surgeons of the neighbouring hospital of St. Bartholomew's might take charge of the other; and by excising overgrown bumps on the skull, blistering the seats of deficient propensity, and "purging the bosoms" of their patients "of the foul stuff," which weighs so heavily upon them, they might, in process of time, determine to a nicety the relative advantages of moral and medical treatment. By a judicious use of a seaton in the neck, they might supersede *in toto* the hempen cravat; and substitute a blood-letting from the arm, for a scarification of the loins.

By the time the public were accustomed to this practice, it might be feasible to undertake a certain portion of the public press; and, by purifying their blood, to sweeten the asperity of their vituperation. Thence, the step would not be long to the public defaulters; though it would certainly require strong emetics to force these gentlemen to disgorge.

Proceeding upwards in society, we shall at length arrive at the governing classes; when, by stimulating the whigs, we might infuse into them a greater degree of firmness of purpose; by purging the tories and the radicals, we might cure the one of that "vigour beyond the law," to which they are so especially prone, and the other of their fiery intolerance of all opinions save their own. By much use of reform and sulphur, all parties might be relieved of their itch for place and power; while, by the proper

employment of eye-waters, the visual organs of the aristocracy might be strengthened to bear the blaze of noon-day truths, by which they are at present shocked, pained, and blinded.

Thus, then, would be hit off a real balance of power, and the secret be discovered of a blessed millennium of peace and goodwill. We have, indeed, only to say with Shakspeare, "take physic, pomp," and forms of government will at once become indifferent : for at least in a medical sense,

" That which is best administer'd is best."

If there be any spirit in the nation, this hint will not be lost. The subject will be canvassed, petitioned for, and introduced into the King's speech. The President of the College of Physicians will be called to the privy council ; and a bill for the introduction of the system, after twice passing the Commons, and twice being rejected by the bench of bishops, will eventually, perhaps, become "part and parcel of the law of the land."

THE END.

